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By John O'Brien Grant I

NEW

Grat



THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

“DAS SCHIKSAL.”

BY

DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF “THE WIFE-HUNTER.”

“Tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries !”
COWLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

“DAS SCHIKSAL.”

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

BURNS.

IT was late in the autumn of 1832 that a traveler slowly paced his horse through the glen of Lisnadinish, in the southern province of this wild, half-cultivated kingdom of Ireland. From his gentleman-like appearance and equipments, and the aristocratic blood which his noble steed displayed, as well as the easy rate at which he advanced, he bore no resemblance to the class of tourists yclept “commercial travelers,” who usually speed along “*summa diligentia*,” that is, to borrow the translation of a college wit, on the top of a mail-coach, or diligence. Our hero, on the contrary, had none of the dapper, business-like air, which in general distinguishes that erratic and useful community; his appearance seemed to indicate the gentleman, traveling solely for his own proper gratification. A servant rode behind him, on a stout, well-built hackney.

The southern verge of the road overhung, in many parts, a rugged and precipitous bank, at whose foot

brawled a rapid sparkling mountain stream ; on the other side of which arose the broad shaggy breast of Lisnadinish hill, completely covered with dark purple heath. The road, on emerging from this noble gorge, gradually ascended for upwards of two miles through a bleak, yet not uninteresting district ; until it reached the eminence which commands the rough valley of Glen Minnis.

Here our traveler involuntarily paused, in admiration of the striking scene that was stretched before him. Trees there were none in the district, and the heathy covering of the hills betrayed no marks of the advancing season. In the centre of the vale stood the tall castellated tower of Glen Minnis : the yellow moss and lichen that covered its walls, gleamed warmly in the ray of the bright autumn sun. The appearance of the ruin invited the horseman, whose taste was somewhat antiquarian, to explore it. Deeming it improbable that either his horses or the servant partook of his passion for scenery, he indulged them in such rest and refreshment as were afforded by a whitewashed carman's stage on the summit of the eminence, and proceeded alone on his ramble through the valley.

He soon discovered that the castle, or fortalice, was much farther off than he had at first imagined ; and the distance was unexpectedly increased by the intervention of two brooks, much swollen from the recent rains, along the banks of which he was compelled to make a considerable *détour*, before he found the fords, whose stepping stones enabled him to cross their angry streams in safety. These obstacles surmounted, he explored the ruined tower, and finding his curiosity excited by the picturesque mountain of Mullaugh, he crossed a marshy meadow at the trifling expense of wet feet, and ascended its steep elevation.

The ascent was toilsome enough, from the alternations of almost perpendicular rocks and slimy marshes which the eastern side of the mountain presented ; but our hero was young, athletic, and inured to active exercise. Having gained the summit, the view well repaid the labor of the ascent. To the west was indeed a noble prospect. The wide blue waters of the glorious bay of



Bantry, their eastern verge still gleaming brightly in the evening sun, while the western side was darkly shrouded in the shadow of the mountains, lay stretched at the distance of some miles from the hill on which he stood, although by a singular visual deception he could almost have imagined that they washed its base. He gazed at the gigantic mountain barrier that guards the bay from the western storms, and contains within its recesses the enchanting valley of Glengarriff; Hungaria Hill, with its broad, bare head; Ghoul Mountain, with its narrow, splintered peak; and all the bold eminences receding in disjointed ranks to the distant bay and river of Kenmare.

As he stood on the wide heathy summit of Mullaugh, his attention was suddenly arrested by two white dogs, which gamboled at a little distance. One of them was a pointer; the other a diminutive and silky King Charles, only fit for a lady's warm hearth-rug, so that his appearance in a scene so wild naturally excited some surprise, especially as both he and his larger companion seemed perfectly the masters of their own motions. The wide summit of the mountain was unbroken and unsheltered for a considerable extent, so that had the dogs been accompanied by any *human* associate, our hero thought that he must certainly have seen him.

The playful animals appeared anxious to provoke a pursuit; they suffered him to approach them so nearly that they were almost within his reach; and as often as he extended his hand to caress them, the tantalizing creatures would utter a short, quick, playful bark, and scamper out of reach in a moment.

This game of pursuit and escape was continued for some minutes, until it led our hero to the brink of a very small lake, whose black waves seemed astonishingly rough, considering the smallness of its extent and the calmness of the day. Here the dogs appeared suddenly to vanish, leaving their pursuer gaping in silent wonderment. In the spirit of idle frolic, he continued his search for the wayward animals along the banks of a larger lake, which lay within thirty paces of the other little sheet of water. The chase, however, was a vain one; and our tourist began to remark that the sun was fast sinking be-

hind Ghoul Mountain, and that wholly unacquainted as he was with the locality, he had better lose no time in retracing his steps while light remained, to his quarters for the night in the lonely inn where he had left his servant.

While these reflections passed through his mind, he returned to the smaller lake, when incautiously advancing to the verge of the bank, he fell through a matted canopy of heath and gorse into a little natural chasm in the ground, on the very brink of the lake, in which was a turf seat occupied by as strange a looking mortal as he ever had beheld. His person was spare, wiry, and muscular; his legs, bare from the knee to the foot, were mottled red and blue, by the influence of air, fire, wind, and rain, to all which, the luckless shins had been alternately exposed from infancy upwards. His face was dark and swarthy; its expression half sinister, half humorous. His dress was as singular as his person. It consisted of a high peaked hat, without a brim; a blue jacket, with faded scarlet seams, and tarnished gold buttons; short breeches of strong pilot cloth, and a leather belt in which was stuck a broad, sharp knife. The two dogs which had baffled their pursuer, lay panting at the feet of this personage; at his side was a large basket of provisions. He did not testify either surprise or alarm at our hero's unceremonious entrance, but said in Irish, with the most philosophic calmness,

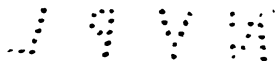
"That's a queer way you thought proper to come in, Sir. Now if *I* was *you*, I'd rather walk in easy at the door of a house than jump down through the chimney."

"Really, my friend," replied the intruder, in the same language, "I had not the slightest intention of making so abrupt an entrance—I thought I was standing on firm ground, and your treacherous furze gave way beneath my feet."

"And you nearly came down on my head," replied the guardian of the provision basket.

"Sir, I did not mean to make so free with your head, I assure you."

"You might have knocked my brains out," said he of the mottled shins.



"I protest," said our hero, "I should have been exceedingly sorry had I done so."

"But that would not have been the least satisfaction in life to me for the loss of my brains," replied this singular genius, tapping his forehead; "and I'll engage *you* would have been picking them up for the sake of the larning that's in them, and glad to get them too. But since they had the luck to escape, and are still in my brainpan, what say you to a glass of grog?"

The traveler gratefully accepted the offer, for the heat of the day, and his pedestrian exertions, rendered the refreshment very acceptable.

Suddenly two shots from a double-barreled gun were heard in quick succession.

"Well banged, ould Father Jack," exclaimed Padhre, (the strangely dressed peasant,) "I'll warrant there's a brace of grouse down, at any rate."

"Father Jack?" repeated the traveler, "pray who is that?"

"My master, Sir," replied Padhre; "where did you come from at all at all, that you haven't heard of him?"

"Heard of whom, my friend? I do not know your master's surname yet."

"Father John O'Connor, Sir, parish priest of Lisnadinish; the best brother, the best friend, the best man, the best priest of a parish, and," continued Padhre, approaching the climax with increasing enthusiasm, "better than all put together, the best sportsman in all Ireland: and now, in arnest, did you never hear tell of him?"

"No, indeed, I am ashamed to say."

"Why then, ashamed you may well be! are you Turk, Jew, or Connaughtman, never to have heard tell of ould Father John, the best friend of *sowls*, and the bitterest enemy of grouse and *patricks*—Pop! there goes another bang at the grouse, I'll engage he'll have his game-bag full to-night."

"Has he any sportsmen along with him?"

"Not a Christian," answered Padhre, "barring a couple of foreigners—Englishers, they are, I think—one of them's a *donny* little crature, that would start at his sha-

dow—got tired of walking before they got up to Cnocna-bruish—he's gone back to Tom Howlaghan's cabin, the poor devil, to wait for his comrade and the priest—I never yet seen such a pair of uncivilized legs as he had—they wouldn't carry him five miles."

"And are *your* legs civilized?" demanded the traveler, laughing at this estimate of civilization, and looking at Padhre's uncouth, uncovered limbs.

"Civilized? yeh! to be sure and they are! These are the legs," and he slapped his muscular thigh with an air of triumph; "these are the legs that would trot twenty miles without stopping to take breath. But the other Englisher, to give the devil his due, is a smart, supple chap enough, and wonderful handy at his gun."

"What are the names of these Englishmen?"

"Mordaunt, Sir—they're brothers."

"The night is approaching, my good fellow," said the traveler, "and I am a stranger in this place: will you tell me the nearest way to Beamish's inn, where I left my horse and servant; I think I came a considerable round."

"Your shortest way is by the ould castle of Glen Minnis, and keep to the left up the little bohereen, and you'll pass both the streams at the stepping stones.—But, bluranagers! don't go till father John and the Englisher come back—they must be here now in no time—and his reverence will give you a bed with all the pleasure in life, and keadh mhilef aultha*. You'd be a fool, Sir, saving your presence, to put up with no great things of a bed at the *Shebeen*†, when his reverence will give you sheets as white as snow, and a welcome as large as a horse."

But our traveler felt scarcely inclined to depend on the second-hand invitation of Padhre, whom he deemed a sort of crackbrained humorist; and as the shades of night at length began to close around, he hastened down the mountain, in the hope of reaching the bohereen beyond the castle with the aid of the remaining light. He was, however, mistaken, as his utmost exertions only brought him to the mountain's base, exactly as the night set in.

* Keadh mhile faultha—A hundred thousand welcomes.

† *Shebeen*—public-house.

The day had been warm, and the evening clear and fine ; but as he re-entered the large marshy meadow already mentioned, black, ominous clouds quickly chased each other over the hill tops, large rain-drops fell at intervals, the wind began to rise, and in less than half an hour he found himself in the centre of the marshy plain, in total darkness, wholly unacquainted with the neighborhood, and exposed to a drenching hurricane of rain and storm. This, indeed, was no formidable penalty for a seasoned sportsman ; but his total ignorance of the locality rendered his situation extremely embarrassing. There was nothing, however, to be gained by remaining stationary ; so he walked quickly onward, although he knew not in what direction he was moving.

At length he reached a tall crag at the foot of a mountain, and casting his eyes earnestly around, he could not discern the slightest spark of light in any quarter. Not a dog barked—not a sound was heard, save the howling of the wind, and the heavy patter of the rain. The mountain was a formidable barrier to any farther progress in that direction ; so he faced about, and again pursued his way across the marsh, until he suddenly plunged up to his middle in a slow, muddy stream, which soaked its oozy way through long sedgy grass and *flaggers*. Scrambling from this Stygian pool, he found himself among low, ruined walls ; and advancing a few paces farther, he discerned in the gloom the tall tower of Glen Minnis. Never sailor entered harbor with more joy than he felt on entering this old, dark, ruined fortalice : all it afforded, no doubt, was shelter ; but shelter was extremely welcome upon such an occasion.

Our hero was dripping wet, and, notwithstanding his constitutional strength, he soon began to experience a cold shivering ; the consequence, in part, perhaps, of his being rather lightly clad. But ere many minutes had elapsed, his attention was diverted from the personal inconvenience he sustained, by the sound of voices approaching the building. They ceased ; and steps, as of several persons, were heard ascending the steep rocky bank to the door of the castle. They entered the apartment in

which he had taken shelter; and he presently became sensible that they ranged themselves along the wall against which he was leaning. Some moments of silence ensued. At length one of the party asked:

"What sort of looking fellow was that stranger?"

"Troth, a good-looking fellow enough—he had as keen a pair of black piercing eyes as ever I seen—eyes, now, that would run in at one end of you and out through the other."

"A pair of piercers, truly. Had he much the appearance of a gentleman?"

"A gentleman every inch, I'll go bail for him."

At this moment the querist, who stood next our hero, happened, in changing his posture, to become aware that he occupied a corner of the building. Instantly his shoulders were enclosed in a grasp of herculean strength, and a rough voice exclaimed:

"Who is lurking here?"

"A traveler," he answered, "who entered this ruin to take shelter from the storm."

"Then," returned the voice, while the iron grasp was clutched still deeper in his shoulders, "whoever you are, you shall pay dearly for this intrusion."

Our traveler struggled to release himself, but he was as a child in the powerful gripe of the Unknown.

"Padhre," he exclaimed in Irish, "strike a light."

A light was soon struck from a gun-flint in some tinder; a bit of *gewsh*, which lay in a corner of the ruin, was lighted, and disclosed the figure of a tall, patriarchal personage, with a long blue cloak, two gentlemen in shooting frocks, the eccentric and strangely dressed Padhre, and a couple of boys, who carried game bags.

"Oh!" exclaimed Padhre, recognising our hero, "there's the gentleman himself, your reverence;—scold him now, as he well deserves, for cutting off in such a hurry before you came up."

"Sir," said the blue-cloaked personage, "all waifs and strays appertain to the lord of the manor, and in that capacity I seize upon you. You shall spend the night with me. As soon as the rain subsides, you accompany

me home, and I think you will do me the justice to say that I provided a better lodging for you than you did for yourself."

The person addressed was at no loss to guess that his peremptory friend was "Father John;" he thanked him for his kindness, and frankly accepted his hospitality*.

* This chapter, and one or two other portions of this work, have already been printed, with Mr. Moriarty's permission, as detached descriptive sketches, in an Irish literary periodical, now extinct. The scenic descriptions are correct delineations of actual localities; of which some of the real names have been retained.

CHAPTER II.

Who are you?—

SAMUEL LOVER.

"MAY I beg to ask," said father O'Connor, "to whom I have the happiness of speaking?"

The traveler presented the priest with his card—"Mr. O'Sullivan."

"Mr. O'Sullivan?" repeated O'Connor, "O'Sullivan Bear, or O'Sullivan Reagh? or O'Sullivan Spaniah?"

"To none of those families was he allied," the traveler replied; "his ancestors had long been settled in a distant part of the kingdom."

"O'Sullivan Lyra, perhaps?" inquired O'Connor.

Mr. O'Sullivan bowed assent.

"Then, Sir, allow me to assure you, I feel particularly happy at the pleasure of knowing you; I was extremely intimate, for many years, with a very near relative of your's—an uncle probably—who held a commission in the Austrian service."

"I am equally happy to know you," said O'Sullivan; "I have often heard my uncle mention you in terms of the warmest affection."

"Poor fellow!" said O'Connor, "*requiescat in pace*. But permit me—Mr. Mordaunt—Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt—Mr. O'Sullivan."

The gentlemen bowed.

"Padhre," said O'Connor, "look out at the night, and see if the storm is clearing off."

Padhre obeyed, and the English gentlemen, anxious, no doubt, to repair to more comfortable quarters, accompanied Padhre to the door, to examine the state of the night.

"Are you long acquainted with the Mordaunts?" asked O'Sullivan.

"Not I—I never saw them till last week;—they did not like the inn, so they beat up my quarters a few days since, with their writing boxes, portfolios, pencils, palettes, and double-barreled guns;—they were quite made up for writing books, taking views, and knocking down grouse and partridge. So they graciously solicited my poor aid in both their literary and sporting capacities; and you know it would not have given them a favorable impression of Irish hospitality and courtesy, to refuse their request. I accordingly escorted them to Mullaugh, Oulteen, Cnocnabruish, Wheeough, and all our euphonious hills and eminences."

At this moment the Englishmen and Padhre re-entered, with a dismal account of the night. "The rain is dreadfully heavy," said the elder Mordaunt, "it would be utterly impossible to return to your house at present."

"Could we not procure good quarters in some neighboring farm-house?" suggested O'Sullivan.

"Aye," said Padhre, "in Bonaparte Howlaghan's cabin."

"Nonsense!" cried the priest, "we are famously off where we are. The old castle is far better quarters than poor Bonaparte's tenement, whose broken thatch admits the rain;—this vault is dry enough for sportsmen, in all conscience."

Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt did not seem to relish the prospect of spending the night in the ruin; his thoughts turned anxiously towards his comfortable quarters at Dwyer's-Gift (O'Connor's cottage).

"How far are we from Dwyer's-Gift?" said he to Bonaparte Howlaghan, a wild-looking, athletic peasant, who had attended the shooting party during the day, and

who now entered, dripping wet, with a large bundle under his cota-mhor.

"How far from Dwyer's-Gift?" repeated Bonaparte, "why, let us see, your honor—it's six mountains off."

"But pray how many miles?" persisted the Englishman.

"Ogh," replied Bonaparte, throwing down his bundle on the floor, "we knows nothing about miles in Glen Minnis. We always reckons distance by the rocks and the bogs. We say such or such a place is three rocks away, or haulf-a-dozen bogs, or six mountains off, or something of that sort. Miles! 'pon my conscience a man would be kicked that talked about miles in Glen Minnis, and it's very well for *yous*, a pair of foreign jantlemen, that you had the luck to ax a man of my education and jintility. Miles! arrah sure we have neither miles nor milestones here, but the rocks and the mountains, which are Heaven's own fingerposts and landmarks, planted by the hand of nathur."

After such a sublime declaration, Fitzroy Mordaunt did not feel much inclined to pursue his topographical inquiries. But he clasped his hands, as if in admiration, and exclaiming, "Poetry! rude poetry, but genuine!" he proceeded to minute in a pocket-book the effusions of Bonaparte, whose shrewdness enabled him to guess that the English tourist was taking down his words, and who looked prodigiously important thereupon. When Fitzroy closed the book, he turned to O'Connor, and asked him if he liked poetry.

"No—certainly not," replied the priest.

"No? Are not you ashamed to confess your want of taste?"

"Why, in fact," said O'Connor, "I do not think that any idea, or sentiment, or narrative, worth being preserved, has ever been written in poetry, which might not have been much better expressed in unpretending prose. Poetry may do very well for a song, or a sonnet, or some trifle of that sort—but for any lengthened production, the unmerciful shackles of metre, or the constant clink of rhyme, always give me a headache."

"Why, Sir," replied Fitzroy, looking shocked, and

contorting his brows into a fine expression of poetic ecstasy ; " there are some ideas so ethereal, so sublime, that you cannot possibly give them utterance in prose."

" Then what is your definition of poetry ?" demanded O'Connor.

" Poetry, like wit," replied the poet, " is exceedingly hard to define—but I think I may say that every strong emotion, every overwhelming sensation, is poetry."

" Then hunger is poetry," said the priest, " for it is a pretty overwhelming sensation—and I am a poet at present, for I wish I had my dinner."

" Hunger is cursed bad poetry," said Bonaparte ; " I'd rather have a pratee and salt herring than as much of that sort o' poetry as ever you could give me."

" I wish we were snugly housed at Dwyer's Gift," said the elder Mordaunt.

" I wish so too," echoed his brother, shivering, and looking perished.

" Pooh ! we shall all do very well where we are, in a very few minutes," said the priest ; " Boney, where's the gewsh ?"

" The boy's bringing it, your reverence," answered the gigantic peasant.

And presently a ragged urchin made his appearance, bearing a large bundle of gewsh, or bogwood, on his back, which in less than five minutes was ignited into a blazing mass of light and heat, that diffused its cheerful warmth through the ruinous old vault. Bonaparte untied his bundle, containing some cloaks of comfortable frieze, which the sportsmen wrapped around them while they dried their garments at the gewsh fire : the clothes were soon dried, and resumed by the party, who immediately turned their attention to the cravings of appetite, which the labors of the day had rendered pretty keen.

Meanwhile the wind howled, the rain resembled a waterspout, intermingled with occasional volleys of hail-shot : as the storm raged without, the Mordaunts appeared to enjoy the increasing comforts of the vault ; and while Fitzroy became again busily engaged with his pocket-book, his wiser brother, and the priest, undertook

to cook for the party. The game-bags were full, and the other provender was excellent and plentiful. Father John washed and dried the grouse. He produced his sporting stewpan, and placed on the bottom of it some slices of his own Glen Minnis bacon, half fat, half lean, the fat as transparent as mother-o'-pearl. Upon this foundation he deposited his grouse, breast upwards, sprinkled them with flour from his dredging box, threw in a few shredded shalots, along with three tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup, and half a tablespoonful of walnut catsup, he added a wine glassful of port, a pinch of red pepper, and some salt. Mordaunt eyed his preparations with manifest delight and admiration.

"Oh, Sir," said the priest, interpreting his looks, "I am perfectly *au fait*, I assure you, in the sporting cuisine."

Mordaunt, emulous of Father John's skill, manufactured a brace of hares in glorious style; he cooked away with his little apparatus in a manner which no novice could have imitated, and the two stewpans simmered, sputtered, and hissed upon the fire in merry rivalry.

Bonaparte's mouth watered, and his jaws expanded into a grin, at all this goodly whizzing and sputtering—at length his feelings found utterance.

"*That's* the real music!" he exclaimed,—"*hunger* may be poethry, but give *me* the chirruping of the pot.—By gosh, Mr. Poet, *my* music is betther than *your* poethry."

Fitzroy felt angry at this uncouth familiarity; but he shrank from exhibiting his displeasure, when he looked at the mighty bone and muscle, thew and sinew, of the colossal speaker. In truth a lurking expression of subdued ferocity about Boney's eye, induced Fitzroy to court his good opinion; for which purpose he commenced, while arranging some sketches in his little portfolio, a song about Daniel O'Connell, to the tune of Patrick's Day in the Morning:—

"Come gather around, while I sing you the praises
Of one who is dear to each Irish heart,
O'Connell, whose native nobility raises
One light in our land, though all else depart."

He continued to mince out two or three verses, and then stopped, from failure of memory. "Ogh," exclaimed Howlaghan, "your cramped English throat was niver made for Irish music—yout can't drive out the *keöl**, in the slashing, dashing, tearaway, burn-the-world style that a song about Daniel O'Connell ought to be drove out;" and forthwith Boney proceeded to exemplify his lesson with a stentorian strength of lungs that astonished his auditors. The musician seemed strongly excited by the spirit of his melody, for towards the close of his song he assumed an attitude of bold defiance, and menacingly shook a huge oak stick, which was loaded at the end with a knob of lead.

"Come, come, Boney," said Father John, laughing, "you must not shake *Baus gaun Saggart* at us—I never like to see you wheeling it about; it looks as if mischief was brewing."

Fitzroy Mordaunt, struck with the formidable appearance of the weapon, inquired its name and use, with the purpose of transferring to his book a drawing and description of it, "under the head of *Irish weapons*."

"Pray, Mr. Awlegan," said he to Boney, "what is the use of your large stick, may I ask?"

"To thrash rascallions wid, and smash their skulls!" roared out the giant Boney—(I should rather say the *Boney* giant)—and he spoke with the zest of an Ideal slaughtering match.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the soft voice of the little Englishman, "what a formidable purpose! Now, *ow* do you use this heavy stick, Mr. Awlegan? I can *ardly* lift it."

"This way!" shouted Boney, whirling the stick a dozen times round the querist's head, with such force as to whirr through the air like a whole covey of partridges rising. Fitzroy's terror was excessively diverting. He crouched and cowered, and at last exclaimed,—“I request you may not smash *my* skull, Mr. Awlegan.”

"Niver fear," responded Boney, flinging down the stick; "I only thought you'd like a thrifle of instruction, my boy."

* Music.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Awlegan—I'm sure I am much obliged—much obliged, indeed. What do you call the weapon, Mr. Awlegan?"

"Is it the stick?" answered Boney; "why I call it "*Baus gaun Soggarth*" (with a most ferocious expression and attitude), "which means, d'ye see, death without clargy."

"Death without clergy!" exclaimed Fitzroy; "bless me, very characteristic—very ferocious, I meant to say. May I ask you, Mr. Awlegan, to repeat its Irish name once more?"

"The throuble's a pleasure," said Boney, exceedingly gratified at the interest excited by his implement of war. "*Baus gaun Soggarth*, Sir, is the name of him."

"*Bosken sogga!* bless me! Thank you, Mr. Awlegan;" and down went a drawing of the stick into the book, and the formidable name, as well as the writer was able to catch it.

The cooks had now completed their culinary labors, and Padhre proceeded to spread a cloth on a table which had been brought from Bonaparte's dwelling. The table had improved by the transit, for the heavy rain had washed it clean; a purification which, in all probability, was of rather rare occurrence.

"Come, gentlemen," said Father John, "take your seats." The party accordingly seated themselves on gewsh logs round the table, and the priest said grace.

"Ah, my defunct flutterer," said Father John, apostrophizing a grouse which he carved, "to *my* taste you look far more picturesque *en grillade*, than when you were winging it to day over Wheeough mountain."

"How do you pronounce the name of that mountain?" asked Fitzroy.

"Wheeough," replied O'Connor, with a strong guttural accent.

"Wee-aw, Wee-aw—Is that it?" said Fitzroy.

"No—not half guttural enough."

"I'll tache you, Sir, if you please," interposed Boney, who stood behind Fitzroy's seat; "just whistle, as if you were calling in your black setting spaniel bitch."

Fitzroy took Boney's advice; and the effort thus made

afforded him more practical instruction in bringing the aspirate into operation, than his own obtuser genius would ever have devised.

Dinner now occupied the sole attention of priest, poet, traveler, and sportsman ; and conversation was suspended by the eager assiduity with which they assailed the good things that smoked before them. All was quiescent for several minutes, when suddenly the report of a gun was heard outside the castle walls, and a ball, which entered at a loophole, whistled over the heads of the party.

"Heaven defend us !" exclaimed Fitzroy Mordaunt, starting up, "we shall all be murdered."

"Pooh, never mind it," said Father O'Connor ; "it's nothing in life but a little rebellion, may be, or some such thing. Finish your sherry, man ! I'll engage that wild wag, Boney, fired the shot just to help your digestion ; it's twice as good, a start like that, as one of Hunt's dinner pills."

As O'Connor spoke, Boney, who had gone out a few minutes before, walked into the apartmeht, and picking up an object which lay on the floor near the wall, exhibited a starling, which the lights and bustle had frightened from its nest in the wall, and which Boney had shot through the loophole.

"Wasn't that nate killing?" exclaimed Boney, triumphantly. "I just whipped off his head with the ball, in two two's. There's a power of the cratures, Father John, fluttering hither and over about the old castle ; for the boys have lit splinters above, and the birds are bothered entirely with the lights."

This pacific explanation of the shot, which had terrified Fitzroy to such a ludicrous degree, seemed in some sort to restore him to tranquillity.

"That's a noble view," said O'Sullivan, "from the top of Mullaugh."

"Indeed, yes ; it is one of the best scenes of wild grandeur in Ireland."

"I think I saw a large house on a hill about four or five miles off?"

"Yes—that is Knockanea, Lord Ballyvallon's place."

"Lord Ballyvallon's place?" repeated O'Sullivan, with rather an air of surprise, "I had not an idea it was so near us."

"Do you know Lord Ballyvallon?"

"A little; I have met him in London."

"You may, if you wish, have an early opportunity of renewing your acquaintance; for Lady Ballyvallon gives fancy ball, to which I have received a card, and have also been honored with permission to bring any friends I pleased. The ball is an electioneering manœuvre, to acquire popularity; but persons of all parties will go, attracted by the rarity of the scene; such a thing has never occurred in our wild district since the days of the deluge."

"Attractive, indeed," said Fitzroy.

"Would you like to come?" said O'Conner. "I am certain that my privilege will include you both."

"We shall feel extremely happy," said Mordaunt, "if you think that our appearance will not be considered intrusive."

"Oh, not in the least; Lady Ballyvallon likes crowds, and the rooms are immense; I am sure she will think you quite an acquisition."

"I may pick up some scenes for my book," thought Fitzroy.

"Now I hope," said O'Conner, "that my going to this fancy ball may not be considered outrageously unclerical. To frequent such assemblies in London or Dublin, is totally different from going, once in one's life, to see fine folks make fools of themselves on the top of a wild hill in the country."

"I hope," said O'Sullivan, laughing, "that the Ballyvallins will not regard your acceptance of their invitation as a pledge of political friendship, or neutrality?"

"Pshaw!" cried O'Connor hastily, "his lordship knows me of old; he knows right well I will fight it out against his party to the death, when we meet upon the hustings."

The night wore away not unpleasantly, despite the *désagrémens* of the ruined castle of Glen Minnis. When Mordaunt's repeater told the hour of ten, the whole party rose to look out upon the night. The storm had fal-

len, the night was now dry, and the moon was rising over the hills.

"What a beautiful scene!" said O'Connor, as they stood on the grassy mound before the door of the castle.

"Down, Sir! down! down, Ponto! down, Flora! down the whole set of yees!" cried Padhre, endeavoring to get rid of the boisterous caresses of nearly a dozen dogs, who were exhibiting their glee in various gambols, at the prospect of returning home.

"This is a scene," said O'Sullivan, "that none but a sportsman can properly enjoy."

"I believe you are right," said the priest.

"How delightful," continued O'Sullivan with energy, "to stand on this patch of smooth green grass, on a clear frosty autumn night, after a good day's sport, with your game-bags exceedingly plethoric, and your dear, faithful dogs barking and leaping in an ecstasy round you! and the cold, clear moon sailing broad and round, high over the top of Mullaugh, and the rough, rocky fragments which lie scattered in the heath glancing white in the moonlight; and the short, quick baying of the dogs echoing through the dark hills, which are rich with to-morrow's sport—Oh! it is rapture ineffable!"

"Upon my word," thought Fitzroy, "that's rather prettily expressed—I'll transfer it to my book;" and accordingly he returned to the gewsh fire, by whose light he made an entry of O'Sullivan's enthusiastic exclamation. He also recorded in his note book, that Howlaghan acquired the soubriquet of Bonaparte, from his noted political zeal.

"Come, genteels," said Bonaparte, leading up a horse, and followed by a boy who led two others, "mount, and get home with yeess."

O'Sullivan and Mordaunt mounted each a steed; Fitzroy was placed on the crupper of O'Connor's horse, and the troop sped merrily away, over hill and dale, until they arrived at the hospitable cottage of "Dwyers Gift."

CHAPTER III.

— Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? THOMSON.

THERE were other persons in whom the approaching festivity at Knockanea excited some anxious palpitations.

"If *my* wishes were attended to," said Mrs. Henry Kavanagh, widow of the younger brother of a gentleman of ancient family, "if *my* wishes were attended to, Isabella should not go to the ball to-night."

"What are your objections?" asked her brother-in-law, Mr. Kavanagh.

"Oh, I am sure some shocking accident will happen; the nights are dark, a new avenue has been opened, I hear, through the park—Lord Ballyvallin always sends off his visitors' servants to the village, where John will in all probability get drunk; so that even if we had the advantages of moonlight, and a road that one knew, we should still run the risk of being upset in the dykes."

"Well, sister," replied Kavanagh calmly, "you need not go, you know, if you do not like it."

"What! after accepting the invitation?"

"Well, you need not have accepted it."

"But that's too late to think of now—I would not have accepted it only for you."

"Only for me?"

"And I do declare I am seriously alarmed."

The fair alarmist had an inveterate propensity to affect opposition to any family plans which she secretly wished to take effect; in order, that if their completion were attended with any unpleasant occurrence, she might refer to her prophetic objections in proof of her sagacity. On the present occasion, as was generally the case, she had suffered her daughter Isabella to overrule her opposition; but her terrors returned with full force upon the night appointed for the ball. She expressed a thousand wishes that the ball had never been thought of, and repeatedly regretted that she had not

sent an apology. In vain did Isabella endeavor to allay her apprehensions ; Mrs. Kavanagh was resolved to be desperately frightened, and preserved her resolution with the most unflinching pertinacity.

"I hope," said Kavanagh, "you may be upset."

"How cruel ! thus to sport with my nervous apprehensions !"

"No, really—but an economist of fear, such, as I am, cannot bear that so much excellent terror should absolutely go for nothing."

"Well, but brother, don't you remember hearing that Mr. Walton's carriage was blown down the hill on which his house stands, while waiting for Mrs. Walton to go out to dinner ?"

"Certainly—and I would not by any means have you despair of being blown down the hill at Knockanea to-night."

"Oh, uncle," interposed Isabella, who thought that his sarcasm annoyed her mother, "that could not possibly happen, as the weather is perfectly calm."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a Mrs. Curwen, who praised Lady Ballyvallon extravagantly.

"She is one of the most amiable beings in existence ! Poor thing, she was so vexed that I did not bring Flora to see her, as soon as she arrived at Knockanea. She reproached me so good naturedly, you haven't an idea."

"Indeed !" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"And then this delightful fancy-ball—I can tell you, in confidence, that her ladyship gives it chiefly on Flora's account."

"Indeed !" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Yes—but I should not have consented to bring Flora, only that Lady Ballyvallon made it a very particular request ; for I had resolved that Flora's first appearance should be made at court. However there was no refusing her ladyship, you know."

"Indeed !"

"To *you*, Mrs. Kavanagh, who have lived so much the life of a recluse, this fancy ball will afford a delight-

ful variety. As for *me*, I have seen every thing worth seeing, over and over."

"You are fortunate."

"My sister," said Kavanagh, "had just been expressing her fears lest the darkness of the night, and the alteration recently made in the approach to Knockanea, might occasion some accident."

"O! very likely," replied Mrs. Curwen, "young Welder's horse stumbled over a heap of stones in the half-finished avenue on Monday night, and the poor fellow's collar bone was broken."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh. "Isabella, my love, this is really too frightful! One would not for the world be impolite, of course—but our personal safety supersedes every other consideration—I have made up my mind; we cannot possibly go."

"Yes," said Kavanagh drily; "and I dare say when you are entering the carriage this evening, you will exclaim the very moment you are seated and driving off to Knockanea, 'I have made up my mind; we cannot possibly go:' and your exclamations will probably continue until your arrival there."

"But poor Welder!" said Mrs. Kavanagh, "how is he?"

"Rapidly recovering. I believe the worst part of his confinement, at least in his own estimation, is, that it suspends his attendance on the young ladies at Listrevor. He generally spends his time escorting them all day, on Arabella's unfortunate grey horse. Really I wonder how the animal survives it. The seven girls have only one horse among them, and immediately after breakfast every morning, Arabella mounts her charger escorted by Welder on his poney, and rides to the mountains: she is succeeded in turn by Miss Evelina, and Miss Celestina, and Miss Cecilia, and all the other Misses."

"What despicable gossip!" muttered Kavanagh, as he walked away to a window from his communicative visitor.

"Lady Ballyvallin and her three daughters will form an enchanting groupe to-night," said Mrs. Curwen; "they personate Venus and the Graces. Her ladyship

looks quite as young and as lovely as any of her daughters."

"I believe, Isabella, love, we *must* go," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Oh, certainly, mamma."

CHAPTER IV.

Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolved, a thousand various ways.

THOMSON.

MRS. KAVANAGH forgot the tale of terrors with which she had prepared to meet Lady Ballyvallon, from the impression produced by the brilliant scene around. Her nervous horrors vanished, as she advanced through the splendid apartments, in which luxury and taste had presided over all the arrangements. The softened lustre of the lamps; the enchanting perfume which exhaled from fragrant plants; the gay and varied colors of exotic flowers, transported Isabella, whose appearance unquestionably justified her mother's partiality, while her lovely and intelligent countenance displayed the animation of youthful enjoyment.

Kavanagh observed that Lord Ballyvallon seemed engaged in earnest conversation with three gentlemen whom he did not know; the groupe stood rather apart from the rest of the company.

"Can you tell me," said he to Father O'Connor, "who those strangers are?"

"Yes—they all accompanied me here—a Mr. Mordaunt and his brother; and a gentleman whose family, at least, should not be totally strangers to *you*; O'Sullivan Lyra."

"Ah, I know—an excellent young fellow, as I have heard—long pedigree, short patrimony. He means, I believe, to go abroad."

"I know nothing of his personal affairs; he has been

my guest for this week past, and I like him much from what I have seen of him."

"I knew his father some twenty years ago," said Kavanagh.

"Look!" exclaimed O'Connor, "look at lawyer Lucas—only look at the devoted assiduities he pays Miss Isabella—he seems to have an excellent opinion of his own attractive powers."

Kavanagh regarded Mr. Lucas's attention to his niece, with a smile at the self-complacent air of the legal swain. "He will tease her," said he, "for a few minutes, and then she will contrive to get rid of him."

"Has he any professional talent?" asked O'Connor.

"Lucas *a non lucendo*, I believe," answered Kavanagh; "I do not know that he has yet shown any. It is a sad mishap to be rather the cleverest member of a very dull family; all the rest regard you as such a superlative genius, that your self-esteem is enormously inflated, which renders the self-confident puppy the more keenly alive to disappointment and contempt, when he finds his proper level in the world."

"Lucas is not quite a blockhead though," observed O'Connor. "He is formal and pedantic, and was always deemed an oracle at home."—At this moment the young lawyer's father approached Kavanagh.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Kavanagh; one very rarely meets you on festive occasions."

"Indeed, Lucas, such occasions are of very rare occurrence in our part of the world."

"Ay—that's precisely what my son Jonathan says; he invariably complains of the want of social feeling in this neighborhood; he means to propose establishing a club, to bring the gentlemen more frequently together."

"I doubt whether such a plan of artificial sociability would succeed; if people do not visit each other of their own accord, the stimulus of a club will scarcely increase their general intercourse."

"And that's what Jonathan says, too: he has doubts, though he thinks the thing worth trying; I assure you, Mr. Kavanagh, my Jonathan always looks at both sides of a question; he is cautious, extremely cautious."

Something led the conversation to snipe-shooting—a favorite subject with Father O'Connor.

"Some sportsmen were at Coola yesterday," said Kavanagh; "I believe they were pretty successful. I had ordered the place to be preserved, but they met no opposition, as my gamekeeper was from home."

"There's magnificent snipe-shooting at Coola," said O'Connor eagerly; "the snipes get up in wisps—you need only shut your eyes and let fly—they rise in such crowds that you *can't* miss."

"The sportsmen yesterday," said Lucas apologetically, "were myself and my son Jonathan; I trust Mr. Kavanagh had no objection."

"Your son," replied Kavanagh, "is so seldom in the country that it would be very churlish to deny him the pleasure of shooting on my grounds on his few and brief visits."

"He's a first-rate shot," said Lucas; "he always hits the swinging pigeon in the shooting gallery with a rifle ball at three hundred yards—there are few such shots."

Miss Jermyn, a rather superannuated belle, was attending to the saucy apology of Mrs. Denville, whose marriage had but recently raised her to a station that entitled her to mingle with the gay and mazy throng at Knockanea. O'Connor, a shrewd observer of everybody's foibles, felt some little anxiety to learn for what misdemeanor Mrs. Denville would condescend to apologize to Miss Jermyn.

"The reason I delayed you so long when you called," said Mrs. Denville, "was because I was engaged in fixing my diamonds, which require considerable time to arrange."

"When you are more accustomed to them," retorted Miss Jermyn, "their arrangement will occupy less time."

"Do you know," said Lucas to O'Connor, "that poor Denville was obliged, shortly after his marriage, to sit up at night to watch his lady's jewelry, until a safe place was constructed to store it in."

"Who told you?" asked O'Connor.

"My son Jonathan."

Kavanagh was accosted by a lady, who was

"Clad in the sombre guise of widowed weeds,"

while a face in which the decent sobriety of sorrow had given way to "wreathed smiles" and "witching glances," surmounted the gloomy habiliments which custom rendered necessary, as the outward demonstrations of the fair widow's regrets for her third husband. Piously resolved not to suffer the torch of Hymen to expire in the ashes of the departed, she was, *on disoit*, indefatigable in her exertions to obtain a fourth.

"Mr. Kavanagh! I did not see you till this moment! where is our dear Isabella? I have been waiting to introduce Baron Leschen to her; he has remained at my side for an hour with exemplary patience, expecting her appearance."

"Miss Isabella is talking to my son Jonathan," said Lucas.

"How kind you were to think of her," said Kavanagh, "and the Baron at your side. How did you contrive to amuse him for so long a period?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Mersey, "it was not particularly easy—I wanted him to try the effects of galvanism on Miss Jermyn, as it makes all old things tender; but he 'vas so shock' at the proposal that he ran away, and I believe he is now in the music room, listening to the warblings of Lady Jacintha."

"Miss Jermyn must have interested his feelings, I should think, since your remark produced so strong an effect upon him."

"Probably; for when I mentioned that she had got five thousand pounds, he immediately asked, 'if it vas for de one year, or for de every year;' and had it been for 'de every year,' I suspect he would have tried any experiment to galvanize her heart."

"Do not allow Lady Jacintha to engross him altogether."

"Not if I can help it—the perverse creature is my leading star to-night, although he refused to introduce me as a partner to a prodigiously grand, hairy old *Von*, who accompanies him."

"What plea could he urge for his refusal?"

"Oh, he said 'his friend's dance be stopped, for he was married.'"

"These quadrilles are not nearly as sociable dances as our old fashioned country dances," observed Kavanagh.

"Lady Jacintha, I think, talks of introducing a new Greek dance," said Mrs. Mersey; "it is danced at—at—let me see—I cannot recollect——"

"Have you ever seen it?" asked Kavanagh.

"Poh! how excessively provoking that I cannot at this moment recollect where they dance it," continued the widow with an air of inexpressible annoyance.

"I can find out for you, ma'am, in an instant, if you wish," said Lucas, politely pitying her apparent vexation.

"You? Sir, I am much obliged, I am sure—how can you ascertain?"

"I'll just ask Jonathan," said Lucas, "he knows all about Greek and the Greeks."

"Oh, Sir, don't trouble yourself, I beg—I shall recollect it presently, I suppose."

"How beautifully Captain Bingham dances," said Kavanagh, "quite like an opera-dancer."

"No wonder," observed Mrs. Curwen; "he learned at the battle of Waterloo."

"At the battle of Waterloo! I fancy that the Waterloo dances were of a very different description."

"No; he told me that Monsieur le Foudroyant, who had been a maitre-à-danse, deserted from Bonaparte's army, and instructed several British officers in the intervals of the engagement."

The company were now in motion. All were dancing, walking, talking, laughing, or flirting. Fitzroy Mordaunt sauntered towards Kavanagh's groupe, and eyed the dancers through his glass with an air of nonchalance.

"You strange and silent being," said Mrs. Mersey, who had known Fitzroy in London, "you scarcely move—you scarcely speak—you scarcely smile. Do you know it is apprehended that you will become a spectre at the awful hour of twelve, which is fast approaching?"

Fitzroy Mordaunt smiled superciliously.

"Nay," said Mrs. Mersey, "that smile is not ghastly enough for a spectre."

"How can you expect him to smile," said O'Connor, "when his mind is engaged in deep and solemn contemplation of our words and deeds, which are duly noted down, to re-appear in a hot-pressed three-volume post-octavo?"

"Oh, don't put *me* in print, for pity's sake," said Mrs. Curwen.

"When does your work appear?" asked Mrs. Mersey.

"I know not," replied Fitzroy.

"Am *I* your heroine?" demanded Mrs. Mersey.

"My work will not be a novel," said Fitzroy.

"And do you suppose that *I* could not figure to advantage except in a novel? What a very impolite supposition! Your book, then, I fancy, will be 'Sketches of Society in Ireland, interspersed with Statistical Details,' or something of that kind."

"Something of that kind," repeated Fitzroy.

"Then, my good Sir, I think you will acknowledge that a light and brilliant sketch of female character will be absolutely requisite, to relieve the sombre tedium of dry statistical information, and to impart *légèreté* to the narrative."

"If you are writing a book about Ireland, Sir," said Lucas, "allow me to inform you that I have a son whose assistance will be quite at your service—he is bred to the bar, Sir—he understands all about topography, and history, and mineralogy, and geology—and if you want a chapter about cock-fighting or horse-racing, Jonathan's your man. I wish you heard him talk."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Fitzroy.

"This fête will afford you materials for a chapter," said the widow.

"I don't know that it will," said the poet; "ordinary fêtes have never much interested me, since I dined with Lord Waterford upon the top of Pompey's Pillar."

"Observe," said Mrs. Curwen, "the ingenuity with which Mr. Langton manœuvres a partner for his daughter.—Really, Mr. Mordaunt, you should keep your eye

on these peculiarities of character—look at Langton now—he is sitting next Sophia, and watching until some suitable match appears, to whom he may resign his seat.”

At this moment Mr. Jervis approached, and as Mrs. Curwen predicted, Langton immediately rose and motioned Mr. Jervis to the seat he had vacated, saying, “Will you have the kindness to keep my place till I return?”

“Till he returns!” repeated Mrs. Curwen, “do, pray, Mr. Mordaunt, put that in your book; perhaps he may return in five hours, but certainly not sooner.”

Baron Leschen returned to Mrs. Mersey, whom his heart perhaps reproached him for deserting, and assured her he ‘would be quite happy if she would valse vid him.’ The lady consented to make him quite happy, and the rotatory evolutions immediately became general.

“Do you like this whirling?” asked Mrs. Curwen.

“N—n—no,” replied Fitzroy, to whom the question was addressed.

“Is it not exceedingly graceful?”

“I cannot say I think so. The only whirling I have seen, worth looking at, is that of the Dervises in the Tower of the Winds at Athens.”

“Could you not introduce it here?”

“I fear not, it is too breezy; and I do not think Irish agility could achieve anything better than a clumsy imitation.”

“What renders it so difficult?”

“The absolute perfection of grace which is requisite. The dancers first revolve slowly, and their persons are as perpendicular as if they were fixed on pivots. By degrees the rapidity increases, until at length they whirl with such swiftness, that a spectator cannot possibly discern the features of their faces.”

Meanwhile Mr. Jonathan Lucas, the young lawyer, had been busily rendering himself as agreeable as possible to Isabella.

“Mrs. Curwen told me,” said he, “that Mrs. Kavanagh felt strongly disinclined to come this evening, but now that you *are* here, I am sure you would have regretted remaining away.”

"Mamma is very timid, and as the nights are dark, and the new approach unfinished, she felt rather afraid."

"Do you know, Miss Kavanagh, that I think you have a vast deal of natural logic about you."

"Logic? Oh no! the last acquisition I should have ever dreamt of possessing."

"That is your modesty—the remark you have just made admits of being thrown into a syllogistic form."

"Really?"

"Just observe now—danger excites alarm in Mrs. Kavanagh—that is the major proposition; the dark night and the unfinished road, are dangerous—that is the minor; therefore Mrs. Kavanagh felt afraid to come—that is the corollary."

Isabella did not feel much interested in this illustration of her logical powers, and spoke of some lawsuit in which she understood that Mr. Lucas held a brief.

"Do you think that Mr. Edmonds is in any danger of having his uncle's will in his favor set aside?"

"Unquestionably not, Ma'am—his title, as I apprehend, is thoroughly impregnable;—I would venture to defend it singly against all the lawyers of the empire. Sir Edward Coke defines a title, in his First Institute, as follows: '*Titulus est justa causa possidendi id quod nostrum est*;' and applying this undeniable maxim to Mr. Edmonds's case, I defy the united faculty to deprive my client of his rightful inheritance."

"I am told Miss Edmonds is soon to be married."

"So I have heard: she is a beautiful creature, and I think it a pity she is throwing herself away on young Marsh."

"I believe," said Isabella, "you are a warm admirer of her's."

"I wish I were permitted to declare admiration elsewhere." This was said with an air of bashful consciousness, and was followed, *selon les règles*, with a sigh of ineffable meaning.

"I would not recommend you to declare admiration," said Isabella, purposely misunderstanding him; "unless you were previously aware that its expression would be acceptable."

"Ah ! I would make love in syllogistic form : " pleaded Jonathan, in tones of the most tender pathos.

"How on earth could you manage to do so ? " said Isabella, laughing at the whimsical idea of her learned admirer.

"Have I permission to give you a specimen ? " said Jonathan, in accents of pathetic entreaty.

"Of a syllogism ? Certainly."

"Then," said Jonathan, with eyes, voice, and manner, all taxed to the utmost to furnish a respectably amorous expression ; " then *I* am the major proposition ; *you*, my adorable Miss Isabella, are the minor proposition ; and the consequential corollary will, I trust, with your kind concurrence, be the matrimonial ceremony, performed upon any day, at any moment, you may do me the superlative favor to appoint. Hey, Miss Isabella ? What do you think of my syllogism ? "

Isabella was not even *touchée* enough to blush. She laughed at Jonathan, and said, " Your syllogism is well enough—as a jest ;—but pray observe," she impressively added in a very low voice, " if you meant it seriously, I beg you may dismiss it from your mind—it would only lead to disappointment."

Kavanagh looked around for O'Sullivan, and found him in another apartment engaged in an all-engrossing and delicious tête-à-tête with the beautiful Lucinda Nugent. To Kavanagh's keen eye, it appeared from their manner to each other, that they had met before. In this surmise he was not mistaken. O'Sullivan had formerly visited at Martagon, the seat of Lucinda's brother, Colonel Nugent, and his delight at meeting Lucinda on the present occasion was enhanced by surprise. She met him with an air of the most flattering consciousness, and taking his arm, accompanied him to a sofa, " to talk over," as she said, with bewitching simplicity, " the happy, happy days, when they used to gather shells upon the sandy shore at Martagon, and trace the woodland path together."

"Those were indeed delightful days," said O'Sullivan warmly.

"Then why not renew them ? " asked Lucinda in all

artless kindness ; " my brother, I know, will be delighted to see you "—I have heard him say a hundred times that he never loved any friend so well :—O, *do* come, Henry, and make us all so happy."

To resist so affectionate an invitation, proceeding from a being of such incomparable loveliness, was utterly impossible. And Lucinda had called him by his Christian name ! No doubt she had always done so at Martagon, and their former childish intimacy justified the freedom ; yet, since then three years had passed ; she had shot up into womanhood, and her renewing the terms of familiar intercourse on which they had last met, was a proof of unabated affection, that afforded O'Sullivan the most exquisite gratification.

" And is Martagon unchanged ?" asked O'Sullivan.

" Quite as unchanged, Henry, as the hearts of its inhabitants. My brother wanted to throw down the summer-house that overhangs the sea, and to build a new one on a larger scale, but I would not permit him to remove it. You do not forget the trouble we had in building it, Henry—a wonderful effort for children—indeed we were little more than children then :—you and the gardener were the masons, and I—wild creature that I was ! carried sticks, and mortar, for which I entailed upon myself certain serious lectures from my governess."

" You sometimes played mischievous tricks upon Mrs. Davidson, in retaliation for her lengthy lectures," observed O'Sullivan, pursuing the full tide of reminiscence ; " where is she now ?"

" Poor, poor thing," replied Lucinda very feelingly, " she would have been destitute indeed, if my brother had not given her a cottage when she left us ; her family refused to receive her, so we have felt it a duty ever since to contribute to her comfort as much as we possibly could."

While they thus conversed, Colonel Nugent, who was many years Lucinda's senior, approached, and cordially shaking hands with O'Sullivan, reinforced his sister's invitation by pressing his friend to spend a month at Martagon.

The Ballyvallin family played their part to all their

guests with the most electioneering affability : Lord Ballyvallin shook his grey head, and regretted to Kavanagh the days of their youth, when they both had been members of the Dublin Whig Club.

Lady Ballyvallin enchanted Mrs. Kavanagh, by expressing her admiration of the lovely Isabella ; and Lady Frances, Lady Jacintha, and Lady Henrietta, took appropriate opportunities of hoping that they might frequently see all the ladies of the neighborhood at Knock-anea.

When the hour of departure arrived, Mrs. Kavanagh caught her brother-in-law's arm, exclaiming :—

"Did I not tell you some accident would happen to-night ?"

"Yes, but you have frequently given me similar warnings, unattended with any result."

"Will not anything convince you ? I knew what would happen ! the Narevilles have been upset."

"Of what use is your prescience, since you did not inform the Narevilles of the impending disaster ? If you wish to act a friendly part, tell Mrs. Nareville that she must expect similar misfortunes as long as she continues to crowd eight people into her coach, and to drive four half-broken, blood colts full gallop down hill."

"I hope we may reach home alive," said the lady.

"It will not be John's fault if we do not ; for he has been drinking safe home to us for the last five hours at the village."

Mrs. Kavanagh reproved her brother for his ill-timed mirth.

Mr. Langton, elate with the success of his manœuvre to secure Mr. Jervis as an attendant on his daughter for the greater part of the evening, determined to try the effect of another *ruse* ; and pretending to mistake Mr. Jervis's carriage for his own, as it stood at the door, he deliberately handed in Miss Langton. But Jervis resisted this second attempt on his liberty, and very ungallantly restored the intrusive fair one to the arms of her parent.

CHAPTER V.

In these lone walls, their days' eternal bound,
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
 Where awful arches make a noonday night,
 And the *dim windows shed a solemn light.*

POPE.

"WHY so pensive, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh, as Isabella, on the morning following the ball, rested her head in a contemplative attitude upon her hand. Isabella answered not, and her mother repeated her question.

"Ma'am!" she exclaimed,—*"I beg pardon—I believe—I did not hear——"*

"Well, my love, now that your attention is fixed, may I ask (for the third time), why are you so very pensive?"

"Was I pensive, mother?"

"So exceedingly pre-occupied, that you did not even hear my question:—Does any tender reminiscence of young Lucas occasion this abstraction?"

"No indeed, mamma."

"No, indeed? Then perhaps you were thinking of that young Englishman who danced two sets with you—Mordaunt, I think they call him?"

Isabella's crimsoned cheek at once informed her mother that this last surmise was not very far astray from the truth.

"Child! you do not answer me—Mordaunt paid you a good deal of attention;—I am then to conclude that his attentions were not unacceptable."

"They were not, mother," replied the conscious Isabella, in a voice scarcely audible to an ear less interested than that of her auditrice.

"Well, my love, you act rightly, to be candid with your mother—Do you think he likes you?"

"It is hard for me to tell, mamma; but his manners were very—very—how shall I express it? they were *more than attentive.*"

"Isabella, take care you do not lose your heart, without gaining this Mordaunt's in return." Isabella sighed.

"I wish I knew who he is," resumed her mother.

"Mrs. Mersey knew him very well in London; she says his family are persons of high consideration."

"But is he an eldest son?"

"I believe so."

"Well, in that case we will—inquire more about him."

"Mrs. Mersey knows every thing about him, mamma."

"Isabella, do you know who was that tall, elegant looking young man, who conversed so much with Lucinda Nugent?"

"Dear me, mother! you must have been exceedingly absent! My uncle pointed him out to you twice, and told you that he was O'Sullivan Lyra, the nephew of his old friend—he means, I believe, to ask him here."

"In that case," replied Mrs. Kavanagh, "Mordaunt will have a formidable rival."

Isabella shook her head incredulously.

"Look, Isabella—some carriage is coming up the avenue—whose can it be?"

An extraordinary equipage arrived at the door, which Mrs. Kavanagh recognized as Mrs. Curwen's; it was made by her nephew, the all-accomplished Jonathan Lucas, and resembled a huge square leathern box, braced, buckled, and strapped in a very original manner, and was deemed *one* proof, among many others, of the original genius of its maker.

"Well," inquired Mrs. Kavanagh, when her visitor had entered, "How did you like the fancy-ball?"

"Ah, I was sadly disappointed—had Lady Ballyvalfin consulted *me*, I could have pointed out many improvements."

"What were the deficiencies?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I could not perhaps explain them to you now; but had you asked me last night, when we were both on the spot, I could easily have shown you fifty things, in which a better taste might have appeared."

"Well, I must congratulate myself on my want of taste—the scene struck me as being very brilliant."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Curwen, my expectations were

too high ; I had reckoned on a scene from the Arabian Nights, at least ; but at all events Flora was greatly admired. Lord Ballyvallon asked who could have expected to see so enchanting a creature at the foot of the mountains, like a myrtle, he said, in the regions of the Alps. Pray, Mr. Kavanagh, have you heard her sing Italian songs ?”

“ I have,” replied Kavanagh.

“ Candidly, what do you think of her style of singing ?”

“ Candidly, I wish she would sing in Greek, which you know is a much more sonorous language, and quite as intelligible as Italian to nine out of ten of her hearers.”

“ Ah, really that is a novel idea. Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt told Mrs. Mersey last night he had got some Greek melodies, and if one could possibly manœuvre them from him, it would be quite delightful, for I *do* like to have every thing unusual and unique.”

We must now transport our readers for a while to Mrs. Mersey’s boudoir. This lady had been upon a visit to Martagon, and had accompanied Colonel Nugent and Lucinda to Knockanea, where Lord Ballyvallon had invited them to pass a few days.

The widow reclined upon a sofa, and surveyed with indolent pleasure the reflection of her graceful figure in a large toilet glass. Thoughts of the past, and visions of the future, chased each other through her mind, but she banished these intrusive visitors, and devoted the full energy of her soul to the fixed consideration of that point of time, which her general habits of thinking and acting induced her to deem the most important—namely, THE PRESENT.

“ Let me reflect,”—such was the tenor of Mrs. Mersey’s ruminations,—“ how the grand game of MAN is to be played—What cards are on the table ? there is Baron Leschen with his stars and ribands, and his sixteen quarterings—can the baron be caught ? He is the king of trumps. Last night the pressure of his hand was incomparably tender ; but undoubtedly I cannot yet pronounce a conquest—I shall try what a little ap-

parent indifference will do ; I will devote myself for this day to our huge, furry, hairy, snuffy friend, Prince Gruffenhauseu—the hairy prince has got a very copious princess on the banks of the Rhine—n'importe—I do not want to disturb the matrimonial quiet of his Serene Hairiness—I only want to pique the baron by affecting indifference.

“ Then, should the baron, with his ribands, stars, and quarterings fail me, there is the Reverend Anastasius Montgomery Wingcote—noble family—large private fortune—an interesting repentant *roué*,—somewhat fanatical and *éaporé* ; he is rather *passé*, and looks shattered, but all things considered, he might answer pretty well—he likes female preachers—admired Mrs. Fry and Alice Cambridge.

“ I could preach—I should certainly be altogether irresistible as a female pulpit orator. Let me see how I should dress ; I think a sable robe, which should extend from head to foot, parted over my forehead, would answer admirably ; the contrast between the black muslin, and my snow-white forehead, would be extremely effective. My dark hair should be divided into two unequal bands, and a single curl should descend, as if unconsciously, to the dimple in my left cheek. Heavens ! if Wingcote could but see and hear me in the pulpit ! Never was a finer opening for display—and my white and beautifully rounded arm, might escape from the sable folds of my dark robe, flung aloft in the impassioned energy of oratorical gesticulation. Should other projects fail, I look upon *this* as a *certain* game—so Wingcote may be booked as a *corps-de-reserve*.

“ But there are others, *en attendant*, whom I certainly confess I should prefer attacking—I am strongly tempted to assail young O'Sullivan Lyra—Oh, what a husband—what a charming husband he *would* make, if I only allowed the little blind god to gain the ascendant ! I never, never saw so sweet a smile —”

Here Mrs. Mersey paused, as the soft remembrance of the smile suspended for a moment the course of her reflections.

"He appears to admire Lucinda Nugent," she resumed, "and Lucinda is certainly beautiful; but she wants experience, and O'Sullivan is also young, and extremely inexperienced: I think if I regularly set to work, I could conjure him away from Lucinda—but Langton says he heard O'Sullivan's estate was much involved, and I cannot say I like involved estates—yet *if* in a moment of softness I *could* make a sacrifice, my heart too plainly tells me it would be for *him*.

"Then there is Jervis—a desirable match in some respects, undoubtedly—but he cannot talk of anything except his regiment and the turf; if I seriously thought of entangling his affections in love's fairy snare, I should prepare for the enterprise by studying the army list and the racing calendar. No—I will have nothing to say to Jervis—positively nothing—I never could tolerate a husband with such an unprecedented nose—such a crimson beak, like the tail of a boiled lobster,—and then the vision of O'Sullivan's elegant aquiline, rising in perpetual and tantalizing contrast—oh, O'Sullivan! if my lot were cast with thine——

"But O'Sullivan cannot make me a baroness; and then an encumbered estate is unpromising—and Leschen is abundantly good-looking.

"How *shall* I manage to achieve the Baron? Alas! I am timid, retiring, and incapable of attempting those prodigious master-strokes with which other women have not hesitated to conquer all obstacles. Albertina Gruffenhansen loved the young Count Klaukenberg—he had sailed in a steam-boat down the Rhine to escape the unpleasant predicament of seeing daily marks of an attachment he never could return—Albertina's brother pursued, overtook, and brought him back in triumph.—He induced him to enter a solitary summer-house with Albertina, who locked the door, and brandishing a lighted torch, informed him that a train of gunpowder had been laid in the apartment, and that she would blow up the house that instant, if he did not consent to an immediate marriage. The Count was terrified into compliance. Now, really I never could do such a thing, to become Empress of Austria.

"But the Baron—*how* to achieve him! Lady Jacintha would be a useful confederate, if her ladyship could be trusted, which I fear would be a very equivocal chance. But—*alerte à la muraille*—I linger unnecessarily here—I must play my game according to circumstances."

And the widow started from her sofa, and dressed to accompany a party who were going to explore the ruins of the abbey of Kilconnel. She was as yet undecided respecting the tactics she ought to adopt; she hesitated whether to appear wholly engrossed by Prince Gruffenhausen's conversation, or to seem fascinated by the charms of Leschen's broken English, when she reached the drawing-room where the Baron, the Prince, Lady Ballyvallin, and Lady Jacintha, were seated.

"Dat ruins of Kilconnel," asked the Baron, "is it goot distance off?"

"I believe three or four miles," replied Lady Jacintha.

"Ach! but it is grand large ruins, is it not?"

"Pretty large, indeed; but extremely inferior to your beautiful ruins at the Schloss Leschènhaus."

"Are we soon to set out?" asked Mrs. Mersey.

"I believe soon—whenever you please—has the carriage been ordered, mamma?" asked Lady Jacintha.

"No—but I did not think we were to have it—prince Gruffenhausen's vrowtchsk will take four persons—will it not?"

"It does takes four beoples, madame," said the Prince.

"Bah! it is not so pleasant and goot and delightful half at all to dravel in, as my German cabriolet," said Leschen.

"But your cabriolet only holds two," said Mrs. Mersey.

"Ach! mine goot honor and wort," said the Baron, in a very low tone of most promising tenderness, "but I do tink dat is not an great disadvantages, not at all.—Dere are sometimes occasions, mein goot lady, when two beoples like to make much talk wid each oder dat dey would not wish—mine heafens! no!—dat any oder one should hear."

"Most true," answered Mrs. Mersey sighing, and with a modest, downcast, widowed glance.

"Haf I not said true?" pursued Leschen, tenderly.

"Indeed you have," replied the widow, in a tone of exquisite softness.

"Which do you prefer, the vrowtchsk or the cabriolet, Mrs. Mersey?" asked Lady Jacintha, from the other end of the room.

"The cabriolet, certainly," answered the widow.

A footman now announced that both cabriolet and vrowtchsk were ready. Mrs. Mersey saw with pleasure prince Gruffenhausen attend Lady Ballyvallin and Lady Jacintha to the vrowtchsk, into which he handed them; his serene hairiness still lingered on the gravel, as if expecting Mrs. Mersey would follow. Baron Leschen with infinite politeness assisted the widow to ascend the elevation of his airy cabriolet; she seated herself, and looked around in triumph, when Lady Jacintha provokingly called Leschen, who attended her summons with apparent alacrity.

"Come in the vrowtchsk with us," said her ladyship. Leschen bowed, and turning to Gruffenhausen, said,

"Mon prince, vil you haf de gootness to do me de honor to do yourself de habbiness to drive Mrs. Mersey?"

"I shall do so, mine goot baron, wid great habbiness," replied the hairy man, and forthwith he ascended the cabriolet, took the reins, and flourished the whip, to the inexpressible chagrin of Mrs. Mersey, whose utmost efforts were put in requisition to conceal the vexation she felt at her very unexpected consignment to the care of Gruffenhausen.

Lord Ballyvallin's coachman, an experienced whip, drove the vrowtchsk, (an *outré* sort of carriage, of Russian construction;) while Gruffenhausen was detained for a quarter of an hour by the efforts of a stupid groom to arrange some refractory bearing-rein. When the groom had settled the rein, his serene highness, emulous of the speed with which the vrowtchsk advanced, lashed on his steeds, to the infinite terror of the widow, whose alarm was increased by observing that her serene Jehu was exceedingly awkward and unskilful in his new vocation. Terrified and provoked, she still retained her

usual sense of the ridiculous, and on Gruffenhausen's bumping the wheel, to the imminent danger of their limbs, over a solitary stone that encumbered the centre of the road, she could not help saying,

"Your serene highness is an excellent marksman."

"Pofe!" returned the imperturbable man of hair, who thought she intended to compliment his skill as a sportsman, "you do joke, madame; I haf nefer been consid-er no goot marksman, not at all."

"But I think you an excellent one," returned the widow, "for there was only one stone on the road, and you hit it."

"Pofe!" said the serene man; and observing that the vrowtchsk having now attained the bottom of a distant hill, was advancing at an increased speed, he whipped his horses furiously down the declivity, and the cabriolet swung, and rattled, and bumped, over the inequalities of a steep and rather ill-repaired road.

"For heaven's sake, do not go so fast," implored Mrs. Mersey, "we shall be upset."

"My vrowtchsk is going fery vast, and I do wants to be at dose great ruin as soon as milady Ballyfallin."

"Oh, we shall be there time enough—you will certainly upset us."

"Pofe! dat may not be no harm not at all—I upset de Princess Klinkerbergenbüttel and de Countess Starrenhaus, two times, on de road from Bälz to Ehrenbreitstein, and dare vas not von bone in deir body vas broke."

"But we might not be equally fortunate."

"Bah! you do not understand de great and weighty and ponderous mystery of de Fatalism—" (Here the vehicle was nearly overturned, from the headlong speed with which Prince Gruffenhausen thundered over some deep ruts, which the greater skill of lady Ballyvallin's coachman had enabled him to avoid; Mrs. Mersey screamed in vain—) "de grand and ponderous mystery of *die vorher bestimmung*," continued his serene highness in a tone of the most philosophic placidity: "Ach! mine goot Misdress Mersey, if Fate haf wrote in her book that we *are* to be upset, dere is noting in de world dat could

hinder us to be upset—mine heafens ! no—if I drived dis cabriolet as slow as de snail do creep. But, mine wort——”

“ I implore your Serene Highness to keep out of the way of that heap of broken stones.”

“ But, mine honest wort ! if Fate haf wrote in her book dat we are *not* to be upset—mein heiligkeit ! we would be quite safe, Misdress Mersey, if I drived dis cabriolet as fast as de grand Peolphon, whos^e fader was de lightning and his moder de east wind. Ach ! you haf not been instructed in the grand and mighty secrets, Misdress Mersey ; but I can insdruet you”—(here the whip smacked and whistled afresh about the sides and ears of the prancing horses). “ Our destiny is wrote bevore we see de light, and, mein himmel ! it is not in our powers and our hands to change it.”

Mrs. Mersey now gave up remonstrance as useless, and threw herself back in her seat, awaiting the result with a feeling of agonized despair. His Serene Highness continued to thunder along, in defiance of all ordinary chances of overturns and dislocation, as if for the purpose of ensuring Mrs. Mersey’s recollection of his lesson in fatalism, should she have the good fortune to survive the present excursion. It was true, that the carriage conveying Lady Ballyvallon speeded along with nearly equal rapidity ; but then her ladyship possessed the advantages of much more manageable horses, and a skilful coachman, who was not a fatalist.

Every stone, or inequality, that deranged the smoothness of their rapid course, only elicited from Prince Gruffenhausen the contemptuous exclamation of “ pofe !” At a narrow part of the road, several carts impeded his impetuous career, and his highness’s philosophy had given way to a somewhat irate state of feeling long before he was able to extricate his cabriolet. When at length he succeeded in doing so, he again lashed his horses, to urge them to overtake the vrowtchsk, which had now gained the abbey cemetery ; the animals became utterly unmanageable ; they pranced, kicked, plunged, and finally set off in a tremendous gallop, which

continued till they reached the ruined abbey of Kilconnell; where, rushing to the side of the road, they overturned the cabriolet against a low stone enclosure, and Mrs. Mersey was pitched into the expanded arms of Baron Leschen, who, with his fair convoy, had just descended from the vrowtchsk. "I believe, Baron," said Lady Jacintha, "you are the first philosopher who ever caught a falling star."

"Good heavens! is she seriously hurt?" asked Lady Ballyvallin, coming forward to examine the sufferer.

"Pofe!" cried Prince Gruffenhausen, getting up and shaking himself, "she did not fall against der stones—It vas wrote in de Book of Destiny dat she vas to get dis oberturn—Mein heiligkeit! she almost knock down poor Leschen!"

"I dare say," whispered Lady Jacintha to her mother, "Mrs. Mersey would have no objection to fifty upsets, provided they were all to end like the present, in the Baron's arms."

Lady Ballyvallin was assiduously applying salts to the nostrils of the fainting widow, which pungent application at length elicited a sneeze. Still, however, she looked miserably pale, her eyes were closed, and she spoke not. An attendant brought cushions from the carriage, and laid them on the grass, for her accommodation; but her arm was so firmly clasped round Baron Leschen's neck, that it was impossible to disengage her from him, even although she continued apparently insensible.

Her insensibility seemed so pertinaciously resolved to resist all efforts to dispel it, that Lady Ballyvallin, who felt much curiosity to survey the ruins, deemed it useless to wait any longer in the hope of Mrs. Mersey's revival; and, taking Prince Gruffenhausen's arm, "Come," said she, "Jacintha may remain with Mrs. Mersey, if she wishes—some of our friends are here already, I perceive—let us join them."

"Oh, mamma," said Lady Jacintha, "I will go too."

Her ladyship accompanied Lady Ballyvallin and the Prince into a neighboring cloister, where, separating from her party on some trifling pretext, she looked

through a loop-hole at Mrs. Mersey, who had opened her unparalleled eyes, and was gracefully, yet faintly, thanking Baron Leschen for his attention.

"But, oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, shrinking from him with a look of horror, "we are left ALONE! What will the world say—what will be thought of me, when it transpires? oh! what *will* the world say? I cannot endure the idea! why did you allow every creature to leave us?"

And Mrs. Mersey supported herself against a tombstone, in pitiable agitation. Leschen seemed exceedingly perplexed how to answer such a startling appeal, or how to soothe her modest perturbation. He walked over to a monument, at some little distance, and appeared intently engaged in an effort to decipher the inscription.

"Baron Leschen," said the widow, "how can you possibly be so much engrossed by the dead, when the living demand your attention and sympathy?"

"I beg tousand pardon—but I tought you vas shock at my being too near you—Dis is curious tomb—I tink I haf read of dis tomb in some history."

"Cruel man! it would not be amiss if you were under it. But what can at this moment make it so interesting?"

"I do try to make out dis inscription, which is all about—I do tink—is all about—all about—a tale—of murder."

"A tale, indeed! but nothing to the tale of modern times, which will ring through the world, when my having remained alone here with *you* becomes generally known.—Oh! I shall never survive it!" And Mrs. Mersey wrung her snowy hands in agony.

"Vat shall I do, Misdress Mersey?"

"What shall you do? Ask your heart, inhuman! what you *have* done—you invited me to take a seat in your cabriolet, and when I accepted it, you handed me over to the care of Prince Gruffenhausen, who is certainly possessed with a devil, and who narrowly missed killing me."

"I vas shocking wrong, to be sure," said the Baron, deeply penitent, and approaching the interesting widow

with a look that seemed earnestly to deprecate her displeasure: "I vas shocking wrong, Misdress Mersey, but vat could I do, when milady Jacintha ask me to go into de vrowtchsk?"

"What could you do? You might have told her that you could not leave *me* to the tender mercies of Prince Gruffenhausen, you might have told her——"

What further suggestions Mrs. Mersey was going to make, we do not know; for just at this moment Lady Jacintha, who had watched the whole dialogue from the loop-hole in the cloister, and who felt alarmed at the tender penitence displayed by Leschen, suddenly appeared, to terminate a colloquy which the widow's address might possibly have rendered rather a dangerous one.

"I flew back," quoth her ladyship, "to inquire how Mrs. Mersey is—I am delighted to see she has revived."

"Thank you," faintly articulated the widow.

"Are you sdrong enough now, mein goot lady," said the Baron, "to walk among de ruins?"

"I will try," she answered, rising from her cushions with the aid of the tombstone, against which she had reclined. Leschen could not avoid offering her his arm, on which she leaned as heavily, as if she meant, by doing so, to impress upon his mind how much she required his assistance and sympathy. Lady Jacintha continued to address to the Baron her voluble remarks on the building.

"Now that tower, the most perfect remnant of the abbey, is one of the best specimens that I have ever seen of the monastic style in Ireland. Look, Baron, at the old grey battlements; the genuine ecclesiastical battlements, and the crocketed pinnacles. I wish we could discern the arms on that ancient shield; it is not easy at this distance."

"I think they are the arms of the M'Carthys," said Mrs. Mersey, steadily surveying the shield, which surmounted a window in the second story; "a stag *courant*."

"Now *I* could not possibly discern that," said Lady Jacintha; "these seem to be wonder-working ruins, for they have restored Mrs. Mersey's sight. She has quite forgotten to use her eye-glass, and yet she deciphers a rude, old, moss-grown shield."

Mrs. Mersey searched for her eye-glass in dignified silence, while Lady Jacintha endeavored to assist her recollection by observing, that perhaps Baron Leschen might know where it was ; that it possibly had fallen from her reticule during her fainting fit—that perhaps it might be found among the cushions upon which she had reclined.”

“ I haf no knowledges about it, not at all,” said Leschen ; “ I haf not seen it dis day.”

Mrs. Mersey put an end to Lady Jacintha’s officious suggestions, by saying, that she now recollected having left the eye-glass that morning on her dressing-table.

They ascended a spiral staircase to a broken doorway, that commanded the interior of the ancient church : beneath a distant arch appeared another groupe.

“ Does your ladyship knows who are dose beoples ?” asked Leschen.

“ Not at this distance,” replied Lady Jacintha ; “ but perhaps Mrs. Mersey, whose sight is so peculiarly acute to-day, may recognize them.”

“ I think I do,” said the widow, with great sweetness, which she intended should *tell*, as contrasted with her ladyship’s sarcastic manner. Nor was she wholly mistaken in her calculation, for Leschen, struck with the contrast, was surprised into the mental ejaculation of, “ Sweed, goot creature.”

“ I think,” pursued Mrs. Mersey, “ that the gentlemen are your guests, Colonel Nugent and Mr. O’Sullivan ; and the lady is the beautiful Lucinda. Oh, Baron ! She is a most lovely being, is she not ? You *must* admire her as much as I do.”

“ She is beautiful lady, certainly—very beautiful. She is going to draw picturs of de abbey, I do tink—see, she haf her paper stretch out before her.”

The Baron was right : Lucinda, whose accomplishments had all been improved to perfection, was proceeding to sketch the picturesque and broken aisle.

“ How gracefully,” said she, “ the ivy twines its winding spray, as if to conceal the ravages of time upon this desolate fabric ! what a subject for a painter ! Henry,” she continued, addressing O’Sullivan, “ you will be so kind

to fold your arms, let your hat rest negligently on the grass at your feet, and lean your back against that shattered pillar—a scene such as this is much improved by figures, and I must put *yours*,” she said with a bewitching smile, “in the foreground of the groupe. Nay, now,” she added, starting up, “you are awkward—you must allow me to arrange your attitude; fold your arms thus—there—that will do—look upwards—a little more—more—that will do—as if you were gazing on the

‘Old solemn, royal Night,
That wraps her purple round the Stars august,
As though she called them children*.’

So far very well—cross your feet—oh, you can surely do *that* without my assistance. Sir, your attitude is quite too constrained for a picture—*do* throw a little more ease into it.”

“Lucinda, it is very hard to please you.”

“Well, well, Henry,” she answered, laughing, “do as you like yourself. There, now—Oh! that is really majestic—just remain as you are, and look exceedingly contemplative. Now, brother, I want *you* to frown over Henry’s shoulder—yes, that will answer very well—I will make a monk of you—patience, now—patience for a very few moments.”

And Lucinda sketched with taste and scientific accuracy, the arches, the pillars, and her little groupe, carefully preserving the awful and mysterious frown of Colonel Nugent, whom she metamorphosed into a monk, by enveloping his figure in monastic robes, and ~~depriving~~ his head of its dark brown curls.

“Do you wish,” asked Colonel Nugent, “to introduce a wild, hyperborean satyr into your sketch?”

“Not in character,” answered his sister.

“For if you do, just look up to the arch upon your left.”

Lucinda looked up, and beheld the Serene Fatalist staring at her labors through the uncouth and frizzled mass of hair with which his visage was encumbered. When he saw he had arrested her notice, he walked off,

* Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

uttering a supercilious "pose!" at the unimportant nature of her occupation.

"Really, sister," said Nugent, "I can't stay frowning here all day to suit your convenience—I think I have frowned enough now—I want to speak to Leschen, who, I think, has just descended the stairs of that tower with Lady Jacintha and the Mersey."

"Well, go—go by all means—I do not want you any longer."

Thus dismissed, Colonel Nugent went to join the Baron, leaving Henry and Lucinda alone.

"Have you finished *me* yet?" asked Henry.

"Oh, yes—quite—come and see how you look on paper."

Henry accordingly stooped down to look at Lucinda's drawing, and was struck with the accurate resemblance of his features and form, which the fair artist had contrived to impart to the very diminutive sketch to which the limited proportions of her drawing constrained her.

"Will you give me this drawing when it is finished?"

"No, Henry—do not ask me: I shall keep it myself."

"Will you ever gaze upon *this*," (pointing to his own figure in the groupe) "when the original is toiling under Indian suns?"

"What—what do you say, Henry? Indian suns? You surely are not thinking of going to India? or did I hear you aright?"

"Even so, Lucinda," answered O'Sullivan, in a tone of solemn and melancholy determination. "If I were possessed of wealth, or even of a moderate competence *at home*, I never should wish to leave the shores of my beloved Ireland; I never should wish to leave——"

He paused, and seemed to hesitate ere he finished the sentence. Lucinda blushed deeply, and resumed her pencil, with which she became busily occupied.

"To leave you, Lucinda," O'Sullivan found courage to say.

Lucinda worked away at her drawing with intense assiduity.

"Oh, forgive my boldness," continued Henry, "have I offended you?"

"Indeed you have not," replied Lucinda, in soft, low accents, and still bending her eyes upon her drawing; but her hand trembled with intense emotion, and the pencil fell from it.

"Oh, dearest Lucinda, how exquisitely sweet and precious are these fleeting moments—the last, perhaps, I may for years be permitted to enjoy—Oh! let me tell you that I love you—love you to distraction—I have loved you, have borne your dear image in my heart ever since we met at Martagon—can I—can I venture to hope, that these feelings are mutual—I know I am inexpressibly presumptuous—but yet, I had flattered myself——"

"Hush!" said Lucinda, "here is Prince Gruffenhausen."

And as she spoke, his Serene Highness approached from a postern door, inhaling huge quantities of German snuff from an enormous gold box. His moustache was thickly powdered with the "titillating dust."

"Baf! I know not for why beoples go to see such place as dese ruin—dey were goot enough in de daysh of de old monksh, ven der vas goot store of gold and silber plate, and moche great ponderous riches on dese altar, dat beoples could make sack and plunder of. But, mein himmel! I cannot understand how der is any pleasures, or enjoyments, or habbiness, in looking at old empty tumbling walls like dese—pose!"

O'Sullivan said something of the interest excited by the splendid works of other ages—the memorials of men who had long since crumbled into dust.

"Mein wort, Mr. O'Sullibans, dat is de most foolish-est reasons as I efer heard—and what goot are memorial of dose dusty old shentlemans? A life dog is better than a dead king—pose!"

This conversation was an extremely unwelcome interruption of poor Henry's tender ecstasies; but politeness required that he should make some remark in answer to Prince Gruffenhausen, who, however, soon relieved him of his presence, by going in pursuit of Lady Ballyvallon and some friends who had joined her party.

"And now that his execrable highness is gone," said Henry, "may I venture to express a hope—a prayer—Oh! pardon me, dearest Lucinda—that Lucinda may accept this hand? My heart is long since her's, and hers most devotedly."

Lucinda unresistingly abandoned her beautiful hand to the caress of his, and murmured a timid, and yet not reluctant consent to their union, whenever Henry's circumstances should have improved so far, as probably to disarm any opposition on the part of Colonel Nugent to the match.

"Oh, my beloved Lucinda!" cried the successful lover, "you have made me the happiest of men—I will go instantly and speak to Nugent."

"Do not, Henry," said Lucinda, "for heaven's sake do not! allow matters to remain as they are for a while—grant your Lucinda this request—she has excellent reasons for it."

"May I ask what they are?"

"You may not inquire any further, dear Henry—at present; in the meanwhile I expect you will rely thus far upon my prudence. But Henry—dear Henry! surely you cannot be serious in your notion of going to India? oh, do not, do not quit Ireland."

"Lucinda, I *must* leave Ireland for a while. I do not now stand in a position that could render me an eligible match for you, in the eyes of either your brother or of the world. Dearly and intensely as I love you, I do not press you to an immediate union, because I possess not at present the means to afford you those comforts which habit, to you, has rendered necessary. My estate is embarrassed, and the debts of my father ——"

"But why go to India?" interrupted Lucinda, "have you any prospect of obtaining an appointment there?"

"I have not got a positive promise. But a powerful friend, who is going to India, has pressed me to accompany him, and he tells me that *when there*, he is nearly certain of being able to procure me a lucrative appointment."

"But in case you should fail," said Lucinda, "you will have incurred much expense in going and returning?"

"That expense my generous relation has engaged to defray ; and the appointment he believes he can procure for me, will enable me, should he succeed, to return in three or four years, and to claim my Lucinda. Oh ! with what intense anxiety I shall look forward to the happy, happy period of our meeting, never more to part !"

Lucinda permitted Henry to press his lips to her's, and the lovers had exchanged repeated vows of eternal, inviolable constancy, when Colonel Nugent and the rest of the Ballyvallin party approached from the adjoining cemetery, in order to inform Lucinda that they were now about to return to Knockanea. Lady Ballyvallin's manner to O'Sullivan was exceedingly affable and courteous, for which, perhaps, he was partly indebted to her ladyship's discovering that he had long been the intimate friend of the Nugents. Before they separated, Colonel Nugent made him fix a day for his journey to Martagon, which was distant some thirty miles from Knockanea.

Mrs. Mersey reascended the cabriolet, on the express terms that Baron Leschen, and not the prince, should drive it ; Colonel Nugent and Lucinda mounted their horses ; Lady Ballyvallin, the lovely Jacintha, and Prince Gruffenhausen entered the vrowtchsk, and the whole party returned to Knockanea.

O'Sullivan retraced his steps to his hospitable quarters at Father O'Connor's.

CHAPTER VI.

O, woman's smiles ! O, woman's smiles !
Who can resist their witching wiles ?

Song.

LUCAS, the young lawyer, continued to persecute Miss Kavanagh with various indirect attentions, of which the object was sufficiently intelligible. Isabella did not mention this annoyance to her mother or her uncle, as old Lucas was an intimate and long-trying friend of Mr.

Kavanagh's, and she did not wish to act in a manner which might tend to interrupt their friendship, as might have been the case had Kavanagh felt himself compelled to wound old Lucas's paternal pride, which was marvelously sensitive where the incomparable Jonathan was in question. She had also hopes of inducing the aspiring swain to relinquish his designs upon her hand; and, finally, she looked forward to the approaching departure of Jonathan for Dublin, which was his usual residence, as a certain termination to the present disagreeable predicament.

But Miss Kavanagh did not prove altogether so inexorable to the elder Mordaunt; who, after making numerous prudential inquiries regarding her fortune and *her expectations* (the latter always form a considerable portion of a lady's possessions in Ireland), concluded that he could not do a wiser, or more prudent thing, than to make her an offer of his hand.

Isabella's heart pleaded strongly in her lover's favor; she referred him to her mother for an answer, and she begged that her mother might accept his suit.

Mrs. Kavanagh took an early opportunity of asking Mrs. Mersey certain questions respecting Mr. Mordaunt.

"You met him in London, did you not?"

"Yes," replied the widow, "very frequently."

"Did he seem *recherché*?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes—to make up whist parties," answered Mrs. Mersey.

"Hum—and was that his sole merit in society?"

"Oh, dear, no—he danced extremely well too."

"His connexions are good?"

"Very good—he is cousin to Lord C—— and Lord D——."

"Have you any idea, Mrs. Mersey—that is, did you ever hear any one mention what his property may be?"

"My dear madam, your inquiries are so very minute, that I begin to fancy you must have a personal interest in making them."

"*Entre nous*, he has proposed for Isabella," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Indeed? I congratulate you most sincerely. But

his property—may be anything, or nothing, for what I know. I certainly never saw any experienced mammas laying traps for him, which could have hardly been the case if he were at all worth looking after; but I heard—that is, I *think* I heard, some old uncle, or cousin, or aunt—indeed I am not certain, I paid so very little attention to the circumstance—but I think I heard some person say that Mordaunt had an estate in Yorkshire, or Wiltshire, or somewhere. Oh! I believe the man has certainly got something—he was always extremely fortunate at cards; *that* I know.”

“Has he a house in London?”

“I believe not; when I met him he was quite domesticated at Lord C——’s.”

“Was he said to be a *roué*?”

Mrs. Mersey laughed. “How can I tell?” said she: “not more so, I suppose, than the rest of the world.”

“Oh, but really,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “I am anxious upon this point, for I never will allow Isabella to marry any one whose moral conduct, at least, is not unexceptionable.”

“My dear Mrs. Kavanagh, I quite coincide in your sentiments, and I should certainly write to London, to know if Mr. Mordaunt enjoyed the reputation of being a *roué* there, only that my friends might possibly accuse me of planning to convert him, by matrimony, and I would not incur that suspicion on any account. The world, you know,” said the prudent widow, in a moralizing tone, “is so very censorious.”

“But you never heard,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “that he *was* a *roué*.”

“Not I. I never heard whether he was or not.”

“Have you had any opportunity of knowing if his temper was good? Temper is a leading consideration where marriage is in question.”

“Temper? let me see. I have certainly seen him bear a vast deal of petulance from Lord C—— at whist; Lord C—— is dreadfully ill-tempered at cards, whether winning or losing. Mordaunt stands it all in perfect silence, and never moves a muscle of his apathetic countenance.”

"Perhaps Mordaunt's temper was mere sullenness."

"Really," replied the widow, "I don't pretend to analyze his motives—all I know is that he looked unmoved and philosophical, and contrived to lose the game for Lord C—— (whose partner he was), most probably in order to take his revenge for his lordship's impertinence."

"I earnestly wish that I could ask some perfectly impartial person about his disposition," said Mrs. Kavanagh; "you must certainly know some of his intimate acquaintance in London, Mrs. Mersey; will you oblige me by writing a letter of inquiry to some of them; you can manage it so as to disarm suspicion of any particular design."

"Pardon me, but that is precisely the thing I could *not* manage—and as to an *impartial* person, pray who is impartial upon any subject?"

"But you 'll write—won't you?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," replied Mrs. Mersey, briskly. And down she sat to her *escritoire*, and quickly wrote a letter, requesting information from a female friend, concerning all possible particulars connected with Mordaunt; "you need not apprehend," said she to Mrs. Kavanagh, "that my friend's replies will flatter Mordaunt, for she easily will guess that these queries involve some matrimonial scheme, and being herself a disappointed spinster, of old standing, she will not feel particularly anxious to expedite, for others, that felicitous consummation which she has never been able to accomplish in her own case. See," continued the widow, showing Mrs. Kavanagh her letter, "I have conquered, for *your* sake, all my delicacy, and have put my inquiries under their several heads, with all the precision of a geologist classifying strata."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Mersey—a thousand times thank you; I shall feel most wretchedly impatient, till your correspondent's answer comes."

The answer came at length, and was not by any means unfavorable; especially as the writer's *préjugés* were presumed to be inconsistent with a favorable statement.

"ESTATE—in Yorkshire, an ancient family possession.

—its value reputed 3000*l.* per annum—say *two* in reality. CHARACTER—she was wholly unable to say what it might be, as she never had heard it either censured or praised. With respect to the word '*roué*' which Mrs. Mersey had used in her letter, she (the writer) begged that it never might again be addressed to her, as she understood that it implied a description of person that she could not exactly approve of, and wished to hear nothing about."

"She is perfectly right," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Pooh! all cant and hypocrisy," answered the widow. "Well—TEMPER—never heard that his temper was bad; in fact, on the contrary, she was inclined to estimate it very highly, from having seen Mr. Mordaunt's patience most cruelly tried one evening, by being compelled to sit out a sonata from Miss Ethelinda Fancourt, a cavatina from Miss Henrietta, a *capriccio giocoso* from Miss Frances (who chose to be called Fanchette), a bravura from Miss Medora, and a grand *quartetto maestoso* from Ethelinda, Henrietta, Fanchette, and Medora in full chorus; all which inflictions Mr. Mordaunt endured with a temper that would have done honor to the primitive martyrs."

"How she hates those four women!" interjected the widow, "and all from the spirit of rivalry."

"Read on," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Oh, the rest only tells us what we all know already, that Mordaunt's descent is distinguished, and that his mother traced her pedigree from Rollo, Duke of Normandy."

Kavanagh followed up his sister's sagacious inquiries by writing to some persons of consideration in Yorkshire, to learn the reality of Mordaunt's possessions, and the answers he received were in every respect satisfactory.

Meanwhile the ardent lover rose higher every day in Isabella's estimation; his conversation, if not brilliant, was at least eminently rational and pleasing; his person was strikingly handsome; and no one better could assume the tender tone, and point the insinuating glance, which woman's heart has a thousand times found so fatally delicious.

CHAPTER VII.

La vérité est, qu'étant ambitieuse, elle n'avoit voulu épouser qu'un homme de grande qualité.

PAUL ET VIRGINIE.

LADY JACINTHA engrossed so much of Baron Leschen's admiration by the inimitable style in which she warbled her German songs, of which she had an endless collection, that Mrs. Mersey found it absolutely indispensable to take some decided step, to arrest the formidable progress her ladyship was hourly making in the Baron's heart; a progress which was rapidly tending to a very unequivocal monopoly.

But what could Mrs. Mersey do? Of musical talent she had none, and the Baron was passionately fond of music. *Here* Lady Jacintha had a formidable advantage. Oh! it was killing,—absolutely killing to the widow, to see Leschen, rapt in admiration, gazing in ecstasy upon the lovely songstress, while his soul drank in the rich and languid melodies of his distant native land, or was whirled aloft to the third heaven on the wings of a brilliant, sparkling *allegretto*, which was trilled forth in tones of exquisite and fairy lightness by lips whose beauty distanced all the loveliness which poets have ascribed to the “parted cherries” of their heroines. “Something *must* be done,” thought Mrs. Mersey, “and quickly too—for matters have become very critical.—She engrosses so much of his time and attention—if ~~he~~ could engross as much in *any* other way, I might trust to my own *savoir faire* for the rest—her ladyship's talents are all in the musical line—mine are rather in the literary department—I have it—I have it!” exclaimed the fair widow, as a plan occurred to her inventive brain, of counterpoising Lady Jacintha's formidable influence; “I will learn German from Leschen—yes! that will do—I have some slight knowledge of the language already, but I need not tell him so—he will be the more astonished at the ease and quickness with which I shall acquire it—Yes! I will be Leschen's pu-

pil ; and oh ! what innumerable opportunities will be thus afforded, of bringing into play the exhaustless artillery of love."

Accordingly, Mrs. Mersey, with the Baron's assistance, commenced a spirited attack upon the mysteries of German verbs and nouns, and the nearly impregnable difficulties of Teutonic idioms, in which she speedily acquired so great a proficiency, that Leschen from time to time exclaimed, " De marvellous creature ! der wonderful genius ! mein goot madame, your intellect is—oh ! mein heafens ! all von grand astonishment—oh, yes indeed ! I do feel moche surprise at de most wonderful and ponderous brain you do haf, for to conceive tings wid quickness, and to retain dem wid certainty."

Lady Jacintha was startled and chagrined at these encomiums, but her ladyship's fears were increased as the Baron's praises occasionally assumed a more tender and equivocal character, such as, " oh ! mein heafens, how rare do we see such woman ! Mein goot lady, it is de mighty and colossal pleasure, yes indeed ! to haf *you* for a pupil." And then would follow some amatory or encomiastic verses from Schiller, or Goëthe, or Winderspohl, the tendency of which was not the less clearly intelligible to the jealous apprehension of Lady Jacintha, that she did not understand one syllable of the language in which they were uttered ; for the Baron's raptured gaze on his " marvellous pupil," and his softened, conscious cadence, were all, all, too explanatory.

Mrs. Mersey soon discovered, in the progress of her literary intercourse with Leschen, that the Baron was a passionate admirer of all the legendary tales of Germany, with their mixture of historical interest, and the mystic machinery of demons and wizzards.

" You haf some fine old castell here in Ireland. Now, I nefer hear you tell any wonderful, terrible legend about dem—legend dat would make,—yes indeed, mine most excellent pupil,—dat would make your fleshs creep, creep, creep, as if thousand mouse vas running ober your body. Not dat I beliefs dese ting—oh no ! dat would be not philosophe—but we *do* beliefs dem for de vat you

do calls *illusion*,—yes,—just as we do beliefs scene on de stage, or any oder fantasies.”

Mrs. Mersey having ascertained the Baron’s legendary taste, next occupied her genius in devising the most *effective* mode in which it could be gratified.

Ere long, an exploratory visit was proposed by Lady Jacintha to the ruined castle of Glen Minnis; in which, as our readers will remember, the Mordaunts, O’Connor, and O’Sullivan, had passed such a jovial night. Her ladyship’s object in proposing this excursion, was avowedly to gratify the Baron’s antiquarian predilections; and she said so many pretty and flattering things, and evinced such a sympathy of taste with Leschen, that the fears of any rival less accomplished than the dexterous widow, might well have been excited.

“Now she thinks that this visit to Glen Minnis will afford her a magnificent field-day,”—such were Mrs. Mersey’s reflections,—“but I shall turn her artillery against herself. She may rave about waterfalls, and oak copse, and mountains—but I ——”

The party set off in Prince Gruffenhausen’s vrowtchsk, and consisted merely of the Lady Jacintha, Mrs. Mersey, the Baron, and the Fatalist. Notwithstanding his highness’s affectation of indifference, his attention was always excited by the remnants of ancient fortifications; and he surveyed with considerable interest the mouldering fragments of bastions and outworks, of which the foundations were, in many parts, all that remained, around the lofty keep, or central tower of Glen Minnis.

“Dis is fery fine ruins; fery fine indeet!” said Leschen.

“And the scenery,” said Lady Jacintha, “is bold and striking.”

“Fery bold, and fery striking indeet. Ach! but a castell like dis, or not half as better as dis, vould haf its own legend on de bank of de Rhine. But in Ireland you haf marvellous lack of dese history. Now, I vould give goot golden coin to know all about dis place,—yes, indeed! and who builded it, and who lived here, and what broke down dat great rent all down from de top to de bottom of dat tower.”

"You shall know, my dear Baron," said Mrs. Mersey, "without its costing you one golden coin; I have lately been collecting the history of this castle from several authentic sources; and I have woven a portion of it into a tale, which I flatter myself will interest you a little; and which I hope I shall have your assistance at a future period to translate into German."

"Mein excellent pupils!" cried Leschen, his eyes sparkling with delight, "and when shall I haf de habbiness to see dis histories?"

"This instant, if you like," replied the widow, producing her manuscript; "I brought it, as I thought its effect would be enhanced by my reading it for you in the midst of the scene to which the story refers."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Lady Jacintha, who had acquired too much *tact*, from Mrs. Mersey's example, to allow her vexation to appear; "and who was the ancient proprietor of this castle?"

"It belonged to a singular character, the Lady Honoria O'Sullivan, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth; an ancestress of the handsome young O'Sullivan, who danced with Lucinda Nugent at your fancy ball."

The party took their seats on a stone bench, and Mrs. Mersey began to read for their amusement, her

LEGEND OF GLEN MINNIS.

"It was beneath the glowing noontide sun of one of the hottest days in June, 1602, that the gallant, gay, and handsome Gerald Fitz-Walter, attended by a few of his retainers, journeyed onwards to Cork, through a wide and healthy plain in Imokilly. Fitz-Walter was nearly related to Sir George Carew, the Lord President of Munster, in virtue of which connexion, he assumed considerable state, especially when traveling. Among his more favored attendants were the two Fitz-Johns; of whom the elder, Gilbert, was directed by Sir George Carew to watch over his youthful relative, and supply his want of prudence by his own experience. The younger brother, John Fitz-John, resembled Gerald Fitz-Walter in the leading features of his character: the same ardent love

of adventure, the same contempt of danger, the same extravagant impetuosity, distinguished both.

Gerald, oppressed by the heat, had thrown the bridle on his horse's neck, and loosened his attire to enjoy whatever breath of air might wave along the sultry plain; a look of heated languor pervaded his face; and his graceful form, expert in all the warlike and courtly exercises of the age, seemed listless and enervated. The plain through which they traveled, afforded no shelter from the burning ray, and Fitz-Walter interrupted an erudite discourse on hawking, with which John Fitz-John was trying to amuse him, by pointing his attention to a distant part of the horizon, where a wood of ancient trees appeared.

" 'There is shade enough yonder, I wot,' said Gerald, 'if we only could reach it. Spur forward, John, and see if thou canst not find some place whereat we may refresh ourselves.' Instantly John prepared to obey this mandate, when Gilbert approached, and in a low tone stated to Fitz-Walter, that as they were now in the territory of the hostile seneschals of Imokilly (the Fitz-Geralds), it were better not to divide their small party. 'John,' continued Gilbert, 'hath a better hand than head, and if made prisoner, the varlet's wagging tongue may peradventure betray us, so as to risk the safety of us all.

" 'Made prisoner?' repeated Gerald haughtily, 'and who shall dare to make him prisoner? Is May so long passed, that my Lord President's name is forgotten in these parts? credit me, Gilbert, that if the kerne should dare to meddle with John, nay, if they but dare to wag a finger at him discourteously, the best head that ever sat upon the shoulders of a Geraldine shall answer it. What? dost think the kerne have brazen bodies, to fight beneath this sweltering sun? Would that I had had their sense to abide beneath the shade, and not to have taken horse till eventide.'

" 'Heaven forbid,' returned Gilbert, 'that you, or any of my lord's near kin, should journey on this ground in the eventide.'

" 'Gilbert, thou art fainthearted. Are not my Lord

President's forces dispersed throughout this neighborhood ?

" ' Yes ; but that is no surety against ambush.'

" ' Cast fear away from thee, Gilbert—thou art overfanciful,' said John Fitz-John.

" ' Tush, foolish boy,' replied his elder brother. ' I bethink me now, I have been a constant dweller in this vicinage since the year of grace 1580 ; and truly I opine I should therefore know its dangers somewhat better than thou canst.'

" Fitzwalter gave John a private signal to disregard the prudent admonitions of his brother Gilbert ; and he accordingly spurred forward his steed in the direction already pointed out, without awaiting any further reply from Gilbert.

" The party still continued slowly to advance, Fitz-Walter being amused with the reproachful glances with which Gilbert occasionally ventured to regard him. In less than an hour John returned.

" ' You have seen her?' whispered Gerald mysteriously.

" ' I have kissed her fairy feet—Oh, Sir, I never gazed on such transcendant beauty—if your wooing prospers, you will be supremely fortunate.'

" Gilbert frowned upon the whisperers, whose colloquy, he doubted not, concerned some wild frolic which he could not approve of. He continued to preserve a sullen, moody silence, until they reached the wood, near the verge of which was a rude shealing, or hut, constructed of green branches, and thatched with heath. This wigwam appeared to have been recently deserted by some of the Irish, for bones, and the fragments of festivity lay scattered around. In a corner was piled a considerable quantity of hay, of which the provident Gilbert gladly availed himself for the horses of the party. As he watched the animals while feeding, he took occasion to entreat that Fitz-Walter would not separate from him, and pleaded the danger which his experience had taught him to connect with these woody defiles. Fitz-Walter smiled, and the moment that Gilbert's attention was otherwise occupied, he quitted the hut unobserved ; and, attended

by John Fitz-John, who acted as guide on the occasion, descended an adjoining dell, through a steep and narrow crevice in the overhanging rock, and after following the empty channel of a brook for nearly a quarter of a mile, reached a low, natural arch in the rock, to which John immediately directed his attention.

“ ‘This is the entrance to her dwelling,’ said John.

“ ‘John,’ said Fitz-Walter gravely, ‘*shall* I enter? I do confess to thee, that I feel, for the first time in my life, some slight touch of fear. Thou knows’t that we have heard strange things about her.’

“ ‘My brave master,’ answered John, ‘I would not for the best horse I e’er saw, that any person else should behold you in this mood. What! after winning my Lord President’s permission to come on Gilbert’s expedition, which he was marvellous ill inclined to grant, and after giving the slip to my ever-watchful brother,—to turn back when you reached the lady’s very door—Sir, every true gallant in the world would cry you shame for a craven hearted knight.’

“ ‘I verily believe thee, John. But yet—Is the dame so *very* beautiful as men say?’

“ ‘When you see her, Sir, you will confess that she is nature’s masterpiece. And she hath heard of *you*, and wearies till she sees you.’

“ ‘I must go in,’ said Fitz-Walter, ‘it is my fate.’

“ They entered beneath the low browed arch, and soon found themselves in a natural chamber of considerable size, whose roof was supported by a ponderous stalactical pillar. The only inmates who at first appeared, were a page in a Spanish dress, and a beautiful girl, both engaged in preparing refreshments. The girl uttered an exclamation of surprise, on beholding Fitz-John.

“ ‘Surely, Petronilla, you are not surprised at our finding your haunt here?’

“ ‘No, Fitz-John; but I marvel at your boldness in venturing hither.’

“ ‘It were boldness truly, if we came unasked,’ replied John. ‘Commend this noble gentleman, master Gerald Fitz-Walter, to your noble lady, and tell her that he craves permission to approach her nobleness.’

"Petronilla accordingly retired through an entrance that resembled a rich-Gothic archway.

"The sound of a lute now mingled with the murmurs of a streamlet that flowed through the rock, and a voice of exquisite melody sang the following stanzas to a simple, plaintive air :

'Here, in this lonely cave,
Far from man's prying eye,
I list the bubbling wave
That wanders by.

'And oft I think its stream,
So like man's checquered state,
An emblem well may seem,
Of human fate.

'Now, it flows smoothly past,
In clear serenity,
Reflecting in its breast
Each rock and tree.

'Eftsoones it wheels, anon !
In angry whirls of foam,
And dashes madly on,
To reach its home.

'That home is Ocean wide,
Beneath whose briny wave
The little streamlet's tide
Shall find its grave.

'Thus fares weak man's brief power,
Upon Life's eddying stream,
Until the fated hour
Dissolves his dream,

'And launches forth his bark
Upon that mighty sea,
Cheerless, unknown, and dark,
Eternity !

'Then let us LOVE and LIVE,
While LIVE and LOVE we may,
Nought else a ray will give
To our brief day.'

"When the strain ceased, Petronilla returned, and courteously announced to Fitz-Walter that her mistress was ready to receive him. They entered a short passage, which led to a chamber somewhat circular in shape. In the centre of this apartment a stalactical column arose from the cool and sparkling water, which rushed, in a rapid stream of liquid crystal, through its channel in the floor of polished granite, and was afterwards lost amidst

the mazy wildness of the dell. The branches of young oak and birch without, threw their waving shadows on the walls of the cave, as they quivered in the slightest breath of air; the delicious freshness and repose of everything around, formed a delightful contrast with the fervid heat that Gerald had so recently endured on his journey through the sultry plains of Imokilly. Several bottles of rich Spanish wine stood cooling in the streamlet; no unpleasing prospect to our youthful traveller."

"Dat vas goot, fery goot," interrupted Prince Gruffenhause, smacking his lips; "dat goot wine is de bettermost part of de story as I haf heard yet."

"On a couch that fronted the entrance," resumed Mrs. Mersey, "reclined the Lady Honoria O'Sullivan, who put aside her lute on the approach of Gerald and Fitz-John, and rose to receive them.

"Gerald was accustomed to the bright array of beauties who graced the court of Elizabeth, but even *their* charms were eclipsed by the radiant loveliness of the Lady Honoria. She was evidently gratified at the silent homage of his admiration; surprise, which partook of a feeling of awe, at her resplendent beauty, held him actually mute and motionless for a very few moments; when, recovering himself, he thanked her, with natural courtesy, for her gracious condescension in permitting him to visit her.

"Among the most beautiful of old Isaac Oliver's exquisite miniatures, is that of the 'Dame of the Cave.' In this she is represented as about eighteen, her fair complexion finely blended with carnation; her eyes, of darkest hazel, shaded by their long, soft, silken lashes, and her whole contour and features delicately Grecian. Even while gazing on the silent portrait, the spectator is compelled to acknowledge that

— Those lovely lips, though mute,
Tell an eloquent tale of love."

"Her luxuriant chesnut hair had escaped from its confinement in a golden net, and partially shaded her bosom.

" 'Sit, noble Sir,' said the Lady Honoria, with the

air of a princess; 'sit, and partake of some refreshment; and *you*, Sir,' she added, turning to Fitz-John, 'you have traveled far and must needs feel weariness.'

"My attendant, gracious lady," said Gerald Fitz-Walter, 'will partake of Petronilla's hospitality; his quality besseems not your board.'

"The Lady Honoria gracefully bent her head towards John, who immediately retired with Petronilla, grateful to his master for affording him, although somewhat at the expense of his dignity, so fair an occasion of furthering his suit with the maiden.

"Methinks, lady," said Fitz-Walter, 'you lack not courage, thus to abide here in the vicinage of wild kerne, with so small means of defence in case of an incursion. But in you, this is not overmuch boldness; for those charms which exercise despotic sway over all hearts, would even tame the wildest savages.'

"Nay, fair Sir, the boldness is on *your* part, in venturing hither so nearly unattended. For myself, I bear about me a talisman wherewithal I can ever charm down the rudeness of the wild kerne into fealty. But since the noble Fitz-Walter hath adventured thus much for a visit to the 'Lady of the Cave,' I were most ingrate, were I not to reward his bold venture as I best may.'

"She took her lute, and renewing the strain which the entrance of Fitz-Walter had suspended, his soul was quickly imparadised in visions of elysium, by the dulcet notes of more than mortal melody."

"But did he drink de goot Spanish wine?" asked Gruffenhausen.

"I must beg," said Mrs. Mersey, that your Highness will have patience; he *did* partake of a most exquisite banquet, and drank largely of the wine that interests your curiosity so much.

"The hours sped rapidly upon the wings of mirth, and love, and music; and ere evening closed, the lady gave Fitz-Walter a pressing invitation to visit her in the course of the ensuing week, at her castle of Kilcrow, which crowned the steep crag whose name it bore, and beetled over the Atlantic, apparently as solid and as durable as the rock on which it stood. Gerald accepted

the attractive invitation with alacrity, and bade farewell to his mysterious hostess ; and followed by John Fitz-John, soon regained the verge of the wood, where Gilbert had awaited his return with anxious apprehension.

“ They proceeded to Cork, where they arrived on the following day. Fitz-Walter, impatient to visit the Lady Honoria, soon found a pretext for advancing further west, attended by his faithful John ; and they slacked not in their journey till they reached the ancient castle of Kilcrow. The castle could only be approached by water, for the pier that had formerly connected the highland which it occupied with the neighboring mainland, was so broken and dilapidated as to be totally unavailable for the purposes of communication. By water, then, Fitz-Walter approached ; and great was his astonishment, when, on announcing his name and quality to the porter, he received for answer, that the lady of the castle knew of no such person, and could not possibly admit unaccredited visitors. ‘ Beshrew my heart,’ he exclaimed, ‘ here must be some strange mistake. I am Master Gerald Fitz-Walter, my friend, nephew to the Lord President of Munster ; you have not delivered my name aright unto your noble mistress ; I am here to wait upon her, by her special invitation.’

“ Again was the name of the visitor transmitted to the Lady Honoria, and again did the lady refuse him admission to her halls, declaring that she had never even heard of such a person.

“ Fitz-Walter, stung with the insult, returned to his boat, when, on passing the angle of the castle, a billet was dexterously flung into his lap from a loop-hole in the wall. He opened it, and read as follows :—

“ ‘ Come to-night ; there be those here in whose presence I could not have dared to admit you. Moor your bark beneath the casement to the west of the round-tower. A slight serenade will tell me when to aid you from the boat ; I shall need this, *for I cannot watch at the casement.* And do you, fair Sir, fear nought ; for the sentinels will be deep in the carouse for two hours after midnight.’

“ Overjoyed at this flattering billet, Fitz-Walter was

punctual in keeping the appointment it contained. The rock on which the castle stood had been hollowed by the ceaseless workings of the ocean into a stupendous arch, beneath which the little bark of the adventurous Gerald was moored at midnight.

"The dark form of the solitary pilot might soon be seen stealing up the rock, under the huge black walls of the fortress, which flung their sullen shadow on the water, on whose waves the moonlight elsewhere sported in ten thousand glorious sparks of rippling silver.

"Fitz-Walter stood beneath the casement which the billet had described; he saw that its lattice was open; no taper burned within, and uncertain whether its fair inmate still watched his approach, or had consigned herself to slumber, he chaunted forth the following serenade, in tones of rich, expressive tenor :—

'Bright the moon shines o'er the wave,
As I guide my bark to thee;
Love! thy shadowy slumbers leave,
And look upon the quiet sea.

'Soft visions now, with potent spell,
Surround thy couch at midnight hour,
And music's wild and fitful swell
Enchains thy soul with magic power.

'Oh! be thy dream of peace and bliss,
Of smiling eyes, and features bright,
Of bowers sweet, a lover's kiss,—
Visions of harmony and light.

'Yet, wake from slumber, love! and see.
Beneath the moonlit summer skies,
Him who would dangers brave for thee,—
Awake thee, love! arise! arise!"

"In reward for the lover's serenade, a ladder of ropes was forthwith suspended from the casement; and a soft voice above, sweetly uttered the delightful words, 'Welcome, dearest Gerald.'

"In the midst of his ecstasies, he could not avoid observing that the ladder of ropes appeared as if it had seen service; but stifling all emotions of suspicion, he ascended to the lady's apartment, which was fitted up in a style of luxurious magnificence that the rude and stormworn exterior of the castle never could have led him to expect. The lady placed her finger on her lips, and taking Ge-

rald's hand, conducted him to a gallery, which was closely curtained with the richest crimson damask. Gently raising a fold of the curtain, Gerald looked down upon a large and lofty hall, superbly lighted; its floor was thronged with persons whose appearance bespoke wealth, and rank, and splendor: but Gerald soon observed that the revelers were principally foreigners; and from their rich and grave attire, and proud and solemn bearing, he concluded that, at least, the greater number were Spaniards. They conversed with each other apart, in groupes of two or three, and with an air of energetic earnestness that seemed to intimate that the subjects in debate were of the last importance. When Gerald had gazed upon the stately throng, he was led by the Lady Honoria to the chamber into which he had at first been admitted, and the lady put in requisition all her powers of unrivalled enchantment, to make the hours pass delightfully. She conversed, she sang, she extracted from the chords of her lute the most entrancing harmony; and when dawn arrived, and the household were sunk in slumber, Gerald was dismissed to his bark, and departed with his whole soul rapt in a wild and bewildering whirl of ecstasy, that scarcely left him consciousness sufficient to mind his footing on the well-worn and slippery ladder.

"The following night Gerald repeated his visit to the Lady Honoria; but he never again returned from the castle, which was soon besieged and taken by a foreign foe. His fate is involved in total darkness; whether he died in the defence of the fortress, or whether he escaped, his trusty follower, Fitz-John, was unable to discover.

"The Lady Honoria was next heard of at her castle of Glen Minnis; and surprise, not unmixed with awe, was excited in the mind of Fitz-John, who had many opportunities of watching her motions, by her numerous, sudden, and secret transitions from the castle to the cave, and from the cave to the castle; especially as the distance exceeded forty miles, and rail-roads and steam-coaches were then, as now, alike unknown among Mileian hills and defiles.

" 'Your lady is a strange and awful dame,' Fitz-John

once ventured to say to Petronilla ; ' and I often have misdoubtings about my poor master.'

" ' He is not the first who hath gone the same road,' answered Petronilla, impressively.

" ' Merciful heaven ! hath he then had foul practice?'

" ' I enjoin thee everlasting silence on this matter,' answered Petronilla ; ' only this do I say, that I would not live another hour with my lady, only that a powerful spell constrains me, that thou wotst not of.'

" ' But my noble master, Gerald Fitz-Walter ? Out upon thee, wench ! I *will* speak.'

" ' For the love of heaven, do not, John, unless thou wouldst see me dead. Thou can'st not recall the noble gentleman's life, and thy tongue might cost me mine.'

" John Fitz-John was horror-stricken, but his love for Petronilla kept him silent.

" Years, long years, passed away. The Lady Honoria was absent from Glen Minnis, and many persons said that she had gone to Spain. The old seneschal of the castle died ; he was succeeded by his son, who died in his turn, and was again succeeded by another. Still, whoever died, no one heard of the Lady Honoria's death ; although generations passed away, all the orders addressed to the members of the household were still transmitted in her name. Two monarchs were successively gathered to their fathers ; another was cruelly murdered by a parricidal faction, and his race was expelled from Britain : the usurper, who succeeded him, also passed away, and joy filled the empire at the prospect of the restoration of the ancient dynasty. It was at this period,—nearly sixty years from the time of the Lady Honoria's departure from Ireland, that her ladyship's return to Glen Minnis was spoken of. At length a day was fixed, and the lady arrived at the castle, surrounded by a splendid train.

" ' Now, so may heaven help me at my need,' exclaimed the porter of the castle, in astonishment, ' but my lady must be either a saint or a devil. Trow ye not she is reputed ninety years of age, and here she comes, with a skin as fair, and a face as young—Blessed saints ! she

not seem older than eighteen, and is of a most rare surpassing comeliness, withal.'

'Hush, rash youth,' replied the wary old seneschal, from the remark was addressed, 'let not the stone hear thee touch upon that matter. I am an old now, and have been an inmate of this castle since childhood, and yet never saw I my lady. Ninety?—ay, and ninety more on the back of that. Seal ps, Yamon—thy lady hath danced galliards and ptoes in the court of King Henry the Seventh—seal thy lips, I charge thee.'

By those who claimed an acquaintance with that cart '*that none may name*,' it was rumored that lady Honoria O'Sullivan was an adept in its dark-ractices; the story readily gained credence, supd, as it was, by her ladyship's protracted possession of youthful charms, long, long after her contemporaries had fallen, one by one, beneath the reckless hand of death. However, as the *great world* was then as serene as in later ages, to infernal agency, Glen is continued the resort of the titled and the gay.

One delicious day in spring, when the soft languor of the air, and the humming of unnumbered insects, produced a soporific effect upon the idle votary of pleasure, the lady of the castle retired to her latticed bow-chamber where she was engaged in the matin amusements of the day, with a numerous party. This apartment situated next a small tiring-room, in the eastern wing of the castle—it was lighted by a high and narrow casement."—[Look, Baron Leschen, yonder is the casement]: "and its gloomy appearance was increased by the black, yawning chimney, whose recess reflected in a mirror that occupied a grim and massive frame of native oak, carved in such forms

'As the fancy feigns, but fears to think on.'

Lady Honoria was engaged in lively conversation with her guests, when a domestic entered, and informed her mistress that a stranger of remarkable appearance desired to speak with her. How he had entered the castle was unknown, for the porter had refused him ad-

mission at the gate, and he had departed, apparently without any intention of returning. Surprise soon pervaded the festive company, when the lady of the castle, rising from her seat, desired the domestic, in a tone of imperious command, to inform the mysterious visitant that she could not, for some hours, have leisure to admit him to an audience.

"The servant retired, but re-appeared in an instant, with a message from the stranger, to the effect that if the Lady Honoria did not instantly comply with his request, he must seek her in the midst of her associates, as his business was too urgent to brook delay.

"'Noble lady,' said Sir Geoffry Pelham, a distinguished English knight, 'this stranger's message is too insolent. Is it your ladyship's pleasure that I go out, and take order that he be scourged from the castle?'

"'No, brave Sir,' returned the lady; 'since he insists on an immediate audience, I will grant it, and get rid of him as soon as I may.'

"And the Lady Honoria quitted the apartment, leaving her guests in a state of suspense which the darkening atmosphere around increased to lively awe; sulphureous clouds obscured the face of day; the floodgates of heaven seemed opened; a lambent flame was emitted from the dusky mirror, and played upon its surface; peals of thunder shook the castle to its lowest donjon vaults; the wall of the tower was rent from its summit to its base by the bright electric bolt; and the noxious exhalations, which floated through the gloom, increased the horror of the scene.

"An hour thus elapsed; and the terrified party, who awaited the return of their hostess with anxious eagerness, desired an attendant to seek out the Lady Honoria. The darkness began to disperse, and the more courageous guests accompanied the domestic to the apartment where the lady of the castle had received the mysterious stranger.

"There a corpse was found. It was that of an aged, withered female, attired in the gay and youthful garb which the Lady Honoria had worn, when she left her guests not an hour before. On her wrinkled, skinny fin-

ger, glowed a sparkling gem, which had, that very morning, elicited the admiration of many of the thoughtless groupe; it was a ring, bestowed by Sir Geoffrey Pelham, to propitiate her smiles. What were the feelings of the knight, as he gazed upon the form he had sought so recently to possess! Not a trace remained of the transcendant beauty that had graced the castle halls that morning.

"The domestic who first announced the arrival of the stranger, had ventured to look through a crevice in the door of the apartment to which the Lady Honoria had retired to receive him. His swarthy visage expanded to a fearful size, and assumed a demoniac expression, as he held to the lady an hour-glass. Her cheek blanched with terror, and some words were exchanged in a language of which the domestic was ignorant; but he could give no account of what subsequently passed, as the darkening horrors of the scene deprived him of consciousness.

"The vapors which 'gramarye' had conjured, disappeared. The sultry air of May was refreshed by the commotion of the elements; the broad, bright sun shone out in golden splendor; and smiling nature wore her freshest garb, unconscious of the mighty elemental war through which a fallen spirit had departed to the horrors of a dark and drear eternity.

"The heir of the Lady Honoria deserted the Castle of Glen Minnis, which was suffered to crumble to decay. His descendants ultimately settled in a distant part of the kingdom."

"Pofe!" exclaimed Prince Gruffenhausen, when Mrs. Mersey had finished the perusal of her tale, "dat is goot story enough, only dat I tink it is a little too long."

"Too long!" repeated Leschen, "oh, how can your highness say dat? Mein heafens! what genius! what great, big, huge talents!" and finding his knowledge of English altogether inadequate to furnish phrases expressive of his enthusiastic admiration, the Baron had recourse to his native German. "Ach! welche eine übersteigende naturgabe! welche eine bezaubernde weib! O! welches reizende talentvolles frauenzimmer!"

"Really," said Lady Jacintha, with a smile of the most generous approval, "your story is delightful. Will you, dear Mrs. Mersey, give me a copy of it, as a very particular favor? I am exceedingly anxious to have it in my album?"

Mrs. Mersey graciously acquiesced; and Prince Grafenhausen resumed his critique on her legend. "I do not moche like dat notion of de old, bad, wicked wo-mans, living one hundred and eighty year, and looking as beautiful and fresh as a yungfrau. Den dese devil, and wizard,—dese hexenmeister,—I don't nefer beliefs dat der is no such ting at all; no, indeed."

Leschen remarked, aside, to Mrs. Mersey, that his Serene Highness was one of the most superstitious mortals in existence, and that his mind was thoroughly imbued with all the mysterious doctrines of the Rosicrucians; and that his belief in the prognostics of dreams was so full and undoubting, that he kept a dreambook, in which he regularly minuted, each morning, the shadowy omens of the night, with the view of comparing their mysterious "signs and portents," with their actual accomplishment.

Meanwhile, the party diverged from the castle, in order to examine the adjoining buildings; and the Prince's military predilections led him to those remnants of the edifice which wore the appearance of having once been fortified.



CHAPTER VIII.

Such were the thoughts that swelled his breast,
And each high feeling was expressed.

BROWNE.

THE day on which our antiquarian party visited the ruins of Glen Minnis Castle, was the same that had been fixed for O'Sullivan Lyra's departure for Martagon. The Nugents had returned there from Knockanea some days previously.

"I will ride part of the way with you," said Father O'Connor; "we will not probably meet again for a long time, and I like to enjoy as much as I can of your conversation."

As they were going to mount their horses, an old man appeared, leading up an elderly woman; and approaching O'Connor, he imploringly said,

"Won't your reverence just try your hand at the cure?"

"Impossible," replied O'Connor; "I have fifty times told you I can work no cure."

"What cure? Who is to be cured?" asked O'Sullivan.

"This ould woman, plase your honor," said the mendicant. "Ah now, your handsome honor," (coaxingly,) "do just put in a word for poor ould Molly with his reverence."

"A word for poor old Molly?" repeated O'Sullivan, while O'Connor stood looking on and laughing; "Why, what is to be done?"

"Just coax his reverence to work a *maracle* on Molly, to restore her to her speech; she has been stone-dumb, poor crature, for fifteen years come May-day next."

"Why, how can I work miracles, you silly old fellow?" said O'Connor; "how often must I tell you I have no such power?"

"Barney O'Guggerty would not believe the world but your honor's reverence could do it if you liked."

"A mad beggarman," said the priest, turning to O'Sullivan, "has persuaded this man that I am possessed of miraculous powers; and ever since he has taken this idea into his head, he has incessantly been tormenting me to restore speech to his wife."

"Ah, your raverence, just thry your hand at the *maracle*; *do*, your honor's raverence, as far as you can."

"Why, how do you know but if I worked the miracle of curing Molly, you old fool, and set her tongue once going, you'd give your eyes to get me to work the counter miracle of making her dumb again? When your wife is quiet, my good friend, I would advise you, by all means, to keep her so."

"Ogh no, your honor's reverence ; just set her talking once, and I'll be the happy man."

"Very well," said O'Connor, with a lurking smile of humor, "I'll do my best."

Accordingly the priest re-entered the kitchen, and turned every person out of it excepting old Molly, and O'Sullivan, who felt curious to witness the success of the miraculous experiment. "Now I need not tell you," said O'Connor, "that I know I'll fail ; but it will free me, I trust, for the future, from this disagreeable importunity."

There was a poker heating in the fire, and when it was red hot, O'Connor seized it, and making a feint to run at Molly, who was sitting on a straw boss by the fire,

"Talk now, you old goose !" he exclaimed, "or I'll run this red hot poker down your throat !"

"Oh, ogh, ough—heaven preserve us !" roared out Molly.

"By all that's comical, you've worked the cure !" exclaimed O'Sullivan, in utter astonishment.

"By all that's comical, I have !" exclaimed the priest.

Such was the fact. The influence of the strong and sudden shock of fear upon the nervous system had actually loosened the organs of articulation, which had for so long a period been bound up ; and Molly was eloquent in her professions of gratitude. "Now that's very well so far," observed O'Connor ; "but the worst of it is, that my sanative abilities will henceforth acquire such celebrity, that every old woman with a tooth-ache will insist on my putting them in requisition ; and red hot pokers, you know, are not medicine for *every* case*.

They now mounted their horses, and, attended by the everlasting Bonaparte Howlagan, who followed them on foot, keeping up with the pace of the steeds in a long-breathed swinging trot, they pursued their pace through the hills for some miles, until the noble bay of Dunmanus at length broke upon their sight ; a magnificent sheet of water, nearly fifteen miles in length from its inland extremity to the harbor's mouth. The hills that bordered its shores were bolder, higher, and far more

* This circumstance is fact ; I had it from the lips of the worthy and facetious old priest who officiated as THAUMATURGOS on the occasion.

abrupt than any of those through which they had hither to traveled.

O'Connor slackened his horse's pace, to converse with a parishioner who wanted to speak with him apart, and while he was thus occupied O'Sullivan entered into conversation with Bonaparte.

"You are always in attendance on the priest, I think?"

"Not always, Sir, but I am very often, and I wish I was oftener; it would have kept me out of a power of mischief, any way."

"How so?"

"Bekase, your honor, I had always,—may heaven forgive me!—a sad trick of fighting at fairs, and his reverence has preached himself hoarse to me about it; and I like to keep near him, for somehow, when I do, I don't feel so wickedly inclined."

"But what on earth tempts you to engage at anytime in so barbarous and unchristian a practice?"

"I don't know on earth, Sir; it's bekase it's my temptation, I suppose; just as one man likes drinking, and another likes cockfighting. It's wicked, and devilish, I know, but for the life of me I could not keep quiet if I saw a nate bothering bit of a fight going on, and had a grip of *Baus gaun Soggarth*—I couldn't but *wheel*" (i. e. flourish my stick) "among the best of them."

"Then I hope that you abstain from fairs, and factions, since a skirmish has such powerful temptations for you?"

"Troth then I do; I keep out of the way, and that's the only thing that saves me."

"You do right, since nature has given you such a bad and savage heart, to abstain from scenes that would excite its evil dispositions."

"Troth, Sir, you just named it right; it *is* a bad and savage heart; but it once was worse than it is, by odds; and all I've for it is to pray to God to mend it."

O'Sullivan mused on the strange variety of human character that this peasant presented to his observation; a temper naturally wild and ferocious, which its owner was trying to subdue by Christian discipline. A strong warfare still subsisted between the originally evil propensity, and the influence of awakened conscience; and, as

often occurs in such contests, the dominant vice would occasionally overcome the restraints by which it had not yet been sufficiently schooled to obedience.

"Poor Boney," said the priest to O'Sullivan, "it is a great pity that his character should be stained with such a terrible propensity; the savage creature has his virtues too. He is honest and honorable, strictly observant of all his engagements and promises; and, excepting his pugnacious dispositions, has in general been a moral and well conducted man. But that blot, I trust in God, will be henceforth removed from his character."

O'Sullivan's attention was arrested by the wild scenery, which at every step was presented in a different point of view, from the picturesque inequalities of the country. Cultivated spots appeared here and there interspersed through the broken, hilly waste. The parish church of Durrus, and the neat and compact glebe house of the Protestant rector, occupied a rising ground overhanging the upper end of the bay, where the water narrowed to a point. The thatched, whitewashed cottage of the parish priest of Durrus, embosomed in its snug and thriving orchard, stood further inland among verdant meadows. At the distance of some miles along the bay, were visible the ancient castles of Dunbeacon and Dunmanus almost verging on the water's edge.

"Those castles," said O'Connor, "were formerly inhabited by hardy buccaneers, who retired to enjoy the profits of their dangerous and stormy occupation on these desolate shores. As one gazes on their roofless walls, the mind irresistibly reverts to the wild wassail, the rude license, of which those abodes have been formerly the scene; and one painfully contrasts the riotous festivity of other days with the deathlike stillness that now prevails in the long deserted edifices."

"What building is that?" asked O'Sullivan, "whose tall, old shafted chimneys rise out of yonder grove of lofty trees?"

"That is Four-Mile Water," answered O'Connor; "and, antiquarian as I am, I know little of it save what Smith tells us in his History of Cork; namely, that it was once a place of some strength, and was built by a branch

of the M'Carthys. The M'Carthys lost that, with other possessions, in the great civil war; and their descendants struggled on, for no inconsiderable part of a century, in that doubtful class entitled 'decayed gentry.' I well recollect the last of them who lingered in this neighborhood. He was an old, patriarchal-looking man, with snow white hair. He inhabited a cottage near Dunbeacon. He was as finely formed and athletic a fellow as I ever saw. The peasants around regarded him with no small feelings of affection and respect, to which his excellent qualities appeared to entitle him well. He died at the age of ninety, in the year—let me see—1795, I think; and he possessed to the very last, the buoyancy of spirits and the warmth of affection which more properly belong to youth. Poor fellow! he sometimes indulged in a sigh at the fallen fortunes of his house, but it was not a sigh of bitterness. When he died, there was less of the customary tumult of *wakes*, and more of deep and genuine feeling exhibited among the people; than, at that time, was usual on such occasions. His virtues and benevolence had made an impression on all."

"Pray," said O'Sullivan, "was not he the interesting old man on whose death you *confessed* to me, yesterday, that you once made verses?"

"He was," said Father John, looking downwards with the becoming diffidence of authorship.

"Will you do me the favor to repeat them? Fitzroy is not here, to take them down in short hand for his book, and I shall not laugh at detecting that your hatred of poetry was merely simulated."

"Oh," said O'Connor quickly, "I never protested against *short* scraps of poetry; it was your merciless bookfuls of clink, clank, clink, clank, that aroused my enmity."

"But you must not escape from repeating your verses on M'Carthy," said O'Sullivan.

The priest immediately commenced the recitation in a tone of unaffected feeling.

"I saw an old man laid within his shroud;
A placid smile sat on his lifeless face,
Which told the faith that cheered his dying hour,

And lingered still, like some lone golden beam,
Cast on the silent heaven at eventide.

"His few thin hairs were snow-white, and his brow
Still showed the wrinkles of life's carking cares,—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now!
White children, and their children flocked around
Their parent's bier, and sobs in hidden told
How well belov'd the soul that hence had fled.
The open heart, the bounteous hand, were all
Remembered in that sad and solemn hour.

"Yet why lament? why weep? His hour has come;
The Christian has been gathered to his God.
We weep not when the summer flowers fade—
We weep not when the leaves of autumn fall,
And strew with russet brown the forest glade—
We weep not when the full-eared corn bends down
Its golden load beneath the reaper's sickle;
For the sweet flowers will blow again in spring;
In spring the trees will ope their soft green buds;
In spring the corn will push its tender shoots.

"Old man! hast thou no spring? Oh yes, thou hast!
Thy spring is heaven, bright, glorious, and unfading.
Hence thou hast gone, from hearts that loved thee well;
Hence thou hast gone, from those, whose infant hours
Thou watchdest with a parent's tender care.

"We weep, for sorrowing nature claims a tear;
But, 'mid our tears a glow of hope ariseth,
And we pour forth our souls in humble prayer,
That heaven's good and bounteous King may daign,
For JESUS' sake to bind anew those ties,
In happier worlds, that death has broken here.

"Old man, farewell. Earth closes o'er thy form,
To God we tremblingly commend thy spirit.
O! may we meet thee, when Eternity
Unveils its awful wonders to our view."

Involuntary tears rose in the eyes of Father John, as the lines he repeated recalled to his memory the ancient friend of his early days. O'Sullivan tried, with very little tact indeed, to change the subject.

"No," said Father John, "let us speak of poor M'Carthy. I earnestly hope," he added, looking upwards, "to meet him where we never will be separated. It is good for us, my young friend, to speak upon these subjects; by keeping before us the evanescence of life, they teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"Indeed it is good for us," said O'Sullivan, solemnly.

"I received my poor old friend's last breath," resumed O'Connor. "Oh, it is a deeply, unspeakably awful

our, when the human soul, dismissed from her perishable house of clay, appears in trembling nakedness before God, to answer for all the deeds done in the body,—every thought, every word, every action, from the first hour of dawning reason up to the moment of her exit from this world. Every sin, every frailty, minutely recorded in God's book ! What a scrutiny ! And, O ! what expressible insanity in the children of the world, to expose us if no such scrutiny awaited them !”



CHAPTER IX.

“He, quoth I, a safe companion ? Ay, answered Peter, safe no doubt, if the devil is safe.”

STEPHEN RACKET'S ADVENTURES.

“WHY, then please your raverence,” said Bonaparte O'wlaghan, “I'll tell you a chap that lives much as if there was no judgment before him at all at all.”

“Whom do you mean, Boney ?”

“Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt ; a boy that can play the same capers.”

“Is it that foolish fellow ? I think you must mistake ; he seems to be a harmless, though somewhat impertinent scoundrel, who devotes his chief attentions to his drawings, and this book he means to write.”

“Troth, your raverence would be of another opinion, if you heard of some of his pranks.”

“Upon my word I must inquire into this. A guest in the parish-priest's house, playing pranks in the parish, is not quite the most creditable thing in the world.”

“I should not wonder if Boney were right,” observed Sullivan, “for, from two or three expressions which escaped Fitzroy, I should not be inclined to deem him a very strict moralist.”

“Indeed ?” said O'Connor, turning short round to Sullivan ; “you should have told me this before.”

“Why, I thought that he scarcely would exhibit any

of his frolics while his short stay at your house lasted; but, judging from what he says of himself, the man is a confirmed libertine."

"Oho! then he shall soon get the turn-out. There is not a character," continued O'Connor, writhing his features into an expression of superlative contempt, "there is not a character so inexpressibly despicable as the libertine, the absurd scoundrel, who, while boasting of his liberty, is the *bond-slave* of his passions, instead of their *master*. There is not a puppy in existence, whose practical blunders are more outrageously egregious than his; the fellow seeks enjoyment by effecting the destruction of his health, and happiness by pursuing the broad road that leads down to hell. • A pretty fellow, truly!"

"A thoroughbred donkey," said O'Sullivan.

"My dear young friend," resumed O'Connor, in a tone of affectionate counsel, "you have had the inestimable advantage of a moral and religious education, which has hitherto been the means, under God, of preserving you from many of the nets in which the devil ensnares his miserable victims. May God of his infinite mercy continue to preserve you, my young friend! You are going, you tell me, to foreign countries; and in your passage through the world you will meet with numberless emissaries of Satan, in the shape of dissipated youths, who, being entangled in the toils themselves, endeavor to involve in vice all those who are as yet unsullied. Laughter is invariably their engine; they will try to drive you out of what is right by ridicule. But remember that the wretch does not deserve the name of *man*, who can be driven by an idiot laugh from the service of his God; who can basely surrender the convictions of his reason and his conscience to the husky cackinnation of some profligate coxcomb's half-decayed lungs. Remember, too, my man, that in the long run *you* will have the laugh at your own side—while *they*—Oh! God help them! one shudders to think of their fate! Poor, wretched slaves of Satan, their laughter will be turned into wailing and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;—un-

less the grace of contrition and amendment be vouchsafed them, which may God of his infinite mercy grant."

Their roads now separated: O'Sullivan thanked the priest from the bottom of his heart for his counsel, and promised, with God's help, to follow it to the best of his ability.

"Farewell, my dear young man," said Father John; "keep God for your guide in all possible predicaments of life; be faithful to **THAT MASTER**; 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh in which thou shalt have no pleasure.' Farewell, dear O'Sullivan; farewell."

They shook hands with affectionate cordiality; O'Sullivan, attended by his servant, pursued the road to Martagon, and O'Connor proceeded to visit a gentleman in the neighborhood, in order to transact some business.

Bonaparte Howlaghan, left alone, returned homewards; and in order to make amends for the time he had lost in escorting the equestrians, the athletic fellow scampered like a deer over hills and dales, bounding lightly across drains, ditches, brooks, and all the impediments that lay in his way. Onward he speeded, his rapid career unchecked by any obstacle; and in less than an hour he had reached the old castle of Glen Minnis, which, as the reader will doubtless remember, Lady Jacintha and her party were exploring. It was just as her ladyship and Baron Leschen were expressing their delight at Mrs. Mersey's legend, that Prince Gruffenhausen descended to the outworks of the castle in order to try if he could discover the remains of the fortifications. His Serene Highness was picking his steps through a marshy patch of ground that immediately adjoined an outer town, the angle of which abutted on the very path, on which our friend Howlaghan was careering with such headlong speed.

Neither party saw the other, being hidden by the intervening angle of the tower, until both came in sudden and violent contact. The concussion upset his Highness as well as Boney, and they rolled down the steep rocky ledge, upon a carpet of the softest, greenest moss, that

lay at its foot. Howlaghan got up, laughing at the incident, and extended his hand to assist the fallen Fatalist to rise. But Gruffenhausen was too highly incensed at his tumble, to accept the proffered aid ; he rose from the ground, cursing Howlaghan in German and English, and struck him a violent blow on the breast.

"What the devil sort of usage is this?" exclaimed Boney, his ire greatly roused ; and clutching his alpeen in his left hand, he planted with his right a blow upon the prince's ribs, that sent the Serene Man staggering over to the rocky bank. "How dare you strike me?" roared Boney, "and I only offering civility?"

"Mein goot friend," said the Prince, whose taste for hostilities was very much diminished by the energetic emphasis of Boney's blow, "it vas because I could not help it ; I does assures you dat it vas my destiny to strike you, mein goot peasant ; we are not de masters of our actions always—not at all ! it vas my most unlucky destiny ; oh, yes indeed !"

"By dad, then," retorted Boney, "it is my destiny to beat your bones as soft as pap, my man ;" and he squared his huge arms at the terrified prince in an attitude of awful defiance.

"Hold, hold—mein excellent friend," said Gruffenhausen in a deprecatory tone, "not so fery fast—Hold ! hold ! I vil convince you, mein goot peasant, dat it is not your destiny to beat my bones as soft as de vat you call pap ; not at all—you do not knows who I am ; I am de Prince Ernest-Adolphus-Frederick Gruffenhausen, of the House of Krunks-Doukerstein."

"And I am Jerry Howlaghan of the house, or the cabin, of Gurthnahuckthee, son to ould Murtough, and namesake to all the Howlaghans ; a breed that never took a blow from king nor cat without paying back two in the place of it."

"Tousand tensels !" exclaimed Gruffenhausen, his anger at Howlaghan's undaunted freedom mastering his fear ; "you do not knows how to speak to von shentelmans ; you are like a wild savages—mein heiligkeit !"

"If I am like a wild savage," retorted Howlaghan, "'pon my conscience *you* 're like a wild beast, with that

thundering muff of hair upon your face—Troth it's just like the big dirty bear the showman had. I'll teach you, Mr. Dolphus McGruffus, how to aggravate civilized people with your impudence." And Boney began to *wheel* Baus gaun Soggarth alarmingly.

"Mein most excellent friend," said the fatalist, whose indignant ire was again tamed down by fear, "I told you dat I would convince you dat it vas not your destiny—oh, no indeed! to strike me or to beat me. Look at *dat*, mein friend! look at *dat*, mein excellent peasant," producing a guinea; "dere is a goot golden coin for you to put into your pocket, and to go quiet away, widout not to beat me not at all."

"Keep it, you poor ould spladhereen," said Boney, making a strong effort to control his passion, and marching off in transcendent disdain. "On second thoughts I won't strike you, and second thoughts, they say, are best. You've got off dog cheap, this turn; but pray take care how you lay violent hands on a Howlaghan of Gurthnahuckthee in a hurry again."

"Mein peasant, I trust dat it vil not be mein destiny to do so," replied Prince Gruffenhausen, "but upon mine honest and true wort, I does assures you dat I could not help it."

But Boney was now out of hearing, and the fatalist was glad to get rid of him. "Pofe!" he exclaimed, "dat man is von big blackguard; von fery grand blackguard indeet! but I am glad dat he did not take de guinea at all event—pofe!"

While Boney continues his rapid homeward course, we must relate the events which had been taking place for the last half-hour, in his cabin.

Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt had walked out, book in hand, after breakfast, and strolled leisurely along the banks of the river that flowed through Glen Minnis, until he reached the cottage of Gurthnahuckthee, the paternal abode of the Howlaghans. The external appearance, and interior neatness, of this mansion, had recently been very much improved beneath the auspices of Nancy Howlaghan, Boney's favorite sister, who had lately returned to reside at Gurthnahuckthee, from a visit to an

uncle in a distant county. During her absence from home, which had been of considerable length, Nancy had acquired many new ideas, and among her acquisitions was an ardent taste for neatness and comfort, which had hitherto been scarce commodities at Gurthnahuckthee. Within one short month, this active, bustling girl had achieved a valuable revolution in the domestic economy of her brother's house. She made him mend the broken thatch, and get the chimney cured of smoking; she effected the cleansing and white-washing of the dingy, sooty walls; she had got the furniture repaired and painted; and she had procured the erection of a separate abode for the pigs, who did not now, as formerly, partake unimproved, the hospitality of the cottage kitchen. Boney grumbled a little at these numerous and sweeping innovations; but Nancy was so gentle, so obliging, so sweet-tempered, and affectionate, that he could not resist her entreaties, especially as her whole heart seemed set on her success. To wash the chairs, tables, and dresser, and to sweep up the floor, was every morning a task which Nancy performed with zeal and alacrity, before she set about the duties of her own simple toilette. The day was then devoted to some one or other of the various branches of domestic industry.

Fitzroy had seen her once or twice, and her appearance attracted his notice. He now entered her cottage, where he found her alone, sitting quietly knitting by the fire.

"Good morrow, Nancy," said the learned tourist.

"Good morrow, Sir, and thank you kindly," replied the maiden.

"You are always busy, I believe," pursued the observant visitor, bending his glance upon her knitting.

"No good is ever got by idleness," quoth Nancy.

"She is devilish handsome," ruminated the young gentleman. "Pray, my girl, where's your mother?"

"Dead, Sir, these two years, Lord be good to her."

"Poor woman! Is your father dead too?"

"No, Sir; he's gone to the fair of Barna-Gowlane to sell pigs."

"At what time will he be home?" demanded Fitzroy.

"He doesn't live here, Sir; he has given this farm to my brother Jerry; he lives at the other farm, near the sea."

"Jerry? that's the stout young fellow they call Bonaparte?"

"The same, Sir. I wish," thought Nancy, "that the man would go away."

"And where's Jerry to-day?" demanded the inquisitive catechist.

"Gone to Father O'Connor's."

Fitzroy cast a keen and scrutinizing glance about the cottage; and, under the pretext of admiring the painting of the dresser, he peeped into the inner apartment, the door of which adjoined the dresser, and ascertained that no person was there. He then walked out into the bawn, or farm-yard, which was equally deserted, all the inmates of the cottage having, in fact, gone to the fair, with the single exception of Nancy.

Having satisfied himself that Nancy was thoroughly unprotected, he returned to the cottage, and placing his chair by the girl, proceeded to pay her certain personal compliments, in a tone so little relished by the party to whom they were addressed, that Nancy rose from her seat, moved over to the opposite side of the fire-place, and entreated that her complimentary visitor would favor her by quitting the cottage.

But the gallant youth was not quite so easily got rid of. He also rose, and made an effort to encircle Nancy's waist in his arms, when Nancy suddenly whisking from the fire a pot of boiling water, held it as a shield of defence before her person, loudly declaring that if he dared to lay a finger on her, the scalding contents of the pot should be instantly discharged at him. She had managed this defensive operation with such quickness and dexterity that Fitzroy was completely at fault, and he stood in an attitude of ridiculous perplexity, alternately gazing at the maiden's glowing face, and at the bubbling pot that intervened between them.

"Wait where you are a very little longer," said Nancy, "and my brother Jerry will be home with *Bausgaun Soggarth*, and if he sees you here, he'll lay open

- your rascally scull with one *plaesk* of his stick, as you 'll well deserve."

But our amorous youth felt incensed at being thus easily counterworked by the girl, and disregarding her threat of Boney's return, which he probably considered as being merely held out *in terrorem*, he caught up one of the chairs by the back, and engineered with its legs so efficiently as to render it a matter of necessity on Nancy's part to drop the pot in self-defence, in order to prevent the scalding water from being splashed about her feet.

The instant she had laid down the pot, the terrified girl ran screaming to the door, pursued by Fitzroy; when, O sight of joy! Bonaparte appeared, with his usual accompaniment of Baus gaun Soggarth in his hand, springing over the style of the bawn ditch, and another instant brought him to the succor of Nancy.

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry! I thought I never would see you! Thank God you're come!" cried Nancy, throwing herself into her brother's arms.

"Why—how now—what the devil is this?" shouted Boney, frowning awfully on the unlucky intruder, and disengaging himself from his sister, in order to be able to "*wheel*," unimpeded, at Fitzroy.

That nimble personage had immediately comprehended that the case was not one that admitted of very much deliberation, and on the first startling vision of Boney, he took to his heels with all the speed that terror could furnish, and cleared the bawn ditch at the nearest point, with an agility such as he had rarely exhibited before. Bonaparte, justly incensed at his brutal aggression upon Nancy, and feeling his own temper, too, not very much soothed by his recent *démêlé* with Prince Gruffenhausen, was resolved that the amorous fugitive should not escape quite so easily; and pursuing him with swift and giant strides, he overtook him at the bank of the river, and laying on a blow of Baus gaun Soggarth with equal force and science, he dislocated Fitzroy's right arm at the elbow.

"There's for you now, my merry lad," said Boney, "that will spoil your embracing for a while, I think."

He then flung away his stick, as if afraid that he might be tempted to sanguinary extremities, and suddenly resolved upon another mode of punishing the culprit. Catching Fitzroy by the nape of his neck, he dragged him to the verge of the water, and standing on a large projecting stone, which afforded great facilities for his purpose, he plunged him into the stream, and kept ducking him for a quarter of an hour, saying, at every successive plunge, "Take that, and that, and that, and that. Oh, how hot you were awhile ago, my young master! you were badly in want of a good cooling, and bad luck to my buttons but I'll give it to you with the vengeance."

Fitzroy made repeated efforts to implore mercy, but his accents were inarticulate, from the bubbling of the water in his mouth.

"Do you remember," said Boney, "how eager you were to know all about Baus gaun Soggarth, the night we all dined in the ould castle? I believe you know more than you like about him now. You must needs draw his picture, too, in your book—Faix I dhrew his picture on your elbow! 'Irish weapons!' 'Pon my conscience, my buck, you'll be able to give 'em a good chapter about Irish weapons, *now*, I think, and Irish girls, faix! and Irish duckings, too."

When Bonaparte's anger was in some sort appeased, he pulled Fitzroy out of the water, and bestowing a sound kick upon his dorsal extremity, sent him, dripping and shivering about his business, with the further admonition, that he had better take care how he returned to Father O'Connor's.

This admonition was unnecessary to the trembling, perished, mangled, half-drowned wretch, who crawled rather than walked, to Beamish's inn at the cross roads, whence he sent a boy to Dwyer's-Gift for his servant and portmanteau. The servant soon arrived, and the instant that he changed his clothes, and got his arm bandaged by a cow-doctor (the vicinage not affording a more expert practitioner in the surgical art), he mounted his horse, and rode to the village of Knockanea, whose Esculapius dressed his arm, and recommended quiet. But Fitzroy was desirous to escape from the neighbor-

hood, and hired a chaise, in which he proceeded to Martagon, whither he and his brother had received an invitation to shoot, from Colonel Nugent. The elder Mordaunt had ridden over to Kavanagh's residence, in the morning, to pay his devotion to Isabella. Fitzroy augured that his brother's chance of Isabella's hand might be somewhat affected, should his own adventure with the Howlaghans transpire. But he did not feel very despondent about this consideration, for his confidence in his brother's *savoir faire* was very great, and if the worst came to the worst, Mordaunt might disclaim all sympathy of feeling or affection with Fitzroy, and assume the horrified saint on the occasion, which, if necessary, no man could do better.



CHAPTER X.

Do, sweet nymph, have pity on me, and let not the hardness of thine heart belie the softness of thine eye.

MUZROUR KUFFNOO ZYDDARQUI.

WHEN O'Sullivan reached Martagon, he was received with the warmest expressions of delight by Colonel Nugent and Lucinda.

"And so you *are* come at last," said Lucinda: "How anxiously my brother and I have expected this day! To-morrow we will revisit all our childish haunts together, and you shall come and see old Peter, our superannuated gardener; the poor old creature is still alive, and dying to see you."

The morrow came, and O'Sullivan accompanied Lucinda to the scenes which, from early recollections, were dearest to his heart. They sauntered through the woods, and along the seashore, and did not return to the house until the afternoon was tolerably far advanced. Ere the company retired before dinner, a chaise arrived, whose contents quickly appeared in the shape of Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt, looking interestingly pale and woe-begone, with his arm in a sling.

"So, Fitzroy, my dear fellow—what has happened to you?" said Colonel Nugent, advancing to meet him.

"I met with an accident," replied the invalid.

"An accident?" repeated Lucinda, "it must have been a serious one; do let us hear all about it."

"Yesterday morning," said Fitzroy, "I was walking among the wild steep crags that overhang the river of Glen Minnis, and at the narrowest and most dangerous part of the path I met an old woman with a basket on her shoulder, picking her tottering and feeble steps along the giddy verge. The poor old creature seemed sadly oppressed with the weight of her burden, and she looked up at me, I thought, as if she implored assistance, although her humility, or diffidence, prevented her from asking it. In common humanity I could not avoid offering to carry her basket. She gratefully accepted my aid; but in trying to take it from her shoulder, she lost her balance, and fell over the edge of the steep into the river. I made an effort to save her, my foot slipped, and I fell into the water, receiving several severe contusions from the large rough stones that projected from the side of the steep. My arm was shockingly dislocated, but I do not mind the pain, as I had the inexpressible satisfaction of preserving the poor old woman from drowning."

O'Sullivan listened to the narrative of Fitzroy's generous self-devotedness, without any very implicit faith in the narrator's veracity. An old clergyman, who was present, lauded him greatly, and compared his conduct to that of the charitable Samaritan. Fitzroy received his praises as a matter of course, interposing a few modest phrases of disclaimer.

"Where is Mordaunt?" asked Colonel Nugent.

"At Dwyer's-Gift; he occasionally visits at Castle Kavanagh."

"Doing any thing there? eh?" asked Nugent, in a low and confidential tone.

"Oh yes—he has been quite successful," responded Fitzroy in the same tone.

"Glad of it," said Nugent; "Isabella Kavanagh is a charming girl, and will have, I am certain, a very large fortune."

"Do you know precisely how much?" asked Fitzroy.

"No—can't say I do—your brother, I suppose, has ascertained all that—but her uncle Kavanagh, and her other uncle, Browne, are both able to settle very handsomely."

Fitzroy was struck with the similarity of Colonel Nugent's answer, to all the answers that his brother had received to his inquiries. Every one had told him of the wealth of Miss Kavanagh's uncles; every one presumed they must make a very handsome settlement upon her, but nobody could ever tell how much they were to give, although young ladies are usually rated at a specified sum. No such specification appeared to have been made in Isabella's case; but some persons hinted that Kavanagh would make her the heiress of his large estates, as he was childless, and had not any near male relative who seemed at all likely to interfere with Isabella's succession. People spoke with greater certainty about her uncle Browne's intentions; he had repeatedly been heard to say he would make her the wealthiest match in the county, but he had cautiously abstained from committing himself further than by general declarations, which were never made personally, to either Isabella or her mother.

But the rumor of these promises and prospects, and the manifest and undoubted wealth of the family, seemed to Mordaunt to furnish sufficient security that he was perfectly *safe* in making the offer of his hand. "They're as rich as Jews," he argued, "and they certainly must and will give the girl something solid; they have no one else to give it to, unless that distant cousin, whom, by the bye, I understand old Kavanagh does not like. But after all, it is really strange, very strange, that living in the house with such a near and wealthy relative, by whom she seems beloved, Miss Kavanagh's fortune should still seem to float among the regions of uncertainty."

But Mordaunt thought that the chances in Isabella's favor far overbalanced this last mentioned drawback, and accordingly he plied his suit with unremitting assiduity. He solicited permission from Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella to correspond with the young lady, which was rea-

dily accorded. In the intervals between his visits at Castle Kavanagh, therefore, a brisk fire of sentimental billets doux was kept up, of which the greater number, indeed, were transmitted through the servants of the parties, although it sometimes happened, when the servants at Castle Kavanagh were otherwise particularly occupied, that a Pacolet was necessarily selected from some of the numerous loungers and runners who are often found loitering about a large establishment.

It chanced, at this period, that the persevering Mr. Jonathan Lucas made a grand final effort to obtain a promise of marriage from Miss Kavanagh. His hopes had been kept alive by the circumstances that, notwithstanding the young lady's previous rejection of his suit, his visits were still permitted by her family; and her mother's manner appeared to him quite as friendly and hospitable as ever.

"Either she has mentioned my addresses to her mother and uncle, or she has not;" thus argued the logical swain: "if she has, it is perfectly evident, from the continued friendliness of their manner, that they do not disapprove of the match; if she has not, I take her silence as an evidence that I am not at all disagreeable to her; and in either case, all her wincing and shying is the veriest coquetry. I will still pursue the attack; as for Mordaunt, I do not fear his rivalry; he's a handsome figure, certainly, but not quite so piquant as I am;" [Mr. Jonathan Lucas was all but humpbacked;] "and as for conversation,—why the fellow has a vast deal of small talk, undoubtedly, but not one iota of logic in his whole composition."

Full of his resolve to persevere, Mr. Jonathan Lucas embodied his pathetic and persuasive appeal in the form of a letter, which he sent to Castle Kavanagh, and awaited the return of his messenger with a lover's impatience. Thus ran the amorous effusion of Jonathan:—

" TO MISS ISABELLA KAVANAGH.

"Never, since the hour when the vital spark first enlivened the matter of which I am composed, did I feel so

inexpressibly perplexed as on the present occasion. My faculties are involuntarily obfuscated ; the concatenation of my ideas is thoroughly unhinged ; and a mental chaos supersedes the usual logical order and precision of my sentiments. I have begun this letter seventeen times, and consigned to the flames sixteen different protestations of the deep, the ineffable affection with which your incomparable excellence inspires me.

" I do not know how I should address you. Profound respect and ardent love wage a bitter conflict for the mastery. If I should adopt a style corresponding with the former feeling, an air of frigidity might unwittingly pervade an effusion which comes straight from a heart that glows with the concentrated ardor of ten thousand furnaces. If, on the other hand, I should yield to the dictates of passion, they might betray my pen into expressions of familiarity altogether incompatible with the deep respect I unaffectedly experience for you. You perceive that I am wedged between the sharply-pointed horns of a cruel dilemma. *You* alone, adored Miss Kavanagh, are able to unhorn me, by the total annihilation of the wicked dilemma in question : for *you*, most beloved and respected of women ! can tell me how I *ought* to address you ; and oh ! may I beg, may I pray, may I earnestly entreat, may I anxiously implore, that your answer may be kind and favorable ? Permit me, beloved and respected Miss Kavanagh, to suggest, that our union could not possibly be otherwise than supremely blissful ; for, whence, I would demand, does connubial felicity arise ; what is its origin ? what is its source ? Beyond a question, identity of taste, community of mind, between the married parties. Permit me, again, to insinuate, that this originating cause of married happiness exists in perfection between us. You are musical. So am I. You are literary. So am I. You are fond of children. So am I,—*very*. Your mind is naturally logical. *My* thoughts spontaneously frame themselves in syllogisms, sorites, dilemmas, and all the choicest forms of the art of reasoning. Blessed, then, with a perfect identity of mind, so unusual, and *to me* so flattering, how could

our union be productive of other results than superlative elicity?

"Permit me, once again, to present to your mind, a little picture which has frequently floated, in colors of brilliant enchantment, before my entranced imagination; Oh! may it be found to possess equal charms for *you*."

"What, for example, do you think of a social, matrimonial evening; an accomplished pair gazing with intense affection on each other, as their highly intellectual conversation affords mutual delight and improvement. Wit sparkles, music enlivens, history instructs. Of the husband's ponderous legal tomes, [N. B. last week I purchased half-a-hundred-weight of law books;] one or two volumes appear upon a writing-table, indicating that he carries with him, even into his hours of relaxation, an unceasing devotion to the noble study of our jurisprudence. Tokens of the wife's light and elegant employments are also visible, while the social hearth is cheered by—O! Isabella! pardon a fond lover's raptured dream!—two rosy cherubs, one of whom, a lively, sportive, little fellow, is named—suppose we say Jonathan? and gives every promise to inherit whatever share of intellectual capacity his parent may be deemed to possess; while the other little pledge of love is christened Isabella, and is endeared to her father's doating heart by the strong resemblance she bears to her incomparable mother."

"Confess, O! loveliest of women, if Jonathan has not sketched off a little scene of paradise?"

"My hand and heart now tremble. My doom depends upon your breath. Despising the circumlocutory modes in which men of ordinary minds, in general, solicit an answer to the most important, the most interesting of all queries, I come directly to the point, and I ask, though with feelings of painfully intense anxiety,

"MISS ISABELLA KAVANAGH, WILL YOU MARRY ME?"

"Will you marry your affectionate, your admiring, your impatient, your devoted, your obedient, humble servant,

"JONATHAN LUCAS?"

"Barrister-at-Law,

(of Lucastown, county of Cork, and 191, Grafton-street, Dublin)."

Mr. Jonathan Lucas was compelled to wait for an answer to this letter until the following day, for Miss Kavanagh was from home, and the time of her return was uncertain.

The lady's reply was brief:—

"Sir,

"I felt extremely astonished at the subject of your letter of yesterday. I have sufficiently expressed, upon former occasions, my decided and unalterable rejection of your suit; and I now feel compelled to desire that you may, for the future, desist from troublesome and impertinent importunity.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ISABELLA KAVANAGH."

Pursuing the mistaken policy which had hitherto prevented her from speaking to her mother on the subject of Jonathan's attentions, Isabella was equally silent on the present occasion. She did not wish to excite the curiosity of the family by sending one of the servants to Lucastown with her letter; so she gave it in charge to a boy who had sometimes officiated as pacolet for Mordaunt, and who was now commissioned by Miss Kavanagh to bear an epistle to her more fortunate suitor. Our story requires the insertion of her billet to Mordaunt.

"Many thanks for your's, which came while I was absent from home yesterday. I was much pleased with what you said about the books. As to the other affair, why are you so cruelly pressing? you know you are possessed of my heart, although, perhaps, I ought not to confess it; but as I am anxious that Miss Wharton may be my bridesmaid, I am compelled to defer our marriage until her arrival.

"Ever your affectionate

ISABELLA KAVANAGH."

"Now," said Isabella, as she gave her letters to the

boy, "you are sure you know which of these letters to take to Lucastown, and which to Dwyer's Gift?"

"To be sure I does, Miss."

"Well, show me which."

"Dis one is for Mr. Mordaunt, and dis one is for M r. Lucas."

"No, you stupid creature, you are quite wrong. I will tie a bit of silk about Mr. Mordaunt's letter, and then you can make no mistake."

"That will do very well Miss, if you please."

Isabella tied the silk to mark her lover's letter, and the messenger went off with his despatches. He was proceeding rapidly along, when he met Mr. Jonathan Lucas himself, at a part of the road about a mile from Castle Kavanagh.

"I've got a bit of a letter for you, Sir," he cried, hailing Jonathan, who immediately pulled up; the boy extracted a letter from the intricate depths of a tattered pocket, and not only did the envelope of wrapping-paper in which it was prudently enclosed, rub off in the process of extraction, but the red silk rubbed off also, so that the urchin, losing his distinguishing mark, handed Mordaunt's epistle to Jonathan.

Jonathan immediately perceived that it was not intended for him; but being somewhat unscrupulous, he opened it without hesitation; his jealous curiosity being strongly aroused by the direction on the cover, which he instantly recognized as Isabella's handwriting. His rage was great on finding, from the perusal, that Isabella was actually betrothed to Mordaunt; he panted for vengeance, and he mentally resolved to omit no opportunity of wreaking it, if possible, on the heads both of Mordaunt and the lady.

Fraught with these amiable intentions, our disappointed lover pursued his way, when his attention was caught by a letter he descried upon the road, and which he immediately dismounted to pick up. It was the very epistle Isabella had written in reply to his eloquent production, and had fallen on the ground through a hole in the pocket of the stupid messenger. Its perusal wrought up Jonathan's ire to the highest extreme of inveterate

hatred. "I taught her *once*," soliloquised the discarded swain, "how to make love in syllogisms ; I'll teach her now another form of logic—a dilemma ; and curse me if I don't get her into as tight a one as ever girl was wedged in,—*if I can*."

Meanwhile Mordaunt was hastening on the wings of love to make a morning visit at Castle Kavanagh.

"Did you receive my letter?" asked Isabella.

"No—I suppose the messenger went the other road."

"Probably," said Isabella ; it was not of any consequence."

The lovers said all they had to say upon the topics which pressed at the time, and the subject of the note was completely forgotten. Mordaunt pressed his suit with eagerness, and expressed a wish to see Mr. Kavanagh, in order to enter upon certain preliminary arrangements.

"You cannot see my uncle," said Isabella, "until he returns from France."

"From France ! You astonish me. When did he go there?"

"He set out this morning, in consequence of a very unexpected summons he received last night to attend the dying hours of a relative, from whom he had long been estranged, and who has recently become desirous of a reconciliation."

When Mordaunt took his leave, he was met by an acquaintance he had recently formed ; one of those loose hangers-on of society, those idle, talkative, scampering personages, who are usually first in the field of gossiping intelligence.

"Happy to see you Mr. Mordaunt ; fine day this," said Captain Webster. Mordaunt courteously returned his greeting.

"Have you heard—I suppose, of course, you have," said the communicative captain, "of the blow-up at Castle Kavanagh?"

"No," said Mordaunt, "I hope no misfortune has occurred."

"Why only that Browne, Mrs. Henry Kavanagh's brother, has failed for an immense sum of money, and

has flown off to France, to escape from his creditors ; and Kavanagh, they say, has followed him there, being in some way involved in the scrape. Though I must confess I don't see precisely how Kavanagh can have been in any manner involved in Browne's failure, as he had not the smallest concern, that any body knew of, in Browne's mercantile establishment."

" So Browne was a merchant ?" said Mordaunt.

" Yes ; he was one of the first wine-merchants in Dublin. The pride of the Kavanaghs revolted against the connexion, and old Kavanagh would not speak to his brother Henry for many years after his marriage ; but at length when Henry died, he relented, and has ever since been extremely kind to his widow and her daughter."

" He means, I believe," said Mordaunt, " to give Miss Isabella Kavanagh a large fortune."

" There is no saying what he will do ; he is a whimsical oddity ; sometimes he says he will leave her everything, and at other times he says he will leave his estates to some cousin who resides in Dublin. I know I would not give much for Miss Kavanagh's chance, if her uncle took a crotchet in his head."

" But Miss Kavanagh will doubtless be otherwise very well provided for ?" said Mordaunt, who felt rather uncomfortable at the nature of the information his talkative companion so liberally gave. " Her mother, of course, had a good fortune ?"

" She *had* a good fortune, until her husband spent it : Mr. Henry Kavanagh was extremely extravagant, and ran through almost every farthing she had."

When Mordaunt arrived at Dwyer's Gift, the news of Browne's bankruptcy and flight, was confirmed by a gentleman who dined there ; this gentleman did not believe that Mr. Kavanagh's journey to France had any connexion whatever with the movements of Browne ; but his information too fully demonstrated that *one* large source, at least, of Isabella's expectations, was cut off.

Painfully revolving in the mind this unpleasant intelligence, Mordaunt retired after dinner to his own apartment, in order to deliberate uninterruptedly upon the course he should adopt.

"I have not any relish," quoth he, "for an Irish *take* in ; I fear I have committed myself rashly and imprudently. That Kavanagh *could* if he pleased, give Isabella wealth, is nothing to the purpose, if the strange and capricious old oddity does *not* please ; and whether he will or no, nobody can tell. What can I best do ? I think I'll return to London, and leave them all in the lurch. It would be shabby, to be sure—but incomparably better than to marry a girl whose fortune is to be derived from a bankrupt and a whimsical old humorist, who does not know his own intentions two days together. Oh ! I was dreadfully imprudent, in not having learned all about Miss Kavanagh's fortune from her uncle's mouth, before I committed myself with Isabella ; but there seemed such a certainty of wealth, that I thought I was safe ; and I also considered that the course I adopted would wear an appearance of disinterestedness. What *shall* I do ? I do believe I had better go to London, and leave the fair Bankruptina to wear the willow—or shall I stay, and fight something out of Kavanagh upon his return ?"



CHAPTER XI.

There is a tide in the affairs of man.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE ended our last chapter by detailing the woeful perplexity in which Mr. Mordaunt was placed, by the doubts that appeared to encircle Isabella's inheritance. His mind was pretty equally balanced between the project of returning to London, and that of waiting for Kavanagh's return, in order to try if he could extract from the old gentleman a liberal settlement for Isabella. In this state of indecision, he received a letter from a London friend, at whose house a certain Miss Celestina Fancourt was at present on a visit ; and the said Celestina was stated in the letter to revert with infinite tenderness to certain former meetings with Mordaunt, and to ask

with the deepest anxiety whether Mordaunt was shortly expected to return to London.

"In a word," concluded the letter-writer, "Celestina is dying for love of you; she has got ten thousand pounds; now is the critical moment of your fortune, my dear fellow; you can have her if you wish; such a promising *parti* may never again offer; so come, secure your good fortune while you can, and marry Celestina."

This letter determined our hero; he bade a hasty farewell the next day to Father O'Connor, whom he thanked for his hospitality; and taking what is termed "French leave" of the inhabitants of Castle Kavanagh, the faithless Corydon set sail for Bristol in the next Cork packet, speeded to London, and married Celestina forthwith.

Isabella was astounded, when she heard that her lover had quitted the country without bidding her farewell; but great as was her astonishment on this occasion, it was increased when she read the following announcement in the newspapers, scarcely more than a fortnight after his sudden departure:—

"Married on the 10th instant at St. George's, Hanover Square, Augustus Stanley Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Hall in Yorkshire, Esq., to Celestina, third daughter of the late General Fancourt."

Mrs. Mersey called on Mrs. Kavanagh, to offer her condolence on the loss of the expected bridegroom. "How provoking," said she, "that you should have taken the trouble of making all those inquiries respecting Mr. Mordaunt's temper, and his habits, and his property; I really feel very much for your disappointment, my dear friend; one looks so ridiculous in losing an acquisition such as Mordaunt would have been, after the whole country had expected the arrangement. I really pity you excessively."

Mrs. Kavanagh endeavored to make Mrs. Mersey comprehend that she did not feel any disappointment; that Mordaunt would have been no acquisition; and that she did not stand in need of pity. But Mrs. Mersey would not understand one syllable of this, and continu-

ed to inflict her commiseration with mortifying pertinacity.

"But how do you mean," asked Mrs. Kavanagh, "that the whole country had expected the marriage? I never heard it spoken of, and I really had believed that it was wholly unknown to every creature except yourself."

"My dear friend, I was really so delighted at the prospect of Isabella's happiness, that I could not resist the temptation of mentioning the affair to poor dear Lady Ballyvallin, who was equally delighted, I assure you. But nothing can equal her ladyship's indignation at Mordaunt's unhandsome desertion. She was really furious, when she heard it; and I can tell you that she will make it a particular point to speak of Mordaunt's ungentlemanlike conduct everywhere, and she will not spare him, you may rely on it."

"Good heaven, Mrs. Mersey! do not, I entreat you, allow Lady Ballyvallin to render more public such a circumstance; it is really bad enough to be ill-used, but it is intolerable to have it made the subject of universal commentary."

"Oh, all the world know it now: and really I think they *ought* to know it, in order that Mordaunt may at least incur the penalty of general censure."

Mrs. Mersey took her leave, having accomplished her amiable purpose of annoying and mortifying Mrs. Kavanagh in the highest degree. "And so, mamma," said Isabella, "every one is talking of the way in which Mordaunt has treated me? it is dreadfully annoying, certainly—I cannot bear to remain in this part of the country. Do, dear mamma, let us go to Dublin at once; it is torture to me to remain here."

A journey to Dublin was decided on.

CHAPTER XII.

There is a spot, a holy spot,
 A refuge for the wearied mind.
 Where earth's wild visions are forgot,
 And Love, thy poison spells untwined.

There learns the withered heart to pray,
 There gently breaks earth's weary chain;
 Nay, let me weep my life away—
 Let me do all, but love again!

REV. G. CROLY.

A DIFFICULTY of rather an unwonted nature now presented itself. Mrs. Kavanagh's funds were rather low, and she had not any mode of replenishing them until her brother's return from France. He allowed her a fixed annual income, of limited amount; her last supply of which was now nearly exhausted. She could not write to her brother for money, being wholly unacquainted with his address; and Isabella's dislike to remain in a place where each day exposed her to incursions from Lady Jacintha, or Lady Ballyvallin, or Mrs. Mersey, or Mrs. Curwen, or other sympathetic and condoling friends, to whom the fair widow had sedulously communicated the desertion of the faithless Mordaunt, increased to such a painful degree, that her mother resolved on an immediate departure. To travel post was quite out of the question; so the plan resolved on was to proceed in Mr. Kavanagh's carriage as far as the town of —; whence they were to travel in the public conveyances to Dublin.

Accordingly they quitted Castle Kavanagh at the early hour of six, on a fine, frosty, starlight, winter's morning. The object of this early migration was twofold; firstly, to avoid all possibility of encountering any of Isabella's compassionate female acquaintance on the road; and secondly, to spare the fat and lazy coach horses, by giving them ample time to perform their journey; a point on which the coachman expended much eloquence.

When the carriage stopped at the entrance to the park, Isabella said with a sigh, "How long it may be until I shall revisit these scenes!"

"You may do so under happier auspices, my love,"

replied her mother. "Mordaunt is a sad fellow, certainly; but from the exhibition he has made of his real disposition, I think you are exceedingly fortunate in being well rid of him."

This might be all very true; but it fell coldly and painfully on Isabella's ear; her heart had been wounded, and notwithstanding the abhorrence that her faithless lover's fickleness deserved, she could not hate him; his image still lay treasured in her bosom, and her grief contained but very little mixture of bitterness.

Towards noon they stopped at a solitary inn on the road-side, to refresh John and the horses; and the fair travelers, not feeling inclined to enter the uninviting hostelry, proceeded to examine its immediate environs.

Leaning on the arm of Isabella, Mrs. Kavanagh crossed a low and broken wall, the remains of an enclosure which seemed to have once surrounded an extensive park. They were met by a peasant, of whom Isabella inquired the name of the desolate demesne in which they found themselves.

"Conela, Ma'am," was the peasant's reply.

"Conela!" repeated Mrs. Kavanagh? "we cannot be far from the convent."

"Yes, please your honor; it isn't a quarter of a mile lower down by the sea-shore."

"Will you guide us there, my good fellow?"

"With all the pleasure in life, Ma'am."

"I never was here before," said Mrs. Kavanagh, addressing her daughter, "and I am really glad that John selected this road, for it gives me an opportunity of seeing my old friend the abbess, who has often invited me to visit her."

They returned for a moment to the inn, to inform the servants of their destination, and then, under the guidance of the peasant, they re-entered the precincts of the ancient park.

The park of Conela was wild and extensive. The appearance of the mansion was heavy, as it once had been a castle, of which a part had been taken down, and the remainder modernized by the late proprietor, a Dublin merchant, who had purchased the estate from the Ballyvallin family, to whom it had originally belonged.

It had subsequently been sold, to support its new owner's extravagance. The house had fallen into ruins. The front of the building was shaded, in part, by the clusters of luxuriant ivy that hung at mid-height from a blasted ash, *almost* the only remnant of the woods of Conela. Still faithful in decay, it drooped its withered head, as if in sorrow for its venerable brothers of the forest, whose fall it had outlived.

Our travelers advanced through a path that ascended the side of a glen, which was thickly covered with dwarf coppice. The spray of a waterfall that fell from the rocks on the opposite bank, was caught through the partial openings among the trees: arbutus, holly, and other evergreen shrubs, skirted the path, as, emerging from the glen, it wound along the shores of a sheltered bay of the Atlantic. A little farther on was a grove of ancient oaks, beyond which, partly in ruins, stood the moss-grown convent of Conela. The trees with which it was surrounded, had been spared at the earnest intercession of the sisters who occupied the habitable part of the convent, and afforded a magnificent specimen of the ancient grandeur of the forest. The oaks of ages past joined their massive and rugged branches over the ruined aisles and roofless cloisters, thus furnishing in summer a living canopy of foliage, where the work of man had fallen to decay.

Isabella was involuntarily soothed by the peaceful scene around, that slept beneath the noontide of a day, which, although in the wintry month of January, seemed to anticipate the warmth of spring. Its deep tranquillity was heightened, rather than disturbed, by the gentle murmurs of the sea below, which crept, with whispering steps, upon the sandy beach.

"What a lovely spot!" she exclaimed; "the very scene is sufficient to dispose the lightest heart to meditation! And I——"

A sigh closed the unfinished sentence; Mrs. Kavanagh was also silent.

"Perhaps," said Isabella, after a pause, "it were happier for me to take refuge in the bosom of religious retirement, from the storms of this billowy life! It might

spare me many hours of disquiet and misfortune. I am sure these poor nuns enjoy a serenity unknown to the sons and daughters of the world. Beneficent, beloved by all around them, their existence is devoted to assuage the sorrows of their lowly fellow beings. Delightful occupation ! The blessings, the comforts they impart, return with rich interest to their bosoms in the happy tranquillity they enjoy."

"I do not think, Isabella," said Mrs. Kavanagh, smiling, "that you will ever adopt the veil, notwithstanding your present fit of conventual enthusiasm. But here comes my old friend—I am sure I know her step and her figure, although so many years have elapsed since we met."

As Mrs. Kavanagh spoke, the abbess appeared ; she would not have recognised her visitor, whose appearance had yielded to the changing influence of years, if she had not introduced herself. The meeting was warm and affectionate, and the abbess invited her friends to spend some time at the convent.

A few whispered words from Mrs. Kavanagh explained that Isabella's dislike to remain for the present at her uncle's, was the cause of their journey ; on which the abbess pressed them warmly to continue for some time at the convent, observing that it afforded Isabella the desired seclusion from her unpleasant acquaintance, as effectually as a sojourn in Dublin could.

"Do, Mamma," said Isabella ; "*do* accept the abbess's kind invitation ; I wish to have an opportunity of seeing conventual life, and of ascertaining, from my own observation, if the sisters are as happy as I am strongly inclined to imagine they are."

But Mrs. Kavanagh was inexorable, and peremptorily refused to remain at Conela longer than a day ; which period she conceded, although not without some difficulty, to her daughter's importunity.

They were now at the gate of the convent, which they had reached by pursuing a natural terrace that led from the ruined cloisters.

"Quite round the pile, a row of reverend oaks,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,

Long lashed by the rude winds ; some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbors say have happened here ;
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
 Dead men have come again, and walked about,
 And the great bell has toll'd, unwrung, untouch'd."

"Beautiful lines," said the abbess, when Mrs. Kavanagh had repeated them ; "but in some respects not precisely descriptive of the present scene ; for our few old oaks are still healthy and luxuriant, and so far from being unable to accommodate *two crows*, their branches, as you see, sustain a rookery. And the inmates of the tombs remain in quiet occupation of their dark abodes—they have never revisited us, I assure you."

They now entered the low stone-roofed passage that led into the convent ; at its inner extremity was the parlor, a plain, unadorned apartment, of small dimensions. On its whitened walls hung two well-executed pictures ; one of them represented Saint Augustin composing his "*Civitas Dei*," and the other was a portrait of Saint Ursula. A nun, who had been reading at the table, rose, as the abbess entered with her guests.

"Sister Martha," said the abbess, "I commend these ladies, for an hour, to your hospitable care." She then introduced them to each other, and left the apartment.

Sister Martha was still young, although she had passed the bloom of early youth ; her features were expressive of refined benevolence. She entered into conversation with Isabella and her mother, and the whole party soon became excellent friends. Isabella expressed a desire to see the convent, with which the nun immediately complied, and conducted her through the ancient building, of which the only portion worthy of inspection was the chapel. Isabella, who was somewhat fatigued, took her seat on a bench near the altar ; the nun also seated herself.

"Do you like your conventual life?" asked our heroine.

"Extremely," answered sister Martha. "I would not exchange it for the cares and disquiets of the world, on any account."

"And tell me," resumed the fair querist, "have you

never, upon any one occasion, regretted your adoption of the veil?"

"I must acknowledge that I *have* once or twice regretted it, when my memory reverted to a happy home, and to the faces of my brothers and sisters smiling in cheerful affection round our father's fireside. But that momentary feeling of regret was a sinful emotion, which I tried to check as soon as it arose; and, thank heaven, I have not experienced it often."

"Why," asked Isabella, "do you deem it sinful?"

"Because the Holy Scripture says, 'when thou hast vowed a vow unto the Lord, thou shalt not slack to pay it.'"

"Would you, from your own experience, recommend the veil to *me*?"

"Unquestionably not, unless I knew more of your temper, disposition, and habits, than it is possible I should upon so short an acquaintance."

"What! not if I told you I was thoroughly disgusted with the world?"

"No; for your disgust may arise from some temporary cause, which circumstances, perhaps, may soon remove; and then your remaining life would be miserably spent in useless and poignant regret. A state which is irrevocable should never be rashly entered on."

Isabella was silent for some moments, and felt strongly inclined to impart her own private sorrows to the amiable and rational nun; but she could not prevail on herself to pronounce Mordaunt's desertion in *articulated, audible words*. Except to her mother, she had never done so yet; besides which, a sense of incongruity struck her, in the notion of making sister Martha,—cool, rational, and calculating as she seemed,—the confidant of a love affair.

"I regret," said the nun, to break the silence, "that Mrs. Kavanagh cannot be prevailed on to prolong her stay with us."

"Really," replied Isabella, "I believe she fears that if she did so, I might become so enamored of the convent as to take the veil in earnest."

"Ah, Miss Kavanagh, your young fancy is charmed,

perhaps, at the *picturesqueness* of seclusion, and your mind is influenced by some recent cause of sorrow ; but,—I assure you I speak it without meaning to offend,—I think the zeal of a young person accustomed to gaiety, would be very soon cooled by conventual discipline ; by the watchings, fastings, and austerities to which we are occasionally subject.”

“ I should like to try,” said Isabella.

“ Your year’s noviciate would exhaust your ardor.”

“ Will you allow me then to make the experiment to night ? to be a nun, at least, for this one night ?”

“ What ? in the midst of winter, and *you* altogether unaccustomed to nocturnal orisons ? Mrs. Kavanagh’s maternal concern for your health would be alarmed.”

“ Mamma is sometimes unnecessarily apprehensive ; but on this occasion she will not, I am sure, refuse to gratify my curiosity, provided I am warmly wrapped up.”

The winter’s sun sank early to his rest ; the evening passed agreeably, enlivened with the interesting conversation of the kind abbess, whose former residence on the continent supplied her with a fund of entertaining anecdotes of the time she had once spent in the Parisian great world.

“ But those days are now gone,” said she, “ and I do not regret them. My experience teaches me the wisdom of King Solomon’s exclamation, ‘ Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.’ All, all indeed that exclusively appertains to this world is vanity ; all that exclusively fastens our thoughts on the empty delusions of a fleeting life, which the Christian should mainly consider as obstructing his progress to a happy eternity. We are cheerful here, Isabella, in the midst of a cemetery. What a lesson we receive, every time that we look from our windows on the tombstones beneath ! Into that eternal, invisible world, upon which the dead have entered, we ourselves must shortly enter. What ineffable insanity in worldlings, to allow the concerns of *time*, to prevent them from preparing for that final, inevitable journey ! O, it is good to gaze upon the homes of the silent dead. They will soon be *our* homes too. Every grave reads a startling lesson to the Christian. *How fares*

the soul of its inmate? Let us ever keep in mind the saying of the blessed Paul. '*Now* is the acceptable time; *now* is the day of salvation.' Yes; now or never. What countless multitudes of the dead would give the universe, if they possessed it, for permission to live their lives over again, in order to avoid the fate they have incurred! But with *them* it is too late. Let us thank God, that with *us* it is not yet too late, and invoke His assistance to serve Him faithfully here, that we may enjoy His glorious rest eternally hereafter."

As the abbess spoke, the notes of the vesper bell were heard; Isabella was strongly affected by the impressive solemnity of her appeal; and it was with moistened eyes and a throbbing bosom that she rose to follow her hostess and the nuns to the chapel. As they entered the low vaulted passage, sister Martha asked our heroine to accompany her through the cemetery walk, to which Isabella readily assented, having first providently cloaked herself, to guard against the night air.

The scene was sufficiently striking to arrest the admiration of a person more indifferent than Isabella to the wilder moods of nature. A shower of snow had fallen in the evening, and loaded the huge gnarled boughs of the old rugged oaks that surrounded the convent; they were tinged with a faint and ghastly light by the moon's early crescent, which threw a sullen and imperfect beam on the dark sea beneath the rock, contrasting strangely with the reflection of the red lights from the chapel windows, that twinkled on the livid waters.

Notwithstanding the chiliness of the night, Isabella was irresistibly induced by the strange, wild charm of the cold and quiet scene, to linger on the verge of the terrace. The sweet, low, measured chime of the convent bell harmonized with her solemn emotions.

"On *this* side of the terrace," said sister Martha, pointing to the cloisters, "are the abodes of the dead; and on *that*, is the wide and trackless sea, an appropriate emblem of that world of boundless duration to which their God has called them."

The bell now ceased, and the soft, liquid warbling of the organ was heard from within; its upper notes

were touched by a finger of no common delicacy, and the wild and plaintive strain soon melted into chords of full, rich harmony. They left the terrace, and entering the chapel by a postern, united their devotions with those of the sisters.

The time wore apace, the vesper prayers concluded, and Isabella, overpowered with the weariness arising from excitement, retired to rest. She sank into a profound slumber, which was unbroken even by the chimes of prime, and lauds, that successively sounded on the silence of the night, startling, perhaps, from his repose, a sable denizen of the "rooky wood," whose wing would rustle for a moment in his airy nest.



CHAPTER XIII.

Then came an ancient man,
 "Madam, your slave," quoth he;
 "I know you not, Syr," said the dame.
 The man said, "But I know thee."

OLD BALLAD.

THE following day was a festival, and the abbess succeeded in her efforts to induce Mrs. Kavanagh to prolong her sojourn at the convent.

"Your mother was inexorable yesterday," said sister Martha, smiling, "when the abbess besought her to remain a second day here; now that she has yielded so far, I hope that she may yield still further."

"I should hope so too," replied Isabella, "for I really wish I were permitted to try how a short noviciate would agree with me."

"Not much, I should fancy," said Martha, "to judge from the experience of last night; I looked towards the chapel door, expecting your appearance at each of our nocturnal services and saw you not. Your zeal was short lived."

"The spirit was willing, sister Martha, but fatigue overcame me. Heaven knows, I needed rest."

"For a wearied spirit, or an exhausted body?" asked the nun.

"For both."

"For both? you did well, then, to seek repose; although sleep will not always come at the bidding of a wearied spirit."

"That is one of the worst penalties of misfortune," said Isabella.

"But if sorrow scares slumber from our pillow," said Martha, mildly, "still we have a soothing remedy in prayer."

"Oh, sister Martha," said Isabella fervently, "you are right—I have felt it—I have indeed felt it. If you but knew what I have recently suffered——"

Isabella was on the point of confiding her grievances to sister Martha, and asking her counsel and sympathy; when the tolling of a bell summoned both to the chapel, where mass was about to commence.

"Come," said the nun, rising from her chair, "come to mass—if it will relieve your heart to commune with me on the subject of your griefs, I shall readily listen to you at another time. Think well, however, first, whether you might not hereafter regret having committed them to any person—even to me."

Isabella was silent, and followed Martha to the chapel.

The train of nuns walked up the aisle, preceded by the officiating clergyman, and a crucifer, or cross-bearer, who carried in his hand a large and beautifully-wrought ivory crucifix. When the nuns reached the choir, the hymn, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," was pealed from the organ; the strain was followed by a benediction, and then mass commenced.

Isabella knelt beneath a low stone arch, which formed a recess in the wall, and at whose farther end there was a small iron door; the ceiling of the arch was adorned with elaborate fret-work, upon which was emblazoned, at every intersection of the tracery, the crest of the sept of O'Sullivan Lyra,—a boar's head erased. Unheeding these fantastic decorations, she endeavored to bend her whole soul to the exercises of devotion; and resting her head upon her hand, so as to exclude all per-

ception of surrounding objects, she poured forth her spirit heavenwards, in earnest, inward prayer.

When mass was over, and the parting benediction had been given, the congregation rose to depart. Isabella still lingered, wrapt in devotional thoughts, and almost unconscious that she was now the sole occupant of the chapel. For several minutes she remained engrossed in solitary prayer, when her attention was arrested by the creaking of the iron door behind her. It was opened with as little noise as its rusty hinges would permit, and carefully closed again. A footstep paced along the arched passage, and in another moment a stranger knelt at Isabella's side. She did not allow this occurrence to disturb her, and refrained from looking at her new companion, until she had concluded her devotions. When, at length, she rose from her knees, and gazed around, she was struck by the singularly venerable, patriarchal figure of the stranger. His head was nearly bald, save that some few grey locks still fell from his temples on his shoulders: his color was fresh and healthful, and his clear blue eye quite unimpaired by age. His coat was made like the capuchin tunic, save that it wanted a hood; the material was the strong grey freize, in common use among the Leinster peasantry; round his waist was a black leather belt, whence depended a large rosary, the beads of which were ivory and oak. A silver crucifix was also appended to the belt, exclusively of that which appertained to the rosary. The penitent held it up with his left hand, while with his right he smote his breast, exclaiming, in accents of contrition,

"Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam*."

His lips then silently moved for some moments, when with sudden energy he clasped his hands together, and in tones of the most solemn earnestness chaunted forth these verses of an ancient Latin hymn:

"Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere;
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

* O Lord, show us thy mercy."

"Celeste pulsat ostium,
Vitale tollet præmium;
Vitenus omne noxium;
Pergemus omne pessimum.

"Præsta, Pater piissime;
Patrique compar Unice;
Cum spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.*

The voice was clear and skilfully managed, although slightly tremulous from the singer's age. Isabella, who had stood in the aisle regarding the old man with interest as well as admiration, now moved towards the door. But he instantly perceived her purpose, and waved his hand, as if requesting her to stay. Surprised at his doing so, she seated herself on a bench in the aisle, feeling curious to learn his motive for detaining her: he thanked her with a smile, and immediately resumed his offices of devotion, in which, for some minutes, he seemed buried. At length he rose, made a low genuflection towards the altar, and approaching our heroine, said, with a slight depression of his head,

"Lady, I would speak with you."

Isabella bowed, in token of acquiescence.

The old man led the way to the cloister, and then said, "This may appear a strange liberty, and so it would be, if I had not the warrant of being an old follower of your house for many a long year; it is often, Miss Isabella Kavanagh, that I held you in these arms when you were a little infant."

"It is strange, then," said Isabella, "that I know you not."

"No, Miss Isabella; it would be strange indeed if you knew me, for you never saw me since you were a little child; but you may have heard my name. Did you

* The first two stanzas have thus been freely translated :—

"Call not, O Lord, untimely hence,
Our spirits stained with deep offence,
To stand before thy awful bar,
Victims of sin's delusive snare!

"But rather, while at mercy's door,
Contrite, our treasons we deplore,
Oh! grant thy trembling suppliants peace,
And bid their sins and sorrows cease.

The third stanza is a doxology.

ever hear your honored uncle mention one Terence O'-Leary?"

"I often did," said Isabella.

"I am he, Miss Kavanagh. I enlisted, and served in the army for several years; I saw little except sin wherever I went; men seemed only emulous in trying who should most break God's commandments, and who should plunge the deepest into guilt. I was for a time as bad as any, but it pleased God to open my eyes to my miserable state. I have seen the reckless child of pleasure carried suddenly hence to meet his God, with blasphemy upon his tongue, and pollution in his heart. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear, 'O, man, may it not be even thus with thyself?'—I shuddered, and felt as though I were plucked from the verge of a pit into which I was about to fall. I deserted my evil associates, betook myself to prayer, and I trust received grace to think savingly upon those sacred truths which form our only safe guide here and our only hope hereafter. I was eager to quit the army; a generous friend gave me money to buy my discharge; and having shortly after, been left by a relation enough to support me without depending on my labor, I have indulged my inclination to spend a large part of every day in the holy House of God, before His altar."

"I am glad," said Isabella, "to see an old follower of our family, so happy in the enjoyment of a healthful and virtuous old age. Remember me, Father, in your prayers; I shall remember you in mine. May God bless you, and give you peace now, and in your closing hour."

And she extended her hand to the old man, as if bidding him farewell. He caught it, and reverently pressed it to his lips.

"But, lady, you do not go yet," said he; "I have not said my say." And he paused, as though he felt some awkwardness in giving expression to his thoughts. "Look, Miss Kavanagh, at the crest that is carved over this old arch—the boar's head—know you, lady, of what house this crest is the cognizance?"

"How scholarly you talk of crests," exclaimed the lady.

"Why should you marvel at my scholarship?" demanded the old man; "am I not from Kerry, where Latin, in my early days, was nearly as current as Irish; and where every man knows the ensigns-armorial of, at least, the great houses to which he or his kin have been fosterers? and have I not been reader, now and then, to the Reverend Provincial of the Augustinians?"

"Pardon me," said Isabella, "I meant not to offend you."

"Pardon *you*, my sweet lady! you could not offend your old servant. But know you to what house the crest of the boar's head belongs?"

"To my shame be it spoken, I do not," replied Isabella.

"Indeed it is a shame for you, Miss Kavanagh. For that crest might yet—forgive my boldness, lady—that crest might yet, with God's guidance and blessing, become *your own*."

"Mine? how mean you, old man?"

"I mean this, lady—that I have prayed long and often, that you, the sweet child of my beloved master, might yet be the bride of the best, the truest Christian gentleman that ever yet scorned the snares and devices of the world, and walked in the path of honor and the Gospel—the generous friend who saw that my spirit was chafed among my profligate comrades in the army, and from a store too scanty for his princely heart, gave me—it is now twelve years ago, and he was but a stripling then—a free gift of the money that purchased my discharge."

Isabella looked inquiringly.

"Come, young lady—you pretend you know not whom I mean. O'Sullivan Lyra is the man—may Heaven bless him! But I crave your pardon, Miss Kavanagh—I have been too bold for my station."

"Old man, you have taken an inexcusable liberty," responded Isabella; "your motives may be good, for what I know, but no motives can excuse your unwarrantable freedom; you presume far too much on the licence allowed to old followers. This sacred place, I think, should have protected me, independently of any other consideration."

"Oh! lady, do not judge me harshly. Do not go, without hearing me ask pardon, if I have offended you."

Isabella had re-entered by the cloister door into the chapel, and was quickly proceeding down the aisle.

"Stay yet, lady—do not part from me in anger—only let me hear you say that you forgive me.—She is gone! she will not listen to me."

Isabella had advanced to the great entrance, but was constrained to re-enter the chapel by a keen shower of sleet. Terence O'Leary forthwith took advantage of her re-appearance. "Lady, cast not happiness away from you—I plead for O'Sullivan—I plead for his happiness and your's, in this solemn spot, beneath the ancient arch that was reared by his fathers, and over the old vault that contains their mortal relics. Lady, do not thwart me—only say that you will think of it,—that you will not reject my assistance."

Isabella, although highly displeased, could not help smiling at Terence's enthusiastic pertinacity; at the same time assuring him that he was utterly mistaken in supposing that the alliance he contemplated could ever be effected.

"I almost feel wrong in having listened, though inadvertently, to any thing you could say on such a subject," she gravely added; "but I respect your grey hairs, and I have often heard my uncle speak in warm terms of your tried and faithful services. I say this," continued she, "for I really feel that I need an excuse; I do not say more, for I do not wish to hurt your feelings; and I now desire that you will dismiss the subject from your mind for ever."

At this moment sister Martha entered with cloaks and umbrellas.

"You were snow-bound here, Miss Kavanagh," said she. "Ha! old Terence! why did not you run to the parlor for these things? How came you here? I did not see you at mass."

"I was at early mass," said Terence, "at the parish chapel, and I came here, having heard from your sacristan that Miss Kavanagh and her honored mother were staying at the convent; I was once a servant of their house."

"I marvel then," said the nun, "that you never went to Castle Kavanagh to visit them, since you came to this neighborhood."

"I meant it," responded the old man; "but I have not been very long here, as sister Martha knows; and after I quitted the army, I had always stayed, till lately, at Bally-Sullivan, which you know is a good six-score miles away from this; and there I would still have remained, only that Mr. O'Sullivan is going to leave it, and the Reverend Provincial invited me here. Ah! if Mr. O'Sullivan only had his rights! 'This estate once belonged to his forefathers, long, long, before the Bally-vallins got it, and *they* sold it afterwards to a man who was broke by the purchase, and had to sell it in his turn! 'Sic transit gloria mundi!' Weirastua!"

As they issued from the portal of the chapel, the enthusiast could not avoid whispering to Isabella, "Think of what I said, Miss Kavanagh—think of what I said. Oh! if my vision of *your* happiness and *his* should come to pass, I would cry 'Nunc dimittis,' for my fondest earthly hopes would indeed be fulfilled."



CHAPTER XIV.

The snow clothed valley and the naked tree;
These sympathising scenes my heart can please,
Distress is theirs, and they resemble me.

JOHN CLARE.

"UPON my word," thought Isabella, "my venerable ex-military friend is exceedingly liberal of O'Sullivan's hand—I rather think O'Sullivan would not feel inclined to confirm the old soldier's liberality. Mamma is positively certain that O'Sullivan has made some arrangement with Lucinda Nugent—indeed I thought, two or three times, that I saw certain telegraphic tokens of intelligence between them, that one could not well mistake. Undoubtedly O'Sullivan has many good points, and I

think Lucinda is a fortunate girl. The fellow is exceedingly handsome, which is never overlooked by us women;—he is very intelligent—an incomparable moralist, and an incomparable fox-hunter. I saw him take a smashing leap across the old paddock wall, when a field full of horsemen were obliged to go a quarter of a mile round, and not a soul would venture to clear the wall except himself and the huntsman. Even Mordaunt rode round—” (here our soliloquist sighed)—“heigho! I trust and hope O’Sullivan may not break Lucinda’s heart—If truth be in man, I would depend on him—there is in his manner a manly frankness and sincerity that seems wholly incompatible with deceit.”

As Isabella bestowed this mental eulogy upon O’Sullivan, she reached the convent parlor, in which Mrs. Kavanagh and the abbess were seated, enjoying the warmth of a blazing peat fire. The comfortable, warm little parlor seemed more cozy from its contrast with the wintry scene without. The sleet shower was now over, but masses of snow clouds still hovered aloft, and the wild expanse of scrubby and disforested moorland was covered with a dazzling sheet, of three inches deep. And here and there a solitary oak upreared its black, forked, withered trunk, standing out in strong relief from the whitened waste around.

The fire-place occupied a corner of the room, adjoining a deep bay window, so that while seated by its genial hearth, you could look upon the park without. The ladies cast their eyes on its snow-clothed surface, and heaped fresh fuel on the fire.

“You lingered behind us in the chapel, Isabella,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, pressing her daughter’s hand affectionately.

“Yes, mother; and I formed an acquaintance there.”

“An acquaintance? with the statue of old Lord Cormac O’Callaghan?”

“No—not with anybody’s statue, but with an old dependent of our family, Terence O’Leary.”

“Ah, I remember Terence very well. He enlisted the year after I was married, got tired of the army, and was purchased out, as I heard, by young O’Sullivan, who

was hardly more than a boy at the time ;—I should like to see old Terence ; he must be nearly sixty now—I did not observe him at mass."

"He entered the chapel after service, Mother, through the sacristan's door, that opens on the little cloister. He seemed perfectly to know who I was, although of course I could not have any recollection of him."

"I suppose, my dear, he heard we were here, from some of the attendants?"

"He is constantly here," said the abbess ; "he belongs to a confraternity to whom I have given permission to recite their rosaries and prayers in the convent-chapel."

The casual mention of O'Sullivan's name, led the abbess to detail many incidents connected with his boyhood and earlier youth : she was his aunt, and loved him with truly maternal affection.

"He was ever a fearless and honorable fellow," said she ; "I remember when he scarcely was seven years of age, that he broke a handsome china vase, for which on the following day he heard his father severely reprimanding the footman. 'Do not be angry with Frank,' said my honest-hearted boy, coming manfully forward, 'it was I, and not Frank, who broke the vase.'—Parents and relatives keep traits such as these treasured up ; it is happy when the promise they afford is realised in after-life."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "that his fortunes withdraw him from Ireland ; I earnestly wish him success in his career."

While the abbess and Mrs. Kavanagh thus conversed, Isabella's eye wandered over the desolate park, and rested on a spot where the rude, neglected avenue emerged from one of the numerous thickets. A thin veil of mist seemed drawn around the spot, and a broken gleam of sunlight coldly fell upon a large old thorn, that overhung the path a few paces apart from the thicket. The effect of light and shadow was extremely beautiful, and riveted the eye of Isabella, who gazed with an attention that was quickened into curiosity, when she saw a horseman issue from among the leafless bushes, and rapidly ad-

advance in the direction of the convent. Ere yet he had approached very nearly, his bold and noble bearing, and distinguished form, would have led her to recognize O'Sullivan; but could she have entertained a doubt of his identity, it would have been solved by the spirited ease with which he cleared the wide-sunk fence that surrounded the enclosures of the convent, instead of adopting the more tedious process of dismounting, to apply for the key of the outer gate.

"That is precisely the style," thought Isabella, "in which I saw him leap the old paddock wall near Castle Kavanagh—he sits his horse exactly as a wild duck sits on the wave of a heaving sea, as free, as careless, as composed."

While O'Sullivan's equestrian prowess thus elicited Isabella's admiration, the portal-bell was rung, and in another instant, his name was announced to the abbess. She rose with alacrity to welcome her nephew; and when he entered the apartment, Isabella felt a deeper color steal over her face, as she thought of the visions in which Terence O'Leary had so recently indulged. When the Kavanaghs had greeted him,

"I have come, aunt," he said to the abbess, "to bid you farewell. A few weeks hence, and I leave Ireland. I could not quit the kingdom without the satisfaction of once more beholding you;—when absent, I shall often think of the peaceful little parlor of Conela."

"God bless you, my dear, wherever you go. I am glad to perceive your spirits are not blanked, on the eve of your voyage to a distant hemisphere."

"Blanked? No! I am full of hope—I trust I shall return to my father's hall, in a condition that may enable me to restore it to its ancient splendor. I have also a *better* ambition than this;—I must earn the means to pay my father's debts—I cannot be happy while they are unpaid; but success or failure rests not with myself—I can only work—trust me, however, for energy and perseverance."

"Will you go to bid farewell at Martagon," inquired the abbess. To do her every justice, the question was asked in all the artlessness of utter ignorance; neverthe-

less it called up a conscious glow to the cheek of O'Sullivan, which increased from his intuitive perception that Isabella noticed it.

"That blush reveals all," thought Isabella.

O'Sullivan evaded replying, and somewhat irrelevantly began to praise the superior comfort of the olden fire-places, where the fuel instead of being caged in a grate, was confined by iron *dogs* upon the hearth. Whereupon he assiduously replenished the fire, and examined the curious old mantel-piece, with antiquarian interest. It was, indeed, a strange and monumental looking specimen of ancient handywork; the upper part was carved in deep relief, into compartments, in each of which stood the figure of mitred prelate, cowed monk, or mail-clad knight.

Finding her query unanswered, the abbess did not repeat it, but asked if her nephew had recently been at Knockanea.

"He had," he said, "paid his parting respects."

"And how were our friends there occupied?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Mrs. Mersey was instructing Prince Gruffenhause and Mr. Jonathan Lucas in philosophy. She quoted Dr. Johnson, to prove that whatever withdraws the mind from the real to the ideal, from the present to the future, advances us in the scale of rational beings. Gruffenhause said that his own mind was incessantly fixed upon *die Zukunft*."

"And what did Jonathan say?"

"Jonathan said Dr. Johnson was quite right—that every rational man kept his eye on the future, and that he, Jonathan, was accordingly looking forward to a future cockfight, and training his cocks for it."

"What an admirable application of Dr. Johnson's wisdom!"

"Yes, and extremely characteristic of Jonathan."

"Does Mrs. Mersey engross as much of Baron Leichen's attention as ever?"

"Upon my word, I think she appeared to divide him pretty fairly with Lady Jacintha; so far, at least, as my limited opportunities enabled me to judge. She was

taking lessons in *écarté* from the Baron, and appeared quite a novice in the game ; which amused me very much, as I was told by a quiet looker on, who knows the widow well, that she is a first rate proficient in *écarté*, and qualified to instruct five hundred Baron Leschens."

"How like her ! but no doubt she had excellent reasons for assuming the raw novice—the widow never acts without a motive."

"Well," said O'Sullivan, "we may be amused at her dexterous manœuvres, but let us do her justice ; it is allowed, on all hands, that she made a most excellent wife to each of her three husbands."

"She must be a very entertaining person," said the abbess ; "one generally hears of her saying or doing something piquant."

"You may soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself," replied O'Sullivan, "for I heard her proposing a tour, in which Conela was certainly to be included. She often amuses herself picking up legends and traditions, and she hears you have stores of them here."

"Should she visit me, then," said the abbess, "I shall certainly commit her to Terence O'Leary, whose memory is fraught with old chronicles, and who takes a real pleasure in telling them."

"Poor Terence," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "I must see him ; he was a favorite, and very deservedly too, with my husband."

Terence was summoned, and expressed, with warmth, the pleasure he sincerely felt at once more seeing his old mistress. His eye glistened as he gazed on Isabella and O'Sullivan, and he experienced an intensely affectionate interest in both, which may probably be somewhat unintelligible to such of our readers as know not the depth, the devotedness of mingled gratitude and love which binds an old dependant to the family of his hereditary benefactors. This is, alas ! a feeling too seldom to be found in our commerce with the world ; it is smothered and quenched by the sordid selfishness which generally regulates our social connections. Its excess may be absurd—enthusiastic ; but evil is the breast in which it dwells not.

Isabella felt angry with herself for not having more severely reprimanded the unauthorized suggestions of Terence in the cloister; but in Terence there was something that disarmed resentment; his manner, even while uttering the words she thought deserving of rebuke, was at once so respectful, so earnest, and affectionate; his voice, and glance, were so placid and parental; in the recent offering of his orisons to heaven there had been so much of edifying, unaffected piety; and in the train of thinking his brief conversation had developed, there was so much of downright unworldliness and simplicity, that Isabella felt far more inclined to pardon the indiscreet zeal of the enthusiast, than to resent his officiousness. She also made allowance for the license which, in many parts of Ireland, custom has from time immemorial permitted to ancient dependants; and the result of all these mingled considerations, was the full, free pardon of Terence.

The dusk of evening fell; the relatives conversed on all the subjects suggested by O'Sullivan's approaching departure; the night wore apace; and when the convent clock struck ten, O'Sullivan shook hands with the Kavanaghs, received his aunt's blessing and embrace, and mounting his steed, which Terence had foddered in an out-house, bent his way to the neighboring village of Kil-drummy, where he meant to sleep.



CHAPTER XV.

When the moon is beaming low,
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Blithe and merrily we go.

OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

Best independence, oft I bait ye,
How blithe I'd be to call ye matey!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE pale moon gleamed faintly on the snowy waste,
as our hero turned from the convent gate into the park;

and he was spurring forward his horse, when Terence said, "Won't your honor please to slacken your pace, and I'll bear you company?"

"I don't care if I do," said O'Sullivan, dropping the rein on the horse's neck.

"And now," said the old man solemnly, "the time is coming to a point, and you have made up your mind to quit your native country, not knowing what chances may betide you in the far distant land that you're bound for."

"We must trust in God, Terence, and labor and hope for the best."

"And you *will*, then, surely go?"

"Undoubtedly. When did you ever know me change a purpose I had formed after long deliberation?"

"But if you found your purpose was an unwise one," remonstrated Terence, "or, in short, that, on reconsideration, it might be mended?"

"My old friend, I have not yet discovered *that*, nor do I think it likely, either, that I shall. Can a man of my principles and feelings sit quietly down in the consciousness that, although he is protected by an entail, yet creditors have just demands against him? Or, to speak of less important considerations, how can I bear to remain inactive in a wrecked and ruinous abode, when the exercise of manly vigor, and whatever energy and talent God has given me, may perhaps restore it to its former splendor? And, I ask you, is not this a good reason for going abroad?"

"Undoubtedly, it *would* be one," responded Terence, "provided that you could not pay your father's debts, and restore your ancient house by staying at home."

"How mean you? what prospects are open to me in Ireland?"

"Oh, Sir, do not be angry, I implore you; but I think if a few of Miss Kavanagh's thousands could be spent at Bally-Sullivan, the debts might be paid, the old house repaired, and the lady herself feel no great objection to preside there. What says your honor to the notion?"

"My good Terence, your zeal in my behalf makes you very imaginative. Once for all, it is utterly impossible—utterly impossible," he fervently repeated, as the

sweet confiding smile and lovely form of Lucinda Nugent rose to his memory.

Terence saw at once, from O'Sullivan's tone, that the impossibility was real; though *why* it should be so, he could not for the life of him conjecture.

"Well, Sir, I often have wished and prayed that you and Miss Kavanagh might fancy each other; but since it seems you don't, I suppose there's an end of it. But if it *could* be so, I can't but think it would be a quieter, an easier, and altogether a more desirable way of setting the estate to rights, than wandering abroad in quest of fortune's gifts, which are mighty uncertain into the bargain."

O'Sullivan continued silent, but he edified himself with sundry mental encomiums on disinterestedness, and corresponding execrations on the sordid views of fortune-hunters.

"What!" thought he, "owe your fortune to your wife! How much more congenial to the spirit of a generous husband, were the thought that he presented himself to the lady of his choice, as in all respects her equal! Pah! how can a fellow bear the consciousness that his wants are all supplied, not from his own funds, but a woman's! How can he bear the reflection that his brooches, his watch-chain, his watch, nay, his very tailor's bills, are dependant on the strength of his wife's purse! pah!"

There are moments, when a train of thought commenced in "sober sadness," in a mind alive to perceptions of the ludicrous, will end in any thing but sad solemnity.

"Oh, what a horror," thought our hero, as his mind reverted to Lucinda, "what a horror! the idea that *she* should pay for *my* inexpressibles!"

It would seem that the reflection had in some mode or other found its way to his lips, for Terence immediately answered,

"Ay, master; but it would be a great deal worse if she was to *wear* them."

"How quick your ears are, you old rascal! I did not intend you to hear to that."

"Then speak lower the next time," said Terence, "for my ears are not wooden, I assure your honor. But if your high spirit scorns the thought of being under obligations to a wife, I must say that your honor has a poor opinion of the women. They are tender-hearted, generous souls, and never are so happy as when they are of service to the men they love."

Terence continued to talk until they reached the village; where O'Sullivan, consigning himself to the comforts afforded by the little inn's best bed-room, sought respite in a few hours' slumber, from the varied and harassing anxieties that crowded on his mind.

* * * * *

At an early hour on the following morning, Isabella and her mother left Conela on their route to Dublin. Notwithstanding the discouragement of Sister Martha, the former felt her penchant for a conventual life return very strongly, as she quitted the precincts of the lonely, quiet convent, to re-enter the busy and unsatisfying scenes of social life.

"Brief as has been my sojourn at Conela," thought she, "it has left an indelible impression."



CHAPTER XVI.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast,
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

L' ALLEGRO.

WHEN the carriage which conveyed our fair travelers reached Kildrumny, they immediately engaged their seats in the stage-coach for the following morning. Isabella, who never had traveled in such a conveyance be-

fore, was afraid of being brought into *juxta* position with vulgarity or impertinence; but consoled herself by the reflection that another day would terminate these *désagrémens*.

The coach was drawn out at an early hour before the door of the inn, and the horses stood in readiness to recommence their daily labors. One of their fellow-travelers, a stout, broad, redfaced woman, entered the vehicle when it was ready to start, and on seating herself, encountered an obstruction in the roof of the coach, which was too low to accommodate a prodigious plume of feathers, that adorned her dingy velvet bonnet.

"Oh dear! what shall I do? my elegant new plume of feathers are entirely ruined. But this comes," continued the lady fastidiously, "of traveling in stage coaches, and the like."

"True for you, Ma'am," observed Mr. Mulligan, another of their coach companions; "it never could have happened if you traveled on Paddy's barouche, as you're used to."

"I protest, Sir, I don't understand you," said the lady, with dignity.

"Why, Madam, if you want plain language, Paddy's barouche is what we call the ear that takes the corn to mill and the potatoes to market."

"Sir, your allusions are improper and despicable," retorted Mrs. Patten, with still greater dignity than before, "and I beg to assure you they are quite incomprehensible."

"I wish the coach would start," said Mr. Mulligan, who discontinued his elegant raillery, when he saw the very serious offence it gave Mrs. Patten; "these fellows hurry one so, that one cannot eat a bit of breakfast, hardly, and then, when you're seated in the coach, they keep lingering and lingering."

"Indeed, Sir," observed the relenting Mrs. Patten, "you are quite right there; it's past all patience, to be hurried about eating one's bit; but I was up to the rogues in my own way."

"How so, Ma'am?" demanded the waggish Mr. Mulligan.

"Why, thinks I to myself, if they make me pay for my breakfast, I've a right to the worth of my money; and if they don't let me eat it in the inn, why I'll take the liberty to eat in the coach, and no thanks to them. So, Sir,—see here," she continued, producing an equivocal bundle wrapped up in brown paper, and containing sundry subordinate packages, "I've got some *tay* that I whipped away out of the canister *unknownst*, and poor stuff it is; and I've some lumps of white sugar, and a couple of rolls, and the leg and liver wing of the could chicken;—a folly to let it go with them, the rascals! Upon my conscience if I did 'nt take care of myself, I don't know who else would."

"Undoubtedly, Ma'am; you were perfectly right."

"I wish, Sir, you would be good enough to see what's keeping the coachman from starting."

"I believe I can guess, Ma'am; the poor fellow just stopped to swallow a cup of *tay* with his sweet-heart—we must make allowances, Ma'am, in affairs of the heart, you know, Ma'am."

Mrs. Patten received this observation with an air of asperity, intended, no doubt, as a gentle reproof to the wit. Mulligan jumped out of the coach, and espied the coachman in one of the stables, exchanging the most tender protestations with a blowzy-looking housemaid, and immediately opened a brisk volley of slang at the delinquent. Meanwhile Mrs. Patten, who was somewhat incommoded by certain bundles and bandboxes which she had piled on the cushion at her side, began to transfer a portion of her moveables to the seat which Mulligan had vacated. This manœuvre afforded her some relief until the return of Mulligan, who soon reappeared from the stables, whispering and winking with the ostler in a manner peculiarly cognoscent. Some plan, it would seem, was in process of concoction between them; and when the wit had imparted his instructions to the ostler, he set his arms a-kimbo, and leaned with his back against the sign-post, grinning with inimitable self-complacency. While he continued in this attitude, some village acquaintance accosted him; he immediately dismissed his self-complacent smiles, lest his

humbler friend might interpret his evident good humor as a license to familiarity.

"You're going to Dublin, I believe, Mr. Mulligan?"

"Can't say, I'm sure; that's just as I may fancy."

"You've booked your place, though?"

"*That* never would make me go, if the frolic took me to stay behind," replied Mulligan, with the most aristocratic contempt of expense; "I care as little for the fare as any man living."

"It's well to be rich, Mr. Mulligan—ha, ha!"

"No doubt it's a comfortable thing," answered Mulligan, with an air of experience.

"I suppose you'll go as far as Ballinaquod, at any rate?"

"I positively don't know; that's just as I relish my company—there's a conceited old dame in the coach, and her daughter;—faith the daughter *is* a nice creature—*that's* an undeniably imperative seduction to travel, I must own."

Isabella fortunately did not hear this tribute to her charms.

The horn now loudly sounded, and Mulligan, followed by the coachman, approached the door. On entering the vehicle, he found his progress impeded by the entrenchments Mrs. Patten had thrown up in his absence.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed to the coachman; "we've got lots of trumpery here!"

"I'm sure I may bring my little boxes and things," said Mrs. Patten, "they don't take up so much room."

"Then keep them at your own side, Ma'am; you can do so very easy, for this is a six coach, and we're only four inside."

"Oh, Mr. Mulligan, pray be civil and neighborlike," interposed the coachman; "your honor was always a man for the ladies, you know." And coachee good-naturedly busied himself in arranging Mrs. Patten's things so as best to accommodate all parties, while the lady incessantly besought him "not to crush her Injee shawl."

"Put over them band-boxes, too," said Mulligan.

"Oh, Sir, it won't much inconvenience you to let them stay where they are," said the lady.

"Inconvenience me?" retorted Mulligan, "why, I vow, Ma'am, I don't see where I can sit, unless in your lap."

"In my lap, you undecent intruder!" screamed Mrs. Patten.

"Ay, in your lap, Ma'am," said Mulligan, winking at the coachman, "and a fine soft seat I should have of it."

"Isn't he a mighty pleasant gentleman?" said the coachman to Isabella, who, he doubted not, enjoyed Mr. Mulligan's wit as much as *he* did.

"Mighty disagreeable that the coach should be surrounded with them beggars," said Mrs. Patten, as the mendicants solicited alms in every inharmonious variety of intonation.

"Oh, poor creatures," said Mulligan, who had now seated himself, "one should open one's purse-strings to relieve the distressed—you mustn't be hard-hearted, Ma'am—indeed, cruelty isn't in your countenance."

The lady vouchsafed a faint smile at this compliment; the beggars begged with unabated energy.

"Patience, my friends," said Mulligan, "I'll give you some halfpence the minute the ostler brings me the change of a couple of shillings I gave him."

"Long life to your honor! Heaven bless your honor! Heaven smile on the sweet face of your honor's mother's handsome child!" These, and other similar ejaculations were heard on all sides.

The ostler soon appeared, with mischief in his eye, and a tin saucepan containing some halfpence in his hand. Mulligan took the saucepan, and extending it from the window of the coach, emptied its contents on the ground, exclaiming, "Here, my honest rogues! divide this among you."

A grand general scramble instantly commenced, mingled with the screams of the beggars, who dropped the half-pence out of their hands as fast as they picked them up. Imprecations succeeded to the blessings that had at first been so liberally showered upon Mulligan, for the half-pence, which had previously been made red hot on the kitchen fire, burned the fingers of the yelling mendicants, amidst the uproarious laughter of Mulligan, the coachman, and the confederate ostler.

"Hang you all, for a pack of unmanageable rascals!" cried Mulligan; "you would not be satisfied without getting the money, and now, by goles! you're cursing me for giving it."

Mulligan's wit was not wholly unsuccessful in producing an impression upon Mrs. Patten. She laughed long and loudly at the dilemma in which he had involved the beggars, and at length said,

"Well, there's no denying but you *are* a pleasant gentleman."

"Ma'am, I'm as proud as a peacock you should do me the honor to think so; I only wish" (looking at Isabella and her mother) "That these silent ladies could here be brought to form the same opinion."

Mrs. Kavanagh looked severely repulsive, and Isabella continued steadily perusing a volume of Scott's novels.

The coach drove off, and the conversation was wholly sustained for many miles by Mulligan and Mrs. Patten, who spoke about their fashionable connexions and acquaintances.

"You know Lord Ballyvallin, then?" said Mrs. Patten, in answer to some observation of Mulligan.

"Oh dear yes; his lordship is prodigiously fond of me; he says he expects I am to be his right-hand man at the election."

"I hope my friends Lady Ballyvallin and my Lady Jacintha are well," said Mrs. Patten; "my lady looked poorly the last time I saw her; I think it was the rheumatics she had. Says she to me, 'You always look stout, Mrs. Patten; I wish I had your health and strength,' says she. 'Pon my veracity she's a sweet woman—a sweet woman,—Mr. Mulligan—and while I think of it, Sir, you needn't tell her ladyship when next you see her, that you met me in a stage-coach, you know.'"

"Oh, rely upon it, Ma'am, that I shall not articulate a particle about a public conveyance in connexion with your name, Mrs. Patten—honor bright, you know, for that. My friends near Ballyvallin's place are all as pressing as possible to have me among them; but, somehow, when I go to that neighborhood, I always give the pre-

ference to Ballyvallon himself. Indeed he deserves it—I must say ; he has been very kind—very.”

“Do you know the Kavanaghs, of Castle Kavanagh?”

“Oh, perfectly—I’ve danced twenty times with *the girl*—she’s undoubtedly an elegant creature.”

In spite of the discomforts of their situation, Isabella and her mother involuntarily smiled at this claim of familiar acquaintance on the part of a low coxcomb whom they never had even heard of before.

“They say she’ll have a great fortune,” resumed Mrs. Patten ; “by all accounts her uncle’s as rich as a Jew.”

“Ay—she’s well worth looking after.”

“I wonder, Mr. Mulligan, that you weren’t making faces at her yourself, with the opportunities you must have had, being so often in her company.”

“Why, Ma’am, as to that, I *had* some thoughts, I must confess, of making up to her at *one* time ; but then you know a young man should not be to precipitate ; there is nothing I so much dread as throwing myself away—I should take more time to look about me.”

“Do you know, sir, I heard that the young lady in question lately broke a poor gentleman’s heart.”

“Indeed?” said Mr. Mulligan.

“There was one Mr. Mordaunt at the castle, that was ready to jump out of a five-pair window for her sake ; she agreed to marry him, they say, and when the day came, Miss changed her mind and jilted the poor man, who broke his heart in consequence of the *crude* treatment he resaved, and married some girl in England.”

“Upon my honor, then,” said Mr. Mulligan, drawing himself up very consequentially, “I must say I consider myself exceedingly fortunate in not having proposed for the young lady.”

“Fortunate indeed,” said Mrs. Patten, “for it’s really and truly a terrible job to be jilted. But now, Sir, if you’d permit one to ask a friendly question, I would venture to inquire why you aren’t doing something in the matrimonial way? It isn’t impertinent, I hope, to observe, that I don’t think you have much time to lose.”

“You have me there, Ma’am, most unquestionably ;

but prudence, Ma'am—prudence is my polar star. I'm always apprehensive of committing myself."

Mrs. Patten and Mulligan conversed incessantly without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness. At length the lady uttered an exclamation of surprise on looking from the window ; her talkative companion inquired the cause.

"As sure as I live," she exclaimed, "it's a runaway love affair—I protest I believe it's trying to catch the coach they are—look out."

And in order to enable Mulligan to see the objects that excited her attention, Mrs. Patten receded from the window.

There were two young quakers, a man and woman, in a gig, which was driven at full speed by the quakeress ; they had been trying to overtake the coach, and had now succeeded ; the quaker, as his fair companion whipped along her tandem steeds, repeatedly looked back, as if to see whether he and his young "*friend*" were pursued. In a very few minutes the coach stopped to change horses, and the runaway couple stopped also.

"Did I not drive thee nicely, Obadiah ?" inquired the quakeress smirkingly, as she flung down the reins.

"Verily thou didst, Priscilla ; howbeit my heart trembleth and my flesh quaketh, lest thy father should overtake us before we ratify our union in presence of the friends assembled at the house of friend Ephraim Bugg."

"Fear not my father, Obadiah ; he knoweth not the road we have taken ; and should he attempt pursuit he will be much more likely to search for us at Martha Perkins's."

"Truly, friend Priscilla," replied Obadiah, trembling with fear, "thou art a maiden of an ensnaring eye and a seductive tongue, or I never had adventured this for thee ; yet my heart much misgiveth me that if thy father overtook us, he would lay the full length of his oaken cudgel on my shoulders ; albeit he is a man of peace when the wrathful, carnal Adam is not stirred up within him."

"I have taken thee out of his reach, Obadiah, as our

smoking steeds bear witness. Did I not manage them well, for so unpractised a hand? Verily, Obadiah, thou owest me a kiss, for my nice charioteering."

"Yea truly, Priscilla, and I will pay thee when we get into yonder leathern conveniency," (meaning, by this periphrasis, the stage coach,) "but I am now too much agitated by the undeleactable sensation of terror—Hark ye! ostler! take these horses into the stable, and see the poor beasts supplied with all their necessity lacketh—I will bestow on thee a kiss by-and-bye, friend Priscilla, but it were unmeet and indecorous to caress thee in presence of so many rude folk, beside which I very considerably quake, I tell thee."

"Verily, Obadiah," said Priscilla, "if I had not more courage than thou hast, we never would have done this thing."

"Thou speakest the truth, friend Priscilla," replied Obadiah.

The friends got into the coach, having previously given the ostler a strict charge to take care of the gig and horses; the poor animals had been driven so hard, that they were utterly incapable of proceeding any farther, but the quakeress entertained no fear of a premature discovery, as she had taken some steps, with the aid of a domestic confederate, to throw her father, whose opposition was most to be dreaded, entirely off the scent. The coach was perhaps not exactly the vehicle she would have selected, as the meeetest conveyance for herself and her fugitive compeer: but post-horses were too expensive for her scanty funds, and her father's steeds were, as we have said, knocked up for the present by their rapid morning's journey.

Mrs. Patten's luggage was removed, sadly against its owner's wish, to the boot of the coach, and Mulligan took his seat by her side; the "friends" sat next each other on the opposite side, pressing each other's hands, and smiling in each other's faces, although, if the truth must be told, friend Obadiah's smiles and pressures seemed sadly constrained and lugubrious, for the hapless youth was under the influence of two conflicting sources of terror; fear of Priscilla's displeasure compell-

ed him to grin and squeeze her hand in sympathy with the grins and squeezes with which she favored him; while on the other hand the awful apprehension of her father's vengeance embittered the sweets of the elopement. This ludicrous constraint was visible in poor Obadiah's countenance and manner for some time; but his courage seemed wonderfully raised by some whispers from Priscilla; and it was evident that his self-possession increased in proportion as the coach rolled him farther away from the dreaded vicinage of Priscilla's father.

"Faith," said Mulligan, "you two seem to like each other mighty well; you havn't got a word for anybody else."

"Verily I have an esteem for friend Priscilla," answered Obadiah, looking modestly at his "friend," and then at Mulligan, with an air demurely languishing and sheepish.

"I'll engage," said Mrs. Patten, "she likes *you* as well as you like *her*."

"Verily I have an esteem for friend Obadiah," replied Priscilla.

"Oho! I think esteem is a cold foundation to build an elopement upon," observed Mulligan.

"An elopement!" exclaimed Priscilla, in horror; "friend, thou art uncivil."

"Upon my oath I don't know what else to call it," said Mulligan, somewhat abashed by the steady manner of the fair quaker's reproof.

"Friend, thou art profane," said Priscilla.

"Well, what else can I say, unless that you're eloping with each other as fast as ever you can, which I guess is the truth?"

"Thou mightest, with more seemliness, say that we are rapidly transferring ourselves to a locality of greater convenience, for the purposes whereunto our souls are inclined; but thou may'st not use that vain and trifling word *elopement*, the which is applied to the motions of those children of vanity who are still in the darkness of the bondage of the ancient Adam."

"And aren't you afraid, Ma'am, that some old uncle,

or father, may come scampering after you before you accomplish your purpose, which I take to be matrimony?"

"Friend, she who is upright in her purpose feareth nought."

"Bravely said, Miss!" exclaimed Mrs. Patten.

"But this young gentleman," said Mulligan, "he's not quite so stout about the matter."

"He'll *come on*," said Priscilla encouragingly; "he'll conquer his timidity, I promise thee." And she smiled on Obadiah, as if to re-assure him, at the same time patting him upon the back.

"Well, I declare, Miss, that your courage is wonderful," said Mrs. Patten; "my poor dear Mr. Patten that is gone, courted me for fifteen months before I had the courage to say YES."

"If thy suitor was pleasing in thine eyes, friend, I think it would have needed more courage to say NO."

"You beat all the women ever I met!" cried Mulligan, in high admiration; "I wish, 'pon my honor, that I had the superlative luck to be your sweetheart."

"Friend," replied Priscilla, "as to any superiority over other women, which thy civility ascribes unto me, I only speak the thing I think, deeming the open honest truth the right policy on all occasions. Touching the contingency thou hast insinuated, of thy being my *sweetheart*, I may truly say, heaven forbid! I like thee not; regarding thy person as highly unattractive, thy manners coarse and forward, and thy occasional adjurations as unmeet and unsavory."

"And now, Miss, what would you do, if I went and informed your father of your frolics, just out of pure revenge for your uncivil observation on my person and manners?"

"Friend, I defy thee. Firstly, thou knowest not who my father is, nor where he liveth; and secondly, even if thou didst possess that knowledge, thou wouldst not have time to avail thyself of it before friend Obadiah and myself should have our union duly ratified and registered in the presence of trusty and excellent friends, to whose abode we are rapidly hastening."

Mulligan swore that he was fairly at fault; that Miss

Priscilla was a tar for all weathers, and that there was no being up to her.

"What mountains are these?" demanded Mrs. Patten, as the road entered a deep glen between two dusky chains of hills.

"They are called the Carragheen Dhù," replied Mulligan, "and are the finest shooting ground in Ireland. There's robbers, too, among them."

"Robbers!" repeated Mrs. Patten in terror.

"Ay, robbers," said Mulligan, who took delight in her fears; "there's a desperate gang in these mountains; a friend of mine was lately robbed by a fellow, who first took the arms from the guard and coachman, and when he had robbed a whole coachfull, returned the arms, saying they were in very safe hands with them."

"Bless us all!" exclaimed Mrs. Patten, in piteous alarm.

"Friend, dost thou speak the truth?" asked Obadiah.

"Every word as true as can be. The captain is called *Big Paddy*, and he goes about the country, sometimes disguised as a beggarman, and sometimes as a smuggler."

"Oh, what shall I do, if he comes upon us?" exclaimed Mrs. Patten; "I have a hundred and thirteen pounds, seven and fourpence half-penny in my pocket."

"I wish you had left it behind you," said Mulligan; "for robbers have cursedly keen noses, and our throats may be cut in compliment to your hundreds."

"Thou speakest frightful things," said Obadiah, evidently terrified. "My skin creepeth, as I hearken to thy words."

"Fear nothing, friend Obadiah," said Priscilla, patting him again upon the back, to encourage him; "should he whom they call *Big Paddy* rudely assail us, I, even I myself, will defend thee, my poor lamb, as long as I have strength for that purpose; so let not thy tender skin curdle into goose-flesh."

"Friend, I thank thee," answered Obadiah, meekly.

"'Pon my sacred honor you're a wonderful heroine," said Mulligan; "I wish my own sweet-heart was like you."

"Your own sweet-heart," said Mrs. Patten. "I thought you had none."

"I didn't say *that*," answered Mulligan knowingly.

"Could she drive a gig-tandem?" inquired Obadiah.

"Pon honor I can't say, having never seen her try; but I know the first time I saw her, she was larruping a lame donkey down Constitution Hill, and she made him cut capers like a bear upon a gridiron."

The coach now stopped. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the coachman, coming to the door, "be pleased to 'light till we pass the broken bridge."

The party accordingly got out; the coachman led the horses by their bridles over the dangerous bridge, the battlements of which had been carried away by a flood, while the roadway was barely wide enough to allow the coach, with no small care and difficulty, to pass.

"How lucky we passed the bridge before dark," said Mrs. Patten.

"Indubitably, Madam. But you do not know all the dangers that are yet before you. Big Paddy and his merry boys haunt the hills of Carragheen, and if they don't help themselves to a share of the contents of your long pocket, you may think yourself particularly fortunate."

The dusk of evening descended as our travelers entered a ravine on whose southern side arose high and shapeless rocks, from the fissures of which, oaks and birch trees grew to a considerable size, notwithstanding the scanty nourishment the soil afforded. A stream rushed down a precipitous channel, the stony bed of which was darkened with a covering of sable water-mosses. The lamps of the coach were lighted at a solitary cabin in the glen, and Isabella gazed for some time on the picturesque effect of swiftly passing lights, as they glanced in quick succession on the dusky trees and rocks, that were partially shown for a single moment, by the red and smoky glare, and receded the next into dark impenetrable shadow. At length she was lulled to slumber by the monotonous tones of Mrs. Patten and Mulligan, whose colloquial exertions knew no respite.

An hour thus passed, when she was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the coach. Mrs. Patten

protruded her head through the window, but immediately drew it in again, screaming out, "save us and keep us, if there isn't cars put across the road to stop the coach! We are done up now, in good earnest, and a gang coming down the mountains, as I hope to be saved! Oh, then, what will I do! what *will* I do!"

Mrs. Patten continued to give vent to her noisy woe, while Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella remained silent, in terrified uncertainty. Mulligan compressed his lips, and awaited the result with scarcely less terror than the ladies. The coach was speedily surrounded, and a tall, muscular man, who acted as leader of the band of assailants, opened the door, declaring with a tremendous oath that none of the "boys" but himself should rob inside, lest the *gaymales* should be *fright-some*. He first accosted Mulligan, who sat next the door.

"I've nothing about me but my watch and a trifle of money not worth mentioning," said Mulligan; "and I'm sure, captain, you're too much of a gentleman to ask me for *that*, when I freely give you up a hundred and thirteen pounds, seven and four-pence half-penny, that my wife here has got in her pocket."

Mrs. Patten was absolutely too much stupified by terror, to disclaim the conjugal connexion so artfully asserted by Mulligan; who followed up his dexterous exordium by saying, "Here, wife—hand the gentleman the money—you won't ask me for any thing else, captain, if she gives it up quietly? You wouldn't deprive me of traveling charges, surely?"

"Oh, certainly not," said the captain.

Mrs. Patten tried to mutter an ineffectual disclaimer of her wealth, but the captain insisted on searching her pockets. She was therefore obliged, with trembling hands, to deliver up her hoard. The captain then turned to Priscilla. "I'll thank you for your purse, Ma'am," said he, "and make haste, if you please."

"Art thou he whom men call Big Paddy?"

"The same, at your service, Miss."

"Friend, thou art dishonest."

"All in the way of trade, Miss—just the same in all

professions; only I do the job without any pretensions to honesty, which is more than other rogues can say for themselves."

"Friend, thy mode of life is immoral."

"Peradventure thou hadst better be civil to him," whispered Obadiah.

"Hand out your purse here, without giving more jaw, Miss, or mayhap you'll force me, in spite of myself, to to be uncivil—I shouldn't like that, for I always trate saymales, where I can, with dacency and p'liteness."

"Friend Paddy, I may not of mine own free-will render unto thee the thing that is not thine, seeing that I should thereby become a participator in thy guilt; nor will I suffer thee to deprive me of my purse as long as I can keep it."

"We'll soon see how long that will be," answered Big Paddy; "though I'd just beg lave to hint to you first, that if it's a scruple o' conscience that hinders you from giving me the purse, you may make matters square by making me a free honest present of it. 'Then there won't be any robbery, you know, and I shall be just as well plased."

While this debate proceeded, the outside passengers and coachman were waging a fierce war with some of Big Paddy's gang, and matters were proceeding to extremities, two of the robbers having received smashing blows upon their skulls from the alpeens of two countrymen, when the roll of wheels was heard, as if in quick pursuit; it grew nearer and louder; the galloping of horses was echoed through the glen, and a chaise and four quickly reached the scene of action. It stopped; three gentlemen got out, and a muscular able-bodied man with a broad-brimmed hat, walked up to the door of the coach, shouldered aside Big Paddy, and asked, in a tone of mingled authority and wrath, "Is Priscilla Rankin here?"

"Oh," groaned Obadiah, "woe is me! it is thy father!"

"Speak, wench," said the angry parent.

"Yea, father—even so," answered Priscilla.

"And that scum, Obadiah Mudge—is he here also?"

"Yea, honoured friend," faltered out the conscience-stricken Obadiah.

"Come out here, amorous maiden!" said the lady's father.

"Obadiah, wilt thou stand by me, if I stand by thee?" demanded friend Priscilla, stoutly.

"By all that's capersome," exclaimed Big Paddy, "she's such a varmint wench, it would almost be a sin to rob her."

"Oh, Sir," cried Mrs. Patten, who had at last found her speech, "help us, for pity's sake, to beat off these villians of robbers, and to get back my hundred and thirteen pounds seven and fourpence halfpenny, that the captain has got."

The two gentleman who accompanied friend Rankin, were fortunately armed, and their presence re-assured the travelers, who, with their assistance, succeeded in capturing two of the robbers. Big Paddy made a desperate fight, but at length was compelled, with a pistol at his head, to refund Mrs. Patten's wealth.

The cars that encumbered the road were removed, and the coach proceeded to its destination; friend Rankin having taken his place on the roof to assist in guarding the captive freebooters, who were now safely pinioned and handcuffed together.

It was nearly ten at night when the travelers reached Ballinaquod. On alighting from the coach, friend Rankin was accosted by a fiddler, who stood at the steps of the inn, rasping out "Home, sweet home," on his miserable instrument.

"Get thee gone, friend, with thy merry bit of timber," said the quaker, who instantly proceeded to hand out his daughter and her lover. "For thee, forward minion," said he to Priscilla, when he had got his whole party into a private apartment, "thou shalt be kept on bread and water for six months; thy accomplice let me into the knowledge of all thy doings before thou hadst left my house four hours; and as for thee, Obadiah Mudge, thy back shall be soundly belabored; the religion to which I belong, doth not permit me to raise mine arm of flesh against thee, so that I am compelled to hand thee over

to another, who hath no such scruples, and who will trounce the well, I promise thee. A runaway apprentice ! a varlet that hath drank of my cup and partaken of my bounty ! breaking his indentures, and bringing shame upon my daughter ! 'Trounce him well, friend Manly,—trounce him,—yea,—' belabor him, and spare not.' ”

Obadiah, paralyzed with terror, was unresistingly handed over to Mr. Manly's discipline ; Priscilla earnestly pleaded for him, saying, that she was by far the greater culprit ; her entreaties, however availed not, and poor Obadiah was soundly thrashed. How friend Rankin subsequently disposed of his refractory apprentice and amorous daughter, our history sayeth not ; from his characteristic sagacity we are led to conclude that he made some arrangement that ended their dangerous juxtaposition.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella endeavored to console themselves for the fatigue and alarm of the day, with such comforts as the village inn afforded. Their apartment was a large desolate chamber, with windows to the rear, overlooking a small court. The air was chill, and the apartment felt damp, although a turf fire blazed briskly on the hearth. Isabella drew a chair to the fire, and gazed upon two greasy prints that hung over the mantel-piece, representing the celebrated racer Nabocklish, and the famous Godolphin Arabian. Mrs. Patten now entered the room, and timidly ventured to approach the blazing hearth.

“ I hope, Miss,” said she, “ you've no objection to my warming myself : I'm perished with the cold, and there isn't a fire in the house but this : the kitchen grate is just as black as twelve o'clock at night, and I don't see what chance there is of getting supper, for I saw no sign of fish or flesh, and the kitchen-maid tells me the landlady's going to her club.”

“ Her club ! ” echoed Mrs. Kavanah.

“ Ay, Ma'am, her club ; I saw her sailing out as fine as a jay, padded, wadded, puffed, flounced, flowered, and feathered, like any queen ; here's the waiter, who can tell us more about it.”

The waiter confirmed Mrs. Patten's information, and added, that the club which his mistress attended was

called the Ballinaquod Ladies' Harmonic Society, in which there was a weekly rivalry of singing and *piany*-playing among the emulous fair ones of Ballinaquod. His mistress, he added, and her daughter, were considered to have distanced all competitors, for if there were twenty voices singing together, you would hear Miss Juliana's voice above them all; and her mother played the Coolin and its variations so powerful loud, that she broke as many strings of the *piany* as all her rivals put together. "They'll have wonderful music to-night," said the waiter, "for Miss Juliana has been practising night and day for a week—it will go hard with her surely, if she doesn't flog them all."

Mrs. Kavanagh rejoiced that the wild, impassioned minstrelsy of Ballinaquod was out of ear-shot of the inn; the strains of Miss Juliana, her mother, and her musical friends, would have been a provoking termination to the day's adventures.

"What chance have we," said Mrs. Patten, "of getting any thing to eat?"

"Every chance in life, Ma'am."

"What have you got?"

"There's a boy just come in with a kish of fresh trout, that were caught this evening in the lake."

"Get us tea," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

The waiter proceeded to obey this mandate; and as Mrs. Patten seemed chilly, and in despair of getting a fire elsewhere, Mrs. Kavanagh compassionately asked her to remain.

Isabella presided at tea, and poured out a cup for her guest, which the latter had no sooner tasted than she put it down, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm fairly poisoned!"

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Whiskey, whiskey, Ma'am."

"Whiskey," repeated the waiter, stepping forward to apologise, "I beg all the pardons in life, ladies; but it's only a little taste of whiskey the lady has got in her tay, and not the least harm in life. I forgot to ready the taypot since the gentlemen drew punch in it last night."

Notwithstanding the musical enthusiasm of the landlady and Miss Juliana, the beds, strange to say, were

clean and well-aired, and the fatigues of the day were soon forgotten in a deep, refreshing slumber. But this state of "sweet oblivion" was destined to meet interruption.

When the hour of "Night's black noon" arrived, the inmates of the inn were alarmed by loud screaming, which appeared to proceed from the bed to which Mrs. Patten had consigned her person. It proved to be a shrieking duet between that lady and the housemaid, who had been induced, at Mrs. Patten's request, to partake of her dormitory, the terrors of which she was afraid to encounter alone, having learned, from some communicative person, that an officer, who had been drowned in the neighboring lake, had recently been waked there.

Mrs. Patten reposed in tolerable quiet until twelve, the legitimate hour for unearthly appearances, when some noise in her apartment dispelled her slumbers, and revealed to her waking apprehension that a tall form, clad in grave-clothes, stood in the window, its head surmounted by a lofty plume, whose feathers waved in the breeze that entered through a broken pane. The horror of the apparition was increased by the shadowy indistinctness of the spectre's outline; the light was the faintest beam of a dim and clouded moon, and the vision shook its airy plume most awfully.

"Rouse! rouse, Betty!" whispered Mrs. Patten shaking her bedfellow; "as sure as I live there's the ghost of the drowned officer, in his regimental cap and feathers. Rouse, woman! will ye? I'll die of the fright."

The ghost sailed slowly and majestically over to the bed, on which approximation Mrs. Patten's fears found vent in the screams that alarmed Mrs. Kavanagh. Betty also yelled, and hid her head beneath the bed-clothes. The ghost groaned terrifically: the women yelled louder than before, and their yells arrested the attention of Miss Juliana and her mother, who were just then returning from their musical *soirée*. The elder lady, whose nerves had been pretty well braced against terror, by a roving, adventurous life, walked up to Mrs. Patten's dormitory with a candle in her hand, and was met at the door by the facetious Mr. Mulligan, with a sheet round

his person, and Mrs. Patten's plume of feathers on his head. "Oh, you marauding tief! you funny rogue!" said she, "so it's ghosting the poor women you were? But I give you fair notice, Mr. Mulligan, that I shan't permit such doings in my house—it's all very well for a joke, and have done with it—but the next time I ketch you at such work, you don't get off so easy."

The ghost being now laid, peace and order were restored in the household, and the various performers in the day's eventful drama consigned themselves once more to sleep, until morning should summon them to recommence their travels.



CHAPTER XVII.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.

L'ALLEGRO.

ON our travelers' arrival in Dublin, they were driven from the hotel where the coach stopped, to Mr. Kavanagh's residence in Stephen's Green. As Isabella entered the hall, she was struck by the cheerless appearance of the mansion. Although every part was in perfect repair, yet the whole wore the gloomy air of a tenement which had long been uninhabited: no lights blazed in the huge dim lamps that hung from the richly ornamented ceilings; the dusty chairs seemed as if they had not been disturbed for a quarter of a century; and our heroine felt really relieved, when, after proceeding through two or three spacious drawing-rooms whose faded decorations told an impressive tale of splendors long passed by,—she reached a small parlor, in which the furniture looked new, and carefully kept, and in whose hearth a brisk coal fire gaily blazed.

"We shall soon make the house more comfortable," said Mrs. Kavanagh; "and now that we *are* here, I hope we may enjoy the society of three or four of my

brother's old friends and their families, who are still to be found in the neighborhood. Ah, Isabella, if *you* had seen these apartments as *I* have seen them,—crowded with the gay, and the noble, and the wealthy! I have seen the old Duchess of Leinster *walk* minuets here with Lord Arran, and Lord Belvedere, and Warden Flood. I have seen old Lady Inchiquin, as stately as a queen, looking on at her beautiful daughters dancing cotillions with the grace of fawns. I have seen—but what matters it all now? We shall never see such coteries of rank and splendor any more; unless indeed Daniel O'Connell achieves the repeal of the Union, and by restoring to Ireland the seat of power, restores those who flock around it, and whose presence imparts dignity and consequence to the land of their birth."

Isabella soon retired to rest, and dreamed—ah, woman's weakness! of the faithless Mordaunt. She awoke, and her eyes were moistened with tears; she tried to overcome her emotion, and soon relapsed into a troubled slumber.

On the following day, Mrs. Kavanagh was visited by some old friends, who had learned her arrival in town. Among the rest, was Mrs. Delacour; an old dame, who, having herself neither daughters nor nieces, most liberally bestowed her services as chaperone and matrimonial broker, upon any young lady who would do her the favor to accept them.

"My dearest Isabella," exclaimed this amiable lady, "how strange, how unfortunate! that such attractions as your's,—now pray don't blush—I don't at all flatter you—I am a plain, blunt old woman, and always speak what I think,—but I cannot help saying, it is most unfortunate that such a person as *you* most unquestionably are, should have been so very long buried in the country."

"So very long," repeated Mrs. Kavanagh, laughing; "why, you would almost make Isabella a despairing antique."

"She should have come to town a year ago—or two years. But, my love, you may have it in your power to make amends for lost time. Here is your next door neighbor, the Marquess of Ardraccan, who is well known

to be on the outlook for a wife—in fact, he has come to Dublin for no other purpose.”

“Really?” said Lady Maria O’Reilly.

“Oh, my dear Lady Maria, every body knows it. Since Lady Ardraccan’s death, he has been most anxious to marry again, in the hope of an heir, for he cannot bear the notion of his fortune going to Colonel McCarthy. *Now, Isabella, now,*” pursued the obliging matron, shaking her head most cognoscently; “one of the oldest titles in the kingdom, Isabella—beauty is his principal object—I will manage introductions, and all that—Ah, my young friend, *quel parti!*”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Lady Maria, in astonishment.

“Why are you surprised?”

“Lord Ardraccan might be Isabella’s grandfather,” said Lady Maria.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Delacour, “Isabella is so sensible (I really don’t flatter you, my love), that I reckon upon no objections. She must see all the advantages, all the *éclat*, of such an establishment; must you not, my dear?” [Isabella bowed assent, much amused at the zeal evinced by her officious friend.] “I only require that Ardraccan should see her to be *éperdument amoureux*. Upon my honor I am serious.”

Mrs. Kavanagh looked furtively at Isabella, to discover what she thought of the project, but she read no symptoms of assent in her daughter’s countenance. The brilliancy of the connexion produced a strong effect on her maternal fancy; and she was swayed a little, too, by the wish to show the faithless Mordaunt that in deserting Isabella he had merely left a place for the entrance of a coroneted suitor. “How it *would* pique him!” thought the mother. And so it would have piqued him, probably; but Isabella was not precisely the sort of a woman who would take a step repugnant to her own feelings, for the barren pleasure of piquing Mordaunt.

“But why are you so certain that Lord Ardraccan would admire Isabella so much?” inquired Lady Maria, good humoredly.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Delacour, “her appearance—(upon my honor, Isabella, I don’t flatter you at all).”

"But that would be lost upon him," replied Lady Maria, "for his sight is very much impaired—the poor man is almost blind."

"Well, you know one could employ twenty friends to tell him she was the loveliest creature in existence—You laugh, just as if there was any thing absurd or preposterous in my idea—just as if thousands of men in all ages of the world had not fallen desperately in love upon hearsay!"

"But I do not think *he* would fall in love on hearsay."

"Well then, Isabella's conversation—you converse delightfully, Isabella, don't you?"

"Oh, delightfully of course," answered Isabella, laughing.

"Well, we all know that love often wins the ear as well as the eye; and if so, why may not she talk him into being in love with her?"

"For the best of all possible reasons—the Marquess is quite deaf."

"Deaf? pooh! we'll get him the hearing apparatus, the new patent otaphone. Really, if he does not happen to possess one already, Isabella might present him with one."

"What miserable want of tact you display in that suggestion. To present him with an otaphone, would be to remind him in the broadest manner of his infirmity—better present him with a crutch, or a pair of spectacles."

"Oh, I only spoke in badinage."

Lady Maria laughed at Mrs. Delacour's expectation that the Marquess, at the age of seventy, should become *éperdument amoureux*, as she expressed it, with a girl whom he could neither see nor hear.

"But I assure you he is resolved to marry some one," replied Mrs. Delacour; "and why may not Isabella try her chance?"

"This is all sad nonsense," said Mrs. Kavanagh rising; "come—I see Lady Maria's carriage at the door; let us go to the exhibition."

This was an exhibition of paintings, to which Lady

Maria wished to take the Kavanaghs: the collection contained several works of great excellence.

When they reached the exhibition rooms, "We are fortunate in coming to-day," said Mrs. Delacour, "as many connoisseurs are already here."

"Ah, I am sorry for that," said Lady Maria; "those persons are always in search of defects, and are neither pleased themselves, nor allow others to be so."

"That is a beautiful *Danæ*," said a lovely girl to a gentleman on whose arm she was leaning; "what a pity it is placed in that dark corner—the shower of gold is not seen to advantage—Don't you think it might be better placed elsewhere?"

"I bow to your authority," replied the gentleman; "but I should think that a shower of gold must appear to advantage in any light."

"Is not the *Danæ* beautiful?"

"Unquestionably; but it does not seem an old painting."

"Nor is it; the figure is a copy from an old master by a very clever Irish artist, and the face——"

"What about the face?"

"Have you ever seen any one like it?"

"Let me see——Not that I can remember at this moment."

"Lucinda Nugent says that *she* is the original," continued the young lady, "and the shower of gold, I understand, proceeded from a certain noted hell in St. James's Street. Her Jupiter Tonans is a strange eccentric being, half gambler, half poet—wears an Apollonic shirt collar and black ribbon, à la Byron—can produce you a sonnet at a moment's notice, upon subjects of any dimensions, from Mont Blanc to a lark, and gambles à merveille."

"And pray who is this accomplished personage?"

The young lady lowered her voice, so that Isabella could not distinctly hear the name, but she fancied that it was Fitzroy Mordaunt.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the gentleman, much surprised at his companion's information. "Why I thought O'Sullivan Lyra was the favored suitor."

"I do not claim inerrancy," was the reply; "but I have learned, from what I deem excellent authority, that while poor O'Sullivan is busily occupied in preparations for a voyage to New South Wales, or Otaheite, or Demerara, in the pious hope of obtaining Lucinda's hand on his return, Fitzroy has contrived to supplant him; which certainly says little for Lucinda's taste."

This time the name was distinctly pronounced, and conveyed a mingled pang to Isabella's bosom. She felt deeply for O'Sullivan, in whose happiness she took no inconsiderable interest; and that *his* peace should be wrecked by the worthless brother of the worthless man who had inflicted so severe a wound upon her own confiding heart, was a circumstance which bore its own full share of annoyance along with it.

"Is it true?" asked the lady, who still lingered listlessly gazing at the *Danæ*, "is it true, that Lord Ardbraccan has been captivated by Mrs. Mersey's 'words that weep and tears that speak?'"

"No; he has neither listened to her words, nor dried her tears. Indeed, I believe it is some months since they met: she is staying at Lord Ballyvallon's, engaged in some brisk rivalry with Lady Jacintha. But look—how stupidly incautious we have been! I hope he did not hear—he could not have heard—but one should never speak above a whisper in a public place——"

"Who? what? what is the matter?" inquired the young lady. She turned, and beheld O'Sullivan, who was slowly walking through the room, and had approached quite close before she was aware. But his pre-occupied countenance showed that he was totally unconscious of having been the subject of conversation, and he passed on, gazing in turn on the various paintings. His attention, however, had been caught by the *Danæ*, and as soon as the persons who were looking at it moved away, he took their place, and with the close and faithful memory of a lover, traced in every feature the resemblance of Lucinda.

"It is fortunate for you," said Colonel O'Reilly, approaching him, "that this is but a sketch of fancy; the playful expression of those exquisite features has com-

pletely enchained you. What a charming idea of beauty the painter must have had."

"It is *not* a fancy sketch," replied O'Sullivan, in a low tone, and pressing his friend's arm; "the original is infinitely more lovely."

O'Sullivan continued in a state of apparent abstraction, and Colonel O'Reilly, observing a groupe whose eyes were turned towards his friend, concluded that the fixed attention of O'Sullivan was the subject of their conversation.

"Never mind him," said one of the party, a fat, stout man, of extremely aldermanic contour; "I'll engage he's a deep one; an old connoisseur; he's trying to poke out some defect in the Danæe; but on the day of the sale I promise you I'll make Mrs. Freeman bid against him. Ah, I should know something of their tricks."

O'Sullivan joined the Kavanaghs, by whom he was warmly greeted.

"You looked so sombre, so sepulchral, awhile ago," said Isabella, "one scarcely would have known you."

O'Sullivan did not answer in the tone of badinage. "I had, indeed, much food for solemn thought," said he, in a low, impressive tone; "he who leaves his country for some years, who quits the scenes of his childhood, and the friends who are dearest to his heart, may surely be pardoned a few grave emotions when he thinks of the changes that *may*, possibly, occur before his return,—if indeed he ever should return."

Isabella felt the full tide of friendly sympathy flow in upon her heart. "Poor, poor fellow," thought she, "I hope from the bottom of my soul, his Lucinda may be faithful to him."

"Will you dine with us to-day at Stephen's Green?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I need scarcely say how happy I should be to do so; but I sail to-morrow morning at a very early hour, and have a few things to arrange first—indeed I must idle here no longer. Farewell, my good friends—remember me affectionately to Mr. Kavanagh when you write—Farewell." He shook hands with Mrs. Kavanagh and

Isabella, who cordially bade him adieu, with the warmest wishes for his welfare.

"Who is this portentous foreigner—for foreigner he certainly is," said Lady Maria, as a ponderous man of more than hexameter dimensions, and whiskered and mustachioed to the eyes, entered the room. Before Mrs. Kavanagh could answer, Prince Gruffenhausen, (for it was the fatalist himself) accosted her.

"Meine excellent lady, do I sees you here? ach! but it is de grand surprise, no doubt—but no, no—bah! I talk foolish tings—it is not a surprise, because noting is not a surprise—Dese tings are all written in de book of *Das Schiksal*! yes indeed. Ten tousand year ago it vas all arrange dat I should meet you here dis day, and meine friend Miss Isabella."

"Do you stay long in town?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I know not. How can I tell you fot is hid in de bosom of *die Zukunft**?"

"But have you any purpose of remaining long here?"

"Mein friend, I nefer make no purposes. Ach! but de human purpose is de bubble on de wave, dat is blown into noting at all by de first storm of de *Schiksal*, de vat you call destiny—pose!"

"But if destiny should not prevent?"

"In dat case," said Prince Gruffenhausen, "I will go back, probable, to mein friend, Lord Ballyfallin.—Ach, miladi Jacintha is fine woman—fine woman! but I nefer can't make her understand de deep and mighty dogtrine of *das Loos*."

"That is a pity. But I am sure you find Mrs. Mersey a more tractable and docile pupil."

"O, she haf de great head. Mein heiligkeit! dat widow pierce down to de bottom of *die vorher bestimmung*†—she beliefs in it—ach! strong, very strong. She haf de head of tree, four women. Ach! *vortreffliche talent was für eine*†! Mein himmel! dat woman could gif legdure on de ponderous dogtrine as well as mein own self."

"Ha!" thought Isabella, "I see that the Mersey has thought it worth her while to flatter the Prince."

* *Die Zukunft*—Futurity.

† The doctrine of predestination.

‡ Oh! what transcendent talent!

"Is Lord Ballyvallon sanguine," demanded Mrs. Kavanagh, "as to his nephew's chance of carrying the county?"

"Pofe! I don't know. I tell him it is all von grand folly to give himself concern or troubles—if dese tings happen as my lord would like, why dey will, wheder he trouble himself or no; and if dey won't, dey won't."

Mrs. Kavanagh found an instant to ask Lady Maria if she should introduce the Prince. "Certainly," replied her ladyship. Mrs. Kavanagh accordingly performed the ceremony of introduction as soon as Gruffenhausen had finished a lecture he was giving Isabella on the subject of painting.

"Do you admire that Cynthia?" asked Lady Maria.

"Pofe! no. I don't nefer admire paintings about tings dat nefer were at all, or beoples dat nefer lived at all. Now dere nefer vas a woman of de name of Cynthia; no such person nefer at all. All fudge! all fancy! all foolishness."

"Then, what may I ask, does your Highness admire?"

"Dat chimney-sweeb. Ach! but dere is nature *dere*. Mein wort, but dat soot is just like de real soot. How he shoulder his brush! how he cock his merry eye! mein himmel, you would swear he vas going to cry out, 'sweeb! sweeb!'—Now *dat* is a picture dat I like; for I haf seen two hundred real sweeb; dere *are* such beoples as a sweeb. But de heathen god and goddess—de fine lady dat sit on de top of a cloud vid half her clothes off! Mein honest wort, it is all de most foolishhest nonsense—pofe!"

"I should be sorry to adopt your Highness's standard of the merits of a painting," replied Lady Maria; "it would exclud from our galleries some of the best works of the ablest masters."

"Meine most excellent lady," said Gruffenhausen, "if you were der grand Zauberer himself, you could not convert me on dis matter—you could not make me like de portrait of de ting dat is not, better dan de portrait of de ting dat is—ach, no indeed. You could as soon make me like de imaginary heathen goddess," continued the fatalist with a profound bow, "better dan I like your real ladysheep."

Mrs. Kavanagh was utterly surprised at Gruffenhau-
sen's gallantry ; for it was the first occasion on which she
had ever heard him address the language of compliment,
or indeed of even ordinary politeness, to any individual.
The fact perhaps was, that the compliment appeared to
him likely to strengthen his argument, which circumstance
induced him to make use of it.

Among the pictures, were two old family portraits be-
longing to Lord C——y. His lordship had recently sold
his house in town, and these paintings had been purchas-
ed at the sale of the furniture, by some speculating pic-
ture-dealer.

"What a lovely child !" said Isabella, gazing at the
beautifully executed portrait of a boy about ten years of
age, in the foreground of a groupe in one of these pic-
tures.

"Lovely indeed," said Mrs. Kavanagh ; "but what
will you say, Isabella, when I tell you that the original
died of hard drinking, at the age of twenty-five ?"

The other portrait was a kitcat, representing a lady in
the bloom of youth ; her features were prominent, but
handsome ; an air of great melancholy overspread her
countenance.

"That is Lady Henrietta F * * * *," said Lady Ma-
ria, "whose name is connected with a strange tradition."

"Oh, do tell it, mein goot lady," said Prince Gruffen-
hausen ; "I do much likes all dose tradition."

"It is short," replied Lady Maria. "Lady Henrietta
F * * * * had retired to bed one night, having waited up
till a very late hour in the vain expectation of receiving
a letter from her husband, who had been absent in Flan-
ders many weeks without writing to her. She was just
sinking to sleep, when she saw, or thought she saw, a
long funeral train marching slowly past the foot of her
bed ; she roused her maid, who was sleeping in an easy
chair, and the girl *declared she saw it too* ; mourner af-
ter mourner followed, and at length the coffin passed ;
it paused for a moment, and the lid was raised, disclos-
ing to his horror-struck wife the ghastly form of Colonel
F * * * *, clad in the garments of the tomb. The face
of the corpse glared upon her with a cold, unearthly, yet

reproachful glance ; she shrieked, saw no more, and remained for some hours in a state of stupor. After the lapse of some days the post brought tidings that the Colonel had been drowned in one of the canals in Flanders. The apparition of the funeral procession cast a gloom on Lady Henrietta's spirits, so that she never afterwards smiled, to the day of her death*."

"I do not marvel dat she did not smile," said Grufsenhausen.

"What ? and is your Highness a believer in such fantasies ?"

"Pofe ! dey may habben, or habben not, 'tis all a chance ; but I do beliefs that de *traum*—de dream do shadow out futurity indeed."

"On what grounds do you think so ?"

"Baf ! on de very sure grounds—yes, indeed !" replied the fatalist, shaking his head.

* These trivial anecdotes were detailed to the author in connection with the subjects of some family portraits shown to him by a friend in an old country house.



CHAPTER XVIII.

We met—'twas in a crowd.

Song.

"Won't you come to me next Thursday ? ah, do ! I shall have a charming réunion ; do come." Such were the words of invitation addressed by Mrs. Delacour to the Kavanaghs one morning.

While Mrs. Delacour visited her friends, she had left at home a busy coterie of female politicians, of whom her hospitable house was a constant rendezvous. Her drawing-room, in fact, was full of anxious groupes, knotted into twos and threes, and eagerly conversing. The self-same subject was discussed by all, in all the various intonations of anxiety.

"The dear, dear Marquess !" said Miss Charlotte

O'Callaghan ; " he is one of the most interesting old men I ever met."

" Nonsense, Charlotte ; how can an *old* man possibly be interesting ?"

" It is perfectly possible, Emily. His tastes are so extremely refined."

" What are his tastes ?" demanded half a dozen voices at once.

" He is passionately fond of music, in the first place."

" Music ? that will do for *me*,"—"and *me*,"—"and *me*,"—"and *me*," thought twenty fair aspirants, as they heard this gratifying announcement.

" What else does he like ?"

" He likes dancing excessively."

" Oh, you are jesting—he is surely too old to dance."

" I did not say," returned Charlotte, " that he danced himself ; but he is an enthusiastic admirer of the graceful evolutions of the ballet."

Instantly one half of Charlotte's hearers were whirling in imaginary pirouettes, à la Celeste.

" His tastes are exceedingly literary, too," pursued Charlotte ; " he doats in particular on all the lighter works of fancy."

Immediately all the *blues* in the room began to hope.

" And, above all," continued Charlotte, " he loves conversation ; when I met him first at my uncle's, I thought him the most talkative person I had ever seen."

The girls who had listened with attentive ears to Charlotte's information, returned by degrees to their homes, pondering deeply on what they had heard. And it would have been diverting to peep into each domestic groupe, and to witness the *perturbation* of which the poor Marquess's reputed intentions were the innocent cause.

" Sophia," said a venerable matron to her daughter, " did Charlotte O'Callaghan say that Lord Ardracchan was fond of riding ?"

" Yes, Mamma ; she said that, notwithstanding his age, he still rides out every day that the weather permits."

" Well, my love, we must get Charles's grey mare at

once; she is a nice lady's mare; extremely safe and gentle. Mrs. Delacour can easily manage, no doubt, to manœuvre constant riding parties with his lordship—I will write to Charles to send the mare to-night; and do you, dearest, get a few lessons immediately from Bourquenôt—the graceful carriage is a most important thing, and I don't think you sit a horse so well as you might, with a little more instruction."

"Pray, Amelia," said another considerate mother, "Which did Miss O'Callaghan say that Lord Ardracchan preferred, vocal or instrumental music?"

"I do not know, Mamma; indeed, I did not ask."

"My love, you were unpardonably negligent and stupid. But unquestionably *you* excel in vocal; go—go practise this instant for three hours—you sing 'Giorno felice,'—'Crudo Amor,' and 'Felice pastorelli,' most superbly; but I think you are not sufficiently expressive in the grand cadenza; you know how very much depends upon effect. Go—go practice expression for three hours—Baron Rudolf said that such a voice as your's, if properly managed, should thrill through all one's nerves—there's a good girl—go and practise."

"It is extremely provoking," said Miss Arabella Mortimer, an inveterate blue, to her sister blue, Miss Aleurida M'Donnell, "that one doesn't know the precise style of literature to which Ardracchan has chiefly devoted himself; one could study for the evening's exhibition, and shine so brilliantly."

"I think," replied Aleurida, "that, as far as *I* am concerned, the information were of very little consequence. *I* shine alike on *every* subject, and do not require a single moment's notice."

Had all the preparatory efforts, unconsciously called forth by Lord Ardracchan, been concentrated into one scene, what a charming Babel of confusion would have been exhibited! Harps twanging, guitars tinkling, voices screaming,—blues reciting, danseuses gaily bounding, floating, springing, pirouetting on their "many twinkling toes;" and the fair equestrian bringing up the rear with a dignified canter on her brother Charles's grey mare. Poor, poor, Lord Ardracchan! of what infraction of his majesty's peace was he not guilty!

In about a week the *réunion* took place, to which Mrs. Delacour had asked the Kavanagh's, and Isabella was perhaps almost the only girl present who did not harbor malice prepense against the Marquess's heart. Mrs. Delacour had, with the most consummate impartiality, led every aspirant for the honor of sharing his lordship's coronet, to imagine that *she* had been the sole, and particular, and exclusive object of her matronly solicitude.

At eight o'clock Lord Adbraccan entered the saloon, leaning on the arm of a military looking man. He paid his compliments to Mrs. Delacour, and quickly took a seat with the air of a person delighted to be relieved from the fatigue of walking. His hair was perfectly white, and fell straight on each side of his forehead; it was tied behind in a queue; to which antiquated mode he pertinaciously adhered. Many introductions took place; and several of the fair expectants began to fear, as they looked at his dim and failing eyes, that the elaborate pains they had taken to arrest his admiration would be wholly thrown away.

The earliest and boldest effort to attract his lordship, was made by Miss Arabella Mortimer. She talked much, and dictatorially, on various literary subjects, constantly appealing to Lord Ardraccan's opinion in confirmation of her own, while he answered in monosyllables, but with infinite suavity, and nearly at random; for he did not very distinctly hear, nor, if he had heard, would he probably have clearly understood, the capricious and *original* views which Miss Mortimer delighted to put forward.

His defect of hearing, although soon perceived, nothing daunted this lady. She cared little whether his replies were affirmative, or negative; she wanted to engross his conversation *quelqu'il soit*, and she proceeded with indomitable perseverance in the execution of her purpose.

"Do you like German literature, my Lord?"

"Yes, excessively."—Lord Ardraccan did not understand one word of German; he had only heard the word *literature*, in Arabella's query.

"Is not Schiller the monarch of dramatic writers?"

Lord Ardraccan smiled, bowed slightly, and looked rather affirmatively.

"Oh, I knew you would think so. He enchants me. There is a depth,—a greatness,—an unparalleled majesty of thought about him, which all conspire to place him on an undisputed and unapproachable pedestal of dramatic excellence. He is the chief—the paragon—the *facillimè princeps*. O, I could rave for hours about him! But there is another German author, with whose works you are doubtless familiar—my own enchanting Winderspohl—don't you doat on Winderspohl?"

"I don't perfectly hear," said Lord Ardraccan, politely inclining his head towards Arabella, in an attitude of the most profound attention.

"Winderspohl—Winderspohl," repeated the literary lady, raising her voice, "is he not charming?"

Lord Ardraccan bowed again, smiled, and gently waved his hand.

"Oh, I was certain you would think so. Last year I made a literary tour through Germany with Conrade Adolphus Hehrenhütter—a delightful fellow-tourist—knows everybody, every thing—improvises half the day enchantingly—I wonder Conrade does not write—I told him a thousand times he ought to write—his mind is *instinct* and alive with genius! But Winderspohl—we went to see him in his cottage; and O! my Lord, he more than realised the utmost notions I had ever formed of the *beau idéal* of a person of poetical talent. You are unquestionably well acquainted with the peculiar style of Winderspohl's genius? Yes.—Well, you never saw genius more prominently charactered and stamped upon the face and form of its possessor—his whole appearance is a living, speaking, thrilling, startling index, not only of his talent, but of the peculiar *character* of talent for which this distinguished man is so remarkable. He has not, it is undeniably true, the majesty of Goëthe and Schiller; but I boldly maintain that he excels them both in the wild, the unparalleled, the wondrous, the unprecedented. Goëthe and Schiller are masterly painters of *possible* scenes; but Winderspohl's imagination is

transcendent in the *wonderful impossible*. Don't you think so?"

Lord Ardraccon's could only bow, and smile again.

"Now, I say," resumed the merciless blue, "that I never was so charmed, so startled, as at Winderspohl's appearance. 'I shall bring you,' said Conrade Hehrenhütter, 'to see the lion in his den.' As we entered, the poet was in one of his very finest ecstasies, pacing through the room like a demoniac, and dictating to his amanuensis. What a man! what a marvelous impersonation of the wild horrible! His haggard limbs were like the branches of a blasted elm—his brow, a dreary hill of snow—his nose, the twisted bough of some huge oak—his mouth, the entrance to some dismal cave—he improvised,—he stamped on the floor, and was dressed in bear-skins. Surely such a picture never yet was sketched upon the canvass of mortality. Had ten thousand poets been present, I could, at the first glance, have singled out among them all, the author of the "Doomed damned," and "the Wizzard's Ship." There was no mistaking Winderspohl."

Lord Ardraccon began to look like a man who was talked to death; and some charitable person, to effect a diversion, directed his notice to a remarkably beautiful chess-table. He happened to say that he played chess.

"Chess!" cried Arabella, "my favorite game!" and, without a moment's delay, or hesitation, she drew over the chess-table, placed it between herself and Lord Ardraccon, and proceeded to arrange the chess-men.

The singers and figurantes internally murmured with great bitterness at Arabella's daring and hitherto successful monopoly of the Marquess.

"Do you play chess?" said Mrs. Delacour to Isabella."

"No; but I should greatly like to learn."

"You may learn, as I have done, by looking on." And she placed Isabella on a chair in the immediate vicinity of the players.

The little ivory armies were red and brown; and Lord Ardraccon's visual imperfection repeatedly led him to mistake his forces for those of his antagonist;

and he played with innocent unscrupulosity, with Arabella's soldiers; of which blunders his fair foe did not feel the slightest wish to apprize him. It may be readily supposed that his Lordship could not take any very deep interest in the progress of a game of which he could not see the men, but Miss Mortimer cared not; as long as the game lasted, so long was her object accomplished of keeping Lord Ardraccan to herself.

The light from the lamp beamed full on Isabella where she sat, and Lord Ardraccan, occasionally looking from his game, conceived that he imperfectly descried in our heroine's appearance, something better worth his notice than aught the soiree had hitherto afforded. He looked again, and assisted his inspection with his glass, addressing at the same time some observations to Isabella, with a high-bred courtesy, which deprived his fixed gaze of all the appearance of a *stare*. At length, by some unaccountable accident, his Lordship was checkmated. Arabella did not mean to mention this, but would have still played on, intent upon her favorite purpose. The fate of the game, however, was immediately announced by another observer, who took care that her accents should reach his Lordship's sense of hearing, be it ever so obtuse.

"Checkmated? am I?" said Lord Ardraccan, gladly retreating from the chess-table, and bestowing or appearing to bestow, a careful glance upon the board. "Yes, really: and a very just punishment for my presumption in attempting to enter the lists with my very accomplished antagonist."

Lord Ardraccan now turned to Isabella, whose simple, dignified, and unobtrusive manner pleased him, and was not the less obvious to his practised observation, that many of her remarks were lost on him because of his deafness.

Music was introduced, and the anxieties that had previously disturbed the fair vocalists, were much subdued, from Lord Ardraccan's manifest incapacity to hear, admire, or criticise.

But there was *one* strain sung by Isabella, sweet, soothing, and melodious, of which a few notes *were* heard by

him ; it was an old, and now almost forgotten song, composed by Shield for Mrs. Billington :—

“Zephyr, come ! thou gentle minion.”

And faithful memory filling up the blanks which were left by the imperfect sense of hearing, enabled Lord Ardbraccan to beat time with his hand to the music, as correctly as if he heard every note of it.

“He is not so deaf as he pretends to be,” remarked some of the company ; “and *do* observe—it is really absurd ! how that girl appears to have fascinated him ! he can converse with *her*, although he is too deaf to hear anybody else ! He is able to enjoy *her* singing, although he cannot distinguish a note sung by any one else ! He can see *her*, although he is quite too blind to see a single being else ! Is this magic, or what is it ?”

Meanwhile, the poor old Marquess, unconscious of these busy commentaries, was mentally pursuing the train of thought, to which the half-heard notes of the old song recalled his memory. He had heard it sung in Crow Street during Daly’s gay though improvident management : he had heard it sung in the year eighty-eight, by the all-enchanting Billington herself, at a period when he was entering on a long and brilliant course,—

“When life and love alike were young.”

It had then been a favorite with *her* who was dearest to his heart—whom he subsequently married, and with whom he had enjoyed a long term of connubial happiness, clouded only by the want of offspring ; a never-failing source of regret to the noble and the wealthy.

Poor old man ! the fellow-being were heartless, who could refuse his sympathy to the rich, deep, melancholy feelings—to the long-buried memories of other years, that were now aroused to life by the faintly-heard strains of Isabella’s song. He strained his ear ; he exerted all his powers of attention ; and the interest he began to take in Isabella, was at least not diminished, by his fancying that her style and tone resembled those of the first and fondest object of his love.

Miss Mortimer, who was forced to feel herself *de trop*

in the little circle that had gathered round the Marquess, thought that as her efforts to fascinate had failed, her next best plan was to commence a brisk German conversation with Prince Gruffenhausen, who now made his appearance.

Proudly, proudly, did she enjoy the astonishment excited by the vast volubility with which she uttered the Teutonic gutturals; a volubility that extorted something like a note of admiration from the inflexible Fatalist himself. She was also quite at home on his favorite subject of "*Das Schicksal*," having stored her memory with many of the lucubrations of Kofer, and Dunderstein, and Shirtsinger; and she acquitted herself so much to the satisfaction of the Serene Man, and evinced such a happy conformity of sentiment, that when dancing commenced,

"Pofe!" said he, "der dancing is a foolishness, but womens likes it—I don't gare, by mein honest wort, if I dance vid you for dis once—pofe!"

So he led forth Arabella, who would certainly have withheld her consent, had she but foreseen the ordeal that awaited her. His highness was equipped, as usual, *à la militaire*; and having a thorough contempt and indifference for the poetry of motion, he whisked his unlucky partner, whom he firmly held in the grasp of a giant, into every fantastic involution that he happened to make; while his sword, spurs, and trappings, came in rude and perpetual contact with her heels and person, as he swung and whirled her about. Not the least amusing part of this display, was the stolid unconsciousness of doing anything *outré* or remarkable, that appeared in the stern, unmoved expression of his highness's eye, and of his hairy face.

"Oh! how fatigued I am!" exclaimed Miss Mortimer, sinking down upon a sofa, when her tiresome dance had ended.

"If der dance tires you," asked Gruffenhausen, "why did you dance?"

"I did not think I should be so much tired."

"Meine goot friend, dis fatigue vas allotted for you in der book of Schicksal, long before you saw de light."

"I am perfectly convinced of it, your highness."

"Well, and does not dat regoncile you to your destiny?"

"I must try to make it do so."

"I tell you vat I do tink," said Gruffenhausen, lowering his voice—"I do tink milord Ardrbraccan is allotted to fall down, down, down, deep in love vid Miss Isabella Kavanagh—Baf! it is all one great foolishness—pose!"

"I hope," said Miss Mortimer, "his Lordship's *Schicksal** may prove a more fortunate one than you seem to apprehend."

"Pose! you do say dat out of spite. You would be jealous if dat pretty young frauenzimmer became a marchioness. You *hope* milord may have a better schicksal? Ach! what a very great deal you do care about milord Ardrbraccan or his schicksal—pose!"

Miss Mortimer was, for once, completely silenced. The rough, downright bluntness of Prince Gruffenhausen went straight to the despicable jealousy that prompted her remark, and did not leave her the shadow of a pretext for any evasive explanation. She therefore wisely held her tongue.

"Ach! ach!" exclaimed his highness, triumphing in his discernment, "did not I find you out, meine friend? Mein wort! I do know womens! I do know dem well—mein heiligkeit! You all do hate each oder—pose!"

"Your highness may be caught yet, notwithstanding the unfavorable opinion of our sex, that you express with so little reserve."

"Mein wort, I have been caught already; and *dat*, may be, is one of de reason why I do know your sex so well."

"But, allow me to ask, does your highness think Lord Ardrbraccan would act wisely in marrying Miss Kavanagh?"

"Meine excellent lady, I do not know dat I tink any man acts wise in marrying any womens at all. But why do you ask me dat?"

"Because—because—in fact every body knows Lord Ardrbraccan means to marry again."

* Destiny.

"I do not tink Miss Isabella Kavanagh would efer marry dat old Marquess. She haf not got no mind to marry for dis long while now, after de very ugly way dat Mister Mordaunt treat her."

"Ah! pray tell me," said Arabella. Prince Gruffenhansen, in reply, detailed the whole story of Mordaunt's desertion, to which Arabella listened with eager, inquisitive, attention; and thus was rendered in a very great measure abortive the purpose that had influenced the Kavanaghs to come to the metropolis.

Miss Mortimer protested that she felt immensely shocked! her pity for Isabella was unbounded! she could not rest until she had secured the sympathy of Mrs. Delacour in her indignant feelings. Mrs. Delacour was enraged at the perfidious Mordaunt, and, if possible, still more enraged at Mrs. Kavanagh for not having told her the story of his perfidy. This accumulated fund of sympathetic indignation was forthwith conveyed to Lady Maria O'Reilly, who, to do her ladyship full justice, felt and spoke on the occasion with far more sincerity and friendship than either the literary Arabella or the gossiping Mrs. Delacour. *She* felt really and *unaffectedly* sorry that her young friend should have sustained annoyance, and angry with the man who had inflicted it. And she expressed peculiar indignation at the tattling so-called friends, who under the hollow mask of sympathy, were capable of increasing Isabella's pain by making the event a subject of idle conversation.

"Oh! my dear Lady Maria," exclaimed Mrs. Delacour, "how can you suppose that *I* would speak on such a subject to any one except the most particular friends?"

"Pray," said Lady Maria, "to how many most particular friends do you mean to mention the circumstance?"

"I am really almost *angry*," said Arabella, throwing her person into one of Winderspohl's best attitudes, "that your ladyship should for an instant deem a hint, as to silence, requisite, where *I* am concerned."

Lady Maria said nothing: she knew how to interpret the prudence of Mrs. Delacour, and the silence of Miss Mortimer. Indeed, the latter lady soon afforded a con-

clusive commentary on her promise to be silent, by remarking that there was something inexpressibly romantic and interesting in the whole affair, and that it would make a most inimitable subject for a poem by Conrade Adolphus Hehrenhütter. "He shall certainly write upon it," said she, "I am resolved on *that*; we continually correspond, and I cannot be persuaded but that poor Miss Kavanagh's wounded heart would experience the balm of consolation in the consciousness that her sorrows found sympathy among the woody shores of the bold Rhine—that her tale of woe and injury was borne in Teutonic echoes o'er its mighty waters, where it curves towards Mentz! (an enchanting scene, by the way)."

"Is it thus you are resolved to be silent?" said Lady Maria.

"Silent? I never promised not to tell Conrade Hehrenhütter? and pray how will the Dublin world be the wiser for the strains of my dear distant German poet? He may sing the woes of Miss Kavanagh to all eternity, before his strains increase the publicity of her adventures *here*."

Lady Maria was incensed beyond measure; but she saw that the case was quite hopeless.

"Fot is all dis?" said Prince Gruffenhausen, walking up to the groupe.

"Oh, nothing, but that Lady Maria and Mrs. Delacour unite in our feelings respecting that sad affair of Mr. Mordaunt, that you told me a while ago."

"Do dese lady unites in *your* feeling? Ach! den if dey do, I suppose dey are fery glad—pose!"

Lady Maria could not avoid laughing at the blunt mode in which the Fatalist hit off the truth; but she did not attempt to exculpate herself.

Meanwhile, Lord Ardracchan was trying to pay all the attention he could to Isabella; and in spite of his deafness and blindness he succeeded tolerably well: if he could not hear nor see, he at least could talk; and he told various anecdotes of the olden time, which he contrived to render interesting enough. He requested, and obtained permission, to wait on Mrs. Kavanagh; a circumstance which excited the more comment among

many rival belles, since Miss Kavanagh *evidently* had not made a single effort to attract his observation. Some accounted for it on Prince Gruffenhausen's principle of fatalism; others, with more probability, remarked that his lordship possibly desired to renew an old friendship with the Kavanaghs, that had long been suspended. "For are you not aware," said a lady, "that the families were formerly the closest political friends? When the present Mr. Kavanagh was a young man, he was put into the Irish Parliament for the borough of Ardracan, by the Marquess's father."

This solution was accepted as quite satisfactory, by some; although others, who deemed their own attractions infinitely greater than our heroine's, maliciously remarked that it could not be wondered at that Miss Kavanagh engrossed so large a portion of Lord Ardracan's conversation, as the poor man was nearly deaf, and nearly blind, and was therefore quite unable to discriminate.

The party broke up at a late hour.



CHAPTER XIX.

Give him a little of the law, says I—What, man, d'ye hesitate? I'll find you an attorney who will make the scoundrel smart for his rascality. Eh? doubtful still? pri'thee wherefore? the case is a clear case, a strong case, a good case, as was ever handed up to twelve jolter-pated blockheads on their oaths. At him, man—at him.

STEPHEN RACKETT'S ADVENTURES.

NOTHING could exceed the chagrin of the Kavanaghs, on finding that Isabella's matrimonial disappointment was betrayed to their amiable friends by Prince Gruffenhausen.

"It is very distressing," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Very distressing indeed," said Lady Maria O'Reilly, to whom the remark was addressed; "and now that it has acquired all the notoriety that we could have wished to prevent—now that every one knows it that one would

at all desire *not* to know it, I declare I *do* think that Isabella ought to seek amends, as any additional notoriety of legal proceedings is *now* a matter of no consequence."

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh, rather amazed.

"Sue Mr. Mordaunt for breach of promise of marriage," said Lady Maria, "and recover heavy damages. We should teach these fickle gentlemen to know their own minds better, and to take more care how they violate solemn engagements so lightly."

"I doubt if Isabella would consent," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Oh, I will engage to obtain her consent. I think I know her disposition. She would for ever have borne her sorrows in silence, rather than the rude breeze of popular remark should have breathed upon their sacred privacy. But now that this privacy is outraged, the case is quite altered; and I am sure she will agree with me in thinking, that, as motives of selfish pecuniary interest induced Mr. Mordaunt first to offer his hand and then to withdraw it, strict justice demands that he ought to be punished through the medium of his selfish feelings. Isabella, I suppose, has ample proofs?"

"O, proofs without end. But even if she should consent, you must know, my dear Lady Maria, that I am not in funds for a law-suit; the law is an expensive affair, and the issue of the suit is problematical."

"Let not that consideration make you uneasy. I pledge myself, my old and valued friend, to supply you with all necessary funds for this purpose, unless Mr. Kavanagh thinks proper to advance them himself. Nay, make no objections—you positively must not—you shall pay me from the damages, which may quiet your conscience upon this point."

Lady Maria gained her purpose, so far as Mrs. Kavanagh's consent was in question; subject, however, to Mr. Kavanagh's approval. This was the cause of some delay, as she was not aware of her brother-in-law's Parisian address: a letter from him soon arrived, which removed this difficulty; and in the course of a few weeks

more his consent was obtained, with a draft on his banker for whatever sum might be requisite to cover the initiatory legal expenses. Isabella objected at first to the scheme, but her opposition was soon overruled by her mother's authority and Lady Maria's persuasion.

Lord Ardracchan had become a most assiduous visitor; the proximity of his residence to Mrs. Kavanagh's, enabled him to brave every variation of weather; and the prudent mother, whose vanity was marvellously tickled with the prospect of a coronet, gave orders to her servants that his Lordship should be always admitted. Day after day, and always at the same hour, did the old man make his appearance; and as regularly did he lead Isabella to the pianoforte to play and sing for him, "Zephyr, come, thou gentle minion;" together with many other airs of antiquated date, which now are only to be found in the faded collections of our mothers and grandmothers. Then he would apply some hearing apparatus to his ear, and continue smiling, gazing, and sighing in the presence of the songstress until the usual hour for his departure arrived, when, regular as clockwork, he would make his adieu.

At length the expected declaration came; he begged to be permitted to offer his hand; he declared that the happiness or misery of his future existence depended on the answer Isabella should make so his addresses.

"*Don't* refuse him, Isabella," said Mrs. Kavanagh, quite loud enough for any one except the Marquess to have heard; "don't, my love—your mother intreats you."—But Isabella, in all other matters dutiful, was determined to decide for herself upon this.

"My Lord, no one can possibly be more sensible of the honor you do me, but I regret to be obliged to say that it is quite impossible."

It was a considerable addition to our heroine's annoyance, that her noble suitor, in his agitation, had dropped his otaphone, and was quite too much perplexed and embarrassed to resume it; so that whatever slight advantage his hearing might derive from its use, was quite lost on the present occasion.

"*I don't perfectly hear,*" said he, bending forward

with ineffable suavity ; “ will you, Miss Kavanagh, have the goodness to repeat—but oh ! do *not* repeat; I should rather say, if your answer be unfavorable to my hopes.” And he still bent forward, with his right ear turned upwards, and his hand placed behind it, as if to collect the sounds.

“ My Lord,” repeated Isabella, “ I am infinitely pained, I assure you—I was expressing my high sense of the honor you had destined for me, and which I felt reluctantly compelled to decline.” And she raised her voice as she pronounced the word “ decline.” But it would not do. Lord Ardracchan, reading her countenance, fancied he beheld consent, and utterly deaf to her accents, believed that his wishes were accomplished.

“ Thank you ! thank you ! dearest Isabella !” he exclaimed ; “ this is the most delightful moment of my existence ! But my future life, my dearest Miss Kavanagh, will, I trust, testify my gratitude.”

Isabella was excessively distressed ; her countenance expressed the pain she felt. “ For pity’s sake,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “ don’t undeceive the poor old man—you see how enchanted he is—you would kill him, you would really kill him ! how could he bear such a serious disappointment at his years, and with his infirmities ? Isabella ! if ever you expect mercy yourself, pray show it now to Lord Ardracchan ! don’t, I entreat you, blast his hopes, his certainty ! don’t ! it is your mother who implores.”

Isabella, seeing all other means useless, stooped to pick up the otaphone which had fallen on the floor. Her mother made another effort. “ Child, what are you about ? recollect that this man’s age and infirmities are such that you cannot in the course of nature be troubled with him long—two years, or three at the utmost, and then—a marchioness, a splendid jointure.”

“ Mother,” replied Isabella gravely, “ it ill becomes me to reproach a parent ; but if ever I marry, which does not at present appear very probable, trust me I shall not do so on the speculation of my husband’s speedy death.”

Thus saying, she presented the Marquess with the otaphone ; he took it (looking rather sheepish as he did

so;) and then in language that at length *did* reach him, she conveyed her positive rejection of his suit, at the same time, tempering her words with such sweetness as to give as little pain as possible to Lord Ardraccan.

"It is certainly a dreadful task," she soliloquized, when his Lordship comprehended her purpose; "it is certainly a dreadful task to have to roar and shout into a man's ear that you do not wish to marry him."

"May God bless you, Miss Kavanagh," said the poor rejected suitor very mildly; "although you have refused my hand, I shall never cease to esteem and admire you. You will not, I am sure, have any objection to allow me to visit you every day as usual, and to sing for me, 'Zephyr, come, thou gentle minion,' and the other sweet songs that recall the happy days of my youth?"

"Certainly not, my Lord," replied Isabella, perceiving the otaphone properly fixed; "provided that we do not renew the subject of to-day."

"Agreed, agreed,"—responded Lord Ardraccan; "and now that my ordinary hour has arrived, I must bid you farewell for the present. You have inflicted pain, Miss Kavanagh, but as little as you could have possibly given under the circumstances."

He took his departure with the air of placid courtesy for which he was distinguished. "You see, mother," said Isabella, "that I did *not* kill him."

"Child, you don't know what may happen. He did not, it is true, fall down lifeless on the floor, but your heartless refusal may probably shorten his days."

"You only allowed him two or three years to live, a while ago," rejoined Isabella; "so that if he does not die before that period, you cannot attribute his demise to *me*."

Mrs. Kavanagh was too fond of Isabella not to be easily pacified; so after a little more reproof, she kissed her daughter and made friends.

A servant now entered with a very official looking letter, which he said had been left at the door by a man who resembled an attorney's clerk. "Isabella," exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh, in astonishment, "this letter is for *you*."

Miss Kavanagh opened it. Its contents were as follows :

“ Madam,

“ I could ardently wish that the unpleasant duty I now have to perform, had devolved on some one else ; but the attachment I have always felt for my excellent friend, Mr. Jonathan Lucas, compels me, although with feelings of the greatest reluctance and regret, to act as his attorney in the present disagreeable business.

“ It has invariably been a source of very particular pain to me, when, in the course of my professional duties, I have sometimes been compelled to proceed against ladies : judge, therefore, how deeply my delicacy must be wounded on the present occasion, when, in performance of my duty to my much esteemed friend, Mr. Jonathan Lucas, I am necessitated to proceed at his suit in an action against a lady for whom I entertain so high and unaffected a respect as for yourself.

“ I have his instructions to proceed against you to recover damages for the breach of a promise of marriage which he avers to have been made by you to him.

“ Permit me to hope that the matter may be amicably arranged, so as to supersede the necessity of litigation. It would give me inexpressible satisfaction to be made the channel of any such desirable arrangement. Expecting a reply at your earliest convenience,

“ I have the honor to be,

“ With profound respect,

“ Madam,

“ Your most obedient, humble Servant,

“ PETER M'GAVIN,

“ Attorney for plaintiff, 217,

“ Capel Street, Dublin.

“ To Miss Isabella Kavanagh,

“ Stephen's Green.”

“ Madness !” exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh ; “ some stupid hoax.”

But Isabella did not look as if she thought it any hoax.

"Why, child—what is the matter? did Jonathan ever propose for you? he could not have had the presumption."

"He did."

"He did? did he? Then why, why, in the name of astonishment, did you never mention this to me, or to your uncle?"

"Because I really thought my uncle would have been so angry, that he might have been betrayed into expressions offensive to old Lucas."

"A very insufficient reason for your silence, Isabella. But—but surely you never gave this insolent fellow the smallest encouragement?"

"I?—Not the least; I was always as explicit as possible in rejecting his addresses. I cannot imagine what shadow of a pretext he can have for this action."

When Lady Maria O'Reilly was informed of this new source of uneasiness to our heroine, she could not avoid smiling at the strange dilemma in which she was placed, although she felt sincerely for her pain.

"Never was our heroine entangled," said she, "in a more complicated web of perplexities; here you are at the same time defendant in *one* action for breach of promise of marriage, and plaintiff in another; and all the while almost vainly trying to convince an old deaf marquis that you do not want to marry him. Poor Isabella."



CHAPTER XX.

He woo'd, he vow'd, he raved, he swore—
He cried, 'How can you look so killing?'

OLD BALLAD.

WE will leave Isabella, for awhile, to extricate herself as she best can, from the knot of difficulties that seemed so perplexing; and transport our readers to Martagon, where the fair Lucinda, before Henry O'Sullivan's de-

parture, had exchanged with him vows of the deepest tenderness and most inviolable constancy.

Fitzroy Mordaunt, it will no doubt be recollected, was staying at Martagon at the period of O'Sullivan's departure. Fitzroy had just the sort of talent that enables a man to shine at a tea-table. He affected, too, to soar above his own peculiar class of intellect, and to look down with supreme contempt on the writers of poetry in albums, the fetchers and carriers of charades and all such quiddits, the perpetrators of sentimental sonnets, and expounders of enigmas. Yet these were precisely the things that Fitzroy could do well; and anything else he was quite unable to accomplish, unless perhaps to play on the Spanish guitar, which he accompanied, not unpleasantly, with a voice that much practice had rendered very tolerable.

Although we deeply regret that the behests of stern truth compel us, as veracious chroniclers, to record events that may lower the beautiful Lucinda in the reader's estimation; yet we must proclaim the melancholy fact, that the wind that wafted O'Sullivan on southern seas, was not more changeful than the fickle fair. In plain language, she began to discover that one present lover was worth a dozen absent ones. Fitzroy began to fill, by degrees, the blank that O'Sullivan's departure had at first occasioned in her heart; his début at Martagon had been made in the interesting character of a martyr of humanity; his arm was supported in a sling, from a hurt that he said he received in the effort to rescue an old woman who was falling down the side of a precipice. How ineffably attractive he looked, his wounded arm resting in a silken scarf, which the sympathetic Lucinda occasionally offered to arrange; and the *vis viva* of authorship, withal, so powerful, that despite his mutilation he continued to write, with his left hand, his "Sketches of Society in Ireland."

"Does my presence interrupt you?" asked Lucinda, one day that Fitzroy was pursuing with some apparent difficulty his ordinary left-handed labors.

"Interrupt me? No, Miss Nugent; it inspires me.

Do you think," added he, sighing, "that it is not of the greatest advantage to my work, to be able to gaze, in the pauses of my occupation, on an object so admirably calculated to fill my mind with images of loveliness and elegance?"

This, no doubt, was common-place enough; but Lucinda treasured the compliment. And from hearing that her presence was a source of inspiration to the author, it occurred to her that possibly she might be able to give him more active assistance in the capacity of occasional amanuensis. Maria Edgeworth (who, be it noticed in passing, is one of Ireland's most brilliant ornaments) somewhere says that *juxtaposition* makes more matches than Cupid himself. A community of thought, and occupation, was here established between Lucinda and her erudite admirer, which he lost no opportunity of turning to the most solid account. And with that sickly, maudlin sentimentality, that can whine and sigh over the very hopes it blasts, the very hearts it tortures—Lucinda often mentally indulged in sympathetic lamentations for the pain O'Sullivan would feel, whenever he should learn the progress Fitzroy was making in her wayward affections; whenever, in fact, he should learn their marriage, which she did not doubt would speedily take place.

"Poor Henry! poor, poor fellow! how little does he think, as he skims the broad surface of the vast Atlantic, or spoons along the mighty southern ocean, what changes may occur in those events in which his peace of soul is fondly treasured up! Noble, gallant, generous, faithful fellow! Lucinda cannot refuse thee a sigh, a tear of sorrowing sympathy. Yet a destiny controls her actions; she can only deplore, while she cannot counteract, the fatal fascination that is rapidly hurrying her into the embraces of another. Poor, poor Henry! may the blow be accompanied with *some* consolatory circumstances, that may mitigate, in part, at least, its sad severity."

And Lucinda, all grace and loveliness, would immediately follow up her sentimental soliloquy, by asking Fitzroy if she could assist him in his compositions?

"O, yes. I was sadly in want of you. Now will you promise me, you charming, wayward creature, to be a faithful amanuensis?"

"Certainly—have you not always found me so?"

"But promise me, *upon your honor*."

"Strange man!—Well, I promise you, *upon my honor*."

Down sate Lucinda to her manuscript, and the accomplished author immediately resumed his dictation.

"Head your next chapter with the word 'MARTAGON.' draw three lines under the word, to indicate large capitals. Very well. Now, let me see——"

"I arrived at this enchanting place at six o'clock on a chilly winter's evening, and found that my gallant friend Colonel Nugent had assembled a select coterie round his hospitable fireside. The change from the cold and dusky scene without, to the comforts of my friend's well appointed domicile,—a change which the —the—the ——"

"Have you written thus far?"

"In one instant," replied Lucinda, whose pen ran like wildfire.

"Which the sharp sea-blast rendered peculiarly desirable, resembled the transition from the region of torment to the fields of Elysium; and assumed a stronger interest from the circumstance, that one of the very first persons by whom I was greeted was Miss Lucinda Nugent, my gallant friend's sister, a lady whose unparalleled personal attractions unite the dignity of Minerva with the witching loveliness of Venus; and which (transcendent as they are confessed to be, by all who enjoy the honor of her acquaintance) are yet surpassed by the charms of a mind which pours forth its exhaustless stores of acquired information and natural perspicacity, in a stream of conversation which the wit cannot hear without delight, nor the sage without improvement."

"Positively I will not write *that*," exclaimed Lucinda, throwing away her pen.

"Positively you *must* write that, every word of that. Do you forget that you promised *on your honor* to

write all I chose to dictate? and do you imagine that I will consent to have my narrative despoiled of its most attractive and interesting features? Upon my soul, what I have dictated is no more than the truth—it is less than the truth, far less! the full extent of your perfections is all unutterable! I feel it *here*,” (putting his hand on his left side)—“Upon my soul you *shan’t* spoil my book by wilfully, mischievously omitting the very best part of it all—it would be useless, too, for I should only be obliged to write it with my left hand, which you know is a very painful exertion—Come, charming Miss Nugent, don’t be cruel, don’t be refractory—condescend to write the truth, *although* it is in praise of yourself;—remember your *promise*.”

Lucinda, of course, allowed the persuasions of Fitzroy to overcome her modesty, and she transcribed the flowing panegyric on her charms that he dictated, internally deeming him a man of incomparable judgment and discriminating taste. More, much more, the author added, working up occasional encomiums on Lucinda, and Colonel Nugent, and himself, and every one, in short, except O’Sullivan, in a sort of melodramatic sketch which he gave of the first evening passed at Martagon. The chapter ended with a description of the beautiful gold and purple butterflies, and crimson cherries, painted by Miss Nugent on a fire-screen.

“Those little touches,” he observed, “show the master. An injudicious author, now, would have been afraid to speak of your beautiful butterflies and cherries, lest critics might accuse him of trifling. But if butterflies and cherries may be painted,—why, I demand, should they not be written about? Again, I contend that, to record the beauty of your screen, shows a vast and varied scope of observation; it shows that the author’s eye ranged from great to comparatively small, and left no object of interest unnoticed; it shows that *he* who could lecture on statistical, and enlighten on political topics, could also decide with the all-observant eye of taste and genius, on the merits of a fire-screen.”

“Undoubtedly,” replied Lucinda, struck with the philosophic depth of the remark.

"Now," pursued Fitzroy, "I must have a chapter on the following day's amusements. I must tell about the rookery, and the billiard table (*not* that Nugent's billiard table is a rookery in the conventional meaning of the phrase); but there is something frappant, and unprecedented, in an author's remarking the strange chaos of sounds produced by the exclamations of the players, the rattling of the balls, and the cawing of the rooks that soar around the ancient mansion. There is nothing new under the sun; the ingredients of this *charivari* are severally old enough; the author's originality consists in the happy and novel idea of bringing them together. Then, Nugent's noble kennel of fox-hounds will afford me half a dozen pages of excellent description."

It was arranged that Fitzroy Mordaunt's book was to be *illustrated*, as the phrase goes, with original drawings by Lucinda, who really was an admirable mistress of the pencil. She accordingly furnished him with sketches of Martagon House, of pretty peasant girls, of athletic youths, of wakes, and patterns; in short, of all that Fitzroy pronounced requisite to increase the interest or enhance the value of his book.

Fitzroy's talents were put in requisition, as a matter of course, to enrich Lucinda's album.

"Now *do* give me something original—something of your own," said Lucinda.

"I shall give you an impromptu request for another supply of raspberry-jam for my sore throat," replied the poet, coughing; and forthwith he inscribed in the receptacle for classic contributions, the following stanza:—

"Your offer of jam,
Was *doux à mon âme*,
The last day that we were together;
I wish for some more,
For my throat's very sore,
This dire Bœotian weather."

"Incomparable!" cried Lucinda, delighted with her friend's Bœotian poetry; "how well you do these things!"

"Why, yes, I have always been considered to possess

a peculiar talent for rhythm ; ' I lisped in numbers, as the numbers came.' *Bæotian*, too—that shows reading—*Bæotia*—a district of Greece, remarkable for bad weather ; you observed the *point* ? ”

“ Poor O’Sullivan ! ” ruminated Lucinda ; “ he was certainly a very fine fellow—ancient family, pleasing manners, and all that,—but he had not the literary genius of Fitzroy ; he had nothing of the poet in his composition ; he could not extract a moral or a sentiment from butterflies, or any thing of that kind—poor Henry ! may his fortunes be happier than mine ! he had excellent qualities, no doubt.”

Lucinda did not like to acknowledge to herself, even in her inmost thoughts, that her mind was swayed by the *prestige* of Fitzroy’s high connexions, and of the position which he held in the fashionable world. This, indeed, amounted only to his being *tolerated* in one or two exclusive circles ; but Lucinda was an inexperienced girl, and rated her lover’s pretensions more highly.

At length his wounded arm recovered so far as to enable him to add music to his other attractions ; he played boleros and seguedillas on the Spanish guitar ; and Lucinda sketched his graceful form, as he “ waked the rich tones ” of the instrument.

Mrs. Mersey, who was spending a few days at Martagon (to which she had manœuvred to procure an invitation, *because* Baron Leschen had been asked there), complimented Fitzroy on his musical skill.

“ Ah,” said he, “ the uncouth bagpipes of your Irish peasants will form a miserable substitute for the Spanish guitar, in my chapter upon ‘ IRISH MUSIC ; ’ the Spanish guitar, which I had really expected to have found among them, and which, from their Milesian origin, has a very strong claim to be their national instrument.”

He then played a gay bolero in a peculiar style, sweeping the chords with his nails, and looking languishingly at Lucinda as he sang.

“ Beautiful ! ” said Mrs. Mersey.

“ Now, why do not your Irish peasants play and sing boleros ? It would make the country so gay,—it would make a tour through Ireland so delightful, to hear the

mellow strains of the guitar struck up now and then behind a furze-bush. Thus it is that the Spanish peasantry all serenade their sunny maidens; you can scarcely travel half a mile in Spain without hearing the gay notes of the bolero; the exquisite musical taste of the peasants enlivens the country very much."

Mrs. Mersey laughed. "The peasants!" she repeated.

"Yes," said Fitzroy, "the peasants; why do you laugh?"

"Because my mind immediately reverted to the Irish peasantry. Oh! it would be really too ludicrous! just fancy a stout, large-boned Munster bog-trotter—Jerry Howlaghan, for instance,—with a crazy *caubeen* upon his head, a *dudeen* in his mouth, his tattered habiliments confined with a cestus of hay round his waist,—fancy him reclining in a picturesque Murillo attitude on the side of a turf-clamp or a ditch, and guitaring away *à l'Espagnol* to Peggy O'Dogherty! why, Cruickshanks himself could not fancy a scene more bizarre!"

Fitzroy did not join in Mrs. Mersey's railery: he said, in a tone of dictatorial pomposity, that he could not conceive why the ears of Jerry Howlaghan might not, under proper tutelage, be trained into a due appreciation of harmonious sounds; nor why his fingers, as well as those of Peggy, or Margaret O'Dogherty, might not be tutored to the production of tones that would afford them a delightful amusement in the hours of relaxation. He would expressly advocate, he said, in his forthcoming work, the study of music for the Irish peasantry, as a powerful means of ameliorating their dispositions, harmonizing their minds, and softening the asperity, the ferocity, of their national character. As a poet, too, he could not contemplate without pleasure, an Arcadian scene so picturesque as that which a groupe of rustics would afford; every youth with his guitar, and every maiden gaily chanting to its tender strains, when the labors of the day were at an end.

"My most poetical and imaginative friend," said the widow, "when the labors of the day are over, our poor Jerrys and Peggys are in general too tired to take less

sons in guitaring. The Jerrys usually go to bed, in order to recruit their exhausted strength for the toils of the morrow; and the Peggys in general sit up an hour or two longer, for the purpose of mending the stockings, or the shirts, or peradventure of knitting or constructing new ones for the Jerrys. How they would stare, how they would laugh, if Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt, full fraught with the musical enthusiasm of Arcadian Spain, were suddenly to rush in among them, guitar in hand, exclaiming, 'Peggy, put aside Jerry's shirt and stockings! Jerry! get up out of bed! I am come from the vales of Andalusia or the mountains of Galicia, to teach you a bolero!'

And the lively widow took up the guitar, and possessing no mean powers of mimicry, threw off a fanciful bolero, so much in the attitude and style of Fitzroy,—cast up her eyes with such a faithful caricature of the affected expression of his,—waved her fingers, as he did, with such imitative grace when concluding,—that Baron Leichen's gravity was wholly overcome; he burst out laughing, at the same time exclaiming,

"Mein wort, Misdress Mersey, bote you did dat mighty well! Ach! bote you sing dat bolero-vid moche comedy!"

The flirtation between Lucinda and Fitzroy continued with unabated vigor; he made a thousand formal, and informal, declarations of his passion, and offers of his hand. But although the idea of rejecting him never for an instant seriously entered her mind, yet she invariably abstained from explicitly accepting his suit. Whether her conduct was guided solely by caprice, or whether it arose from a lurking, unacknowledged disinclination to place O'Sullivan finally and for ever beyond her reach, we cannot pronounce. But certain it is, that whatever were the motives by which she was actuated, Fitzroy was unable to obtain a verbal promise of her hand, notwithstanding the strong and unequivocal encouragement which her manner afforded him.

At length he received a letter from his commanding officer, informing him that his leave of absence had been renewed and protracted beyond all precedent, and that

now since his arm, by his own acknowledgment, no longer afforded a pretext for further indulgence, he should at once repair to quarters.

He paced the esplanade before the house, perusing this epistle.

"Is he not an engaging fellow?" said Lucinda.

"Engaging? how? Has he entered into any *engagements* with *you*?" retorted Mrs. Mersey quickly.

"You are wilfully stupid," said Lucinda; "my question referred to his appearance. Don't you think his large hussar cap extremely becoming?"

"I think the hussar cap on little pallid Fitz, is extremely like an extinguisher on the top of a farthing candle. How very slight he is! such morsels of men should never be allowed to enter the army. He is only fit to write nonsense in albums—about butterflies or cherries."

This palpable hit revealed to the astonished Lucinda that the acute widow was a party to more of her secrets than she could wish. She did not lack spirit to enter on a brisk defence of Fitzroy; but just as she was about to reply to the sarcasms of Mrs. Mersey, the erudite and military hero entered the room, and with looks of dismay announced the necessity for his immediate departure from Martagón. As soon as a fitting moment offered, he renewed his protestations of love to Lucinda, and pressed for a decisive answer.

But the maiden still coquetted. "We will talk more about it in Dublin," said she; "we meet there next month, do we not? It is not, perhaps, the most probable thing in the world that I shall be inexorable; for the present I cannot say more."

And with this vague answer, Fitzroy was compelled to depart. He made another effort to obtain a more definite reply, but in vain. He was scarcely consoled, when, on bidding farewell, he saw the tears start unbidden to her eyes as she beheld the affecting stowage of himself, his portfolio, and double-barrelled gun, in the chaise that conveyed him from Martagón.

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Mersey, "that that queer little incarnation of pedantry, conceit, and absurdity, has effaced from your mind the remembrance of the noble

O'Sullivan ? O, WOMAN ! well might the bard pronounce thee,

'Uncertain, coy, and hard to please !'

though, on second thoughts, if you can deem Fitzroy a prize, you must be somewhat easily pleased, I confess."



CHAPTER XXI.

And then the justice * * *
Of fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
* * * * *
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

SHAKESPEARE.

"REALLY this is too bad !" exclaimed Lady Jacintha, poutingly, as she entered the drawing-room at Knockanea one day, and found Mrs. Mersey and Leschen tête-à-tête.

"What is too bad ?" languidly demanded the widow, who imagined that her ladyship's pathetic exclamation referred to the aforesaid tête-à-tête.

"Guess !" answered Lady Jacintha,—"but no,—you could not guess. The grievance is, that we have all been invited to dine at Mr. Madden's, and my father imperiously insists upon our going."

"How cruel !" exclaimed Mrs. Mersey ; "he should at least exempt your ladyship."

"But he has not the smallest idea of exempting my ladyship, or any one, in fact ; for he says that Madden has been of the highest utility in this electioneering business, and that a refusal would certainly deprive us of his services. Go, it seems, we positively must—and the horror of sitting out a dinner and soirée at such a place ! Oh ! can you conceive it ?"

"I can perfectly conceive it," responded Mrs. Mersey, "and I think it no horror at all ; on the contrary, it is infinitely amusing. No doubt they give one most outlandish things to eat, but then we can lunch before we go there ; and really the attempt they make at enter-

taining one, and the sort of queer people one meets there, are worth making an effort to see. It is all broad farce—rather low, unquestionably, but still very laughable.”

“But do dey give bad ting to eat?” asked the Baron.

“I really cannot answer for their general cuisine,” responded Mrs. Mersey, “for I only dined there once; it was at some former electioneering period. I was excessively amused at the elegance of the young gentlemen, and the romance of Miss Selina——”

“But de dinner?” said Leschen.

“Oh, the dinner was unique in its way;—there was half a sheep, I believe, on one dish—the legs appeared protruding in every direction—and I think that a coroner’s inquest should have certainly sat upon the beef, in order to ascertain the mode in which the venerable grand-sire of the herd, to whose person it had once appertained, had met his death.”

“Ach, mine excellent lady—but it surely is not necessary to dine vid dese beoples?”

“Absolutely necessary, Baron; you see with what alacrity *I* consent to perform my share of the penance. In truth, I shall be very much amused—we may lunch, ay, or dine here first—and go to Madden’s to laugh!—the odd, vulgar persons Madden assembles about him are inimitable.”

“But could not all de beoples you call voters, give deir vote to milord Ballyfallin’s friends, widout our going to eat dis bad old beef at Mr. Madden’s? Upon mine true wort, I do not understand—not at all—how de bat beef concern de election.”

“My dear Baron, you are unacquainted with the mysteries of Irish elections, and must take all these things upon trust; you will probably receive a special invitation, and Lord Ballyvallin will feel particularly obliged by your going.”

As Mrs. Mersey predicted, Leschen *did* receive a card from Madden, to which he politely returned the following answer:

“Baron Leschen present his compliment at Mr. Mad-

"den, and wil haf de honor to wait upon your compagne at six o'clock on Thursday*."

"Poor Madden!" exclaimed the widow, "he and his voluminous wife are going to take an infinitude of trouble in order to enjoy the triumph of seeing it announced in a corner of the county papers, under the head of '*Haut Ton*,' that Samuel Madden, Esq. entertained at dinner a numerous party of fashionables, including the Earl and Countess of Ballyvallin, Lady Jacintha O'Callaghan, Baron Leschen, Mrs. Mersey, &c., &c., &c.—It will not be easy to decide whether the dinner or our hostess is the more overdressed. Baron! if you have any taste for farce, I promise you it will be amply gratified. *Why* people do make themselves so supremely ridiculous, I cannot conceive; however, it is very fortunate for us that they do so, or else we should suffer sad ennui, for want of something to laugh at."

"But who is dis queer Misder Madden," asked the Baron, "dat miladi Jacintha look so shock at de notion of going to dine vid him?"

"He is a magistrate," answered the widow; "and a very extraordinary genius in his way. It is not, perhaps, very creditable in Lord Ballyvallin to patronize such a person; but electioneering leaves one no alternative, and Madden is a staunch Tory."

"But if dis man is magistrate, must he not den be true shentelman?"

"Oh, *that* by no means follows. You must know, my dear Baron, that the office of magistrate was, until very lately, an extremely profitable trade in Ireland, in the hands of upstart party men. Madden was one of these: and previously to the establishment of Petty Sessions—at a period, when every justice of the peace heard causes in his own house—it was really ridiculous to see a crowd of wretched litigants jostling each other in Madden's hall of audience, relying for success, *not* upon the merits of their case, but upon the geese, ducks, hens, turkeys, or baskets of eggs, their wives invariably brought to influence his worship's decision. On days when Madden heard cases, his office was a regular poul-

* Verbatim.

try-yard, and presented an edifying uproar, from the swearing of the litigants, the cursing of the justice, and the quacking, crowing, gobbling, clucking noises of the fowl that were brought as douceurs to the worshipful justice of the peace."

"Very marvellous, upon mine honest wort! And dis is fot you call *justice* in Ireland?"

"Oh, not exactly—things are somewhat better now."

"Ach; but you heard de quack-quack, gobble-gobble?"

"I did, I own, one day that Lord Ballyvallin drove me to Madden's. Mrs. Madden received us, and affected no concealment whatever. 'A few little compliments them troublesome rogues of fellows make Madden,' said she, as Lord Ballyvallin glanced at the baskets of poultry; 'I'm sure it's the least they may give him, for taking up so much of his time.'"

"But how did dis man become magistrate at first?"

"Oh, he obliged some influential friend, who got him the commission of the peace at once."

"I suppose," said Leschen, "he had money?"

"He is wealthy enough," said the widow.

"Is it old estate?"

"Oh, no. Indeed, I know not how he acquired his fortune; he was tolerably rich before he came to reside here; he is a native of a distant part of the kingdom. But it has been said that he occupied a farm on a rocky and dangerous coast, and that he held out false lights in stormy weather, thus causing, or hastening, the wreck of several vessels, whose cargoes, when drifted ashore, he unscrupulously plundered. The increasing vigilance and efficiency of the coast guard, at length put an end to this infernal practice, but not until Madden had realized considerable wealth by its means."

"I schwear I will not dine wid such a man!" exclaimed Leschen indignantly.

"Pooh! I do not give you this as fact, by any means; it is only rumor, and there probably is not one word of truth in it."

The day of the important festivity at length arrived. Lady Ballyvallin had a cold, and Lady Jacintha had an

opportune sore throat. They both found it wholly impossible to overcome their fastidious reluctance to go. Mrs. Mersey, who had no such scruples, rejoiced in the prospect of having Baron Leschen to herself.

We change the scene to Madden's.

The cook had commenced the duties of the day by getting drunk at a very early hour. Mrs. Madden, distracted by her culinary cares, and the toilette of her daughters, was glad to snatch a momentary repose in the contemplation of the charms of Miss Selina, who was dressed in the most extravagant exaggeration of fashionable costume. Selina's face was pretty, but her person was low and broad: her waist was squeezed into a marvelously small compass; and the superabundant flesh seemed thus driven up and down to form enormous shoulders, back, and hips. Her head was large, and this defect was rendered conspicuous by that frightful style of hair-dressing termed the giraffe.

The hour of double-knocks and nervous trepidation arrived.

"Huge uproar lords it wide."

Mrs. Mersey was driven by Leschen in a poney-phæton, and reached Madden's mansion at an earlier hour than the cards of invitation had appointed. Forthwith, a cry resounded through the house that Lord Ballyvallin had arrived: the pattering of many feet in rapid succession was heard in every part of the establishment. But there did not seem any reasonable hope that the hall-door would speedily be opened, notwithstanding the incessant knocks with which it was assailed by the footman.

Mrs. Madden, abandoning the concerns of the kitchen to the care of those volunteer assistants denominated "helpers," fled upwards to decorate her person. At length Mr. Madden popped his head out of an upper window, and perceiving the carriage civilly said,

"Ho! ho! I am proud you are come, Mrs. Mersey. I wish to gracious some of them would open the door for you; but all the folk in the house seem no better than fools, running backwards and forwards, hurry-skur-

ry.—Selina!" shouted the polished host, "*you* are dressed long enough ago to-day—open the door, if you can get nobody else to do it, and let in Mrs. Mersey and the Jarman gentleman. I beg your pardon, Sir,—but I presume you're Baron Leschen?"

Leschen bowed assent with infinite suavity.

"I'm just toileteering here," said the Justice of the Peace; "I'll be down with you all, in a few minutes." And saying this, he withdrew his head from the window.

At length a stable-boy, with a striped calico jacket hastily pulled over a greasy brown waistcoat, opened the door and admitted the guests. Mrs. Mersey requested permission to arrange her dress up-stairs.

Miss Selina was seriously puzzled. Her own apartment, she well knew, was possessed by half a score of brothers and sisters, who were finishing their toilette with lavender water and huile de rose, which elegant luxuries had as yet only found their way to the dressing tables of the grown ladies of the family. She therefore timidly ventured to try her mother's room, where Mrs. Madden had at that moment commenced her toilette with determined vigor. A scream issued from within, and the door was unceremoniously-slapped in the face of Mrs. Mersey, who was accordingly compelled to be content with such facilities as the dingy mirror in the drawing-room afforded, to arrange her jetty curls, which the wind had blown into luxuriant wildness.

"My appearance suffers much," said she, "by my exclusion from your boudoir; I fear I shall not be able to exhibit 'a classic head' to-day." She arranged her chevelure, however, contrasting it very complacently with the tight, sausage-like rolls, into which the abundant tresses of Selina were constrained.

Mrs. Madden at length appeared, followed by all her junior children, each of whom approached Mrs. Mersey in turn, dropping a curtsy, or popping a bow, while their mother gazed upon their graceful movements with a satisfaction truly parental.

Mr. Madden next entered, flourishing a large orange silk mouchoir; and bowing profoundly to the widow and the Baron, he renewed his hospitable gratulations.

"I am truly proud to see you here, Mrs. Mersey, and you, Baron Leschen. Ah! we've been doing great things for our candidate—three-and-forty plumpers promised me. Faith I can promise you I frightened the fellows before I could get them to promise, but I think I'm pretty sure of them now. All loyal, constitutional men must band together now, Baron Leschen, in support of church and state; the Popish gang will struggle for ascindancy, but the fault is our own if we let them get it."

"I do not understand Irish affair—no! not at all," said Leschen, in a deprecating tone.

"Then I'll be most happy to instruct you, Baron," said the Justice. "Every Papist in the kingdom, from Daniel O'Connell to the bare-footed girl that sells eggs, is plotting perpetual rebellion and murder, and watching their time to rise and cut the throats of all the Protestants. There now, in two words, is the long and the short of the whole matter."

"Dat is most unfortunate, if true," observed Leschen; "but I do not moche beliefs it."

"Oh, my dear Baron, I'd get fifty credible witnesses to swear it point blank—chaps of the proper sort, you know, that would give you chapter and verse for every particle of the conspiracy." While Madden thus enlightened Leschen, Lord Ballyvallin arrived, precisely as the clock was striking six. The mischievous widow, for the purpose of creating confusion, had, as we have already mentioned, prevailed upon Leschen to come at an earlier hour.

Madden recounted his canvassing triumphs to Lord Ballyvallin.

"Pray," asked his Lordship, "did Casey the blacksmith promise you his vote? I remember that he always was an obstinate fellow."

"He's as obstinate, my lord, as ever. I thought I could work him, but I might as well have tried to move Slieveguillim. I walked into his smithy, and there he was working away at the bellows. 'How are you, Paddy Casey?' says I. 'Get out o' my house,' says Paddy Casey. 'Why I'm asking how's your health, man?'

says I. 'It's my vote you want,' says Paddy. 'And suppose it is, what harm for either you or I?' says I again. With that, my lord, Paddy Casey steps out to confront me, and squares his big elbows by his sides. 'Do you see that ould black bellows, Mr. Madden?' says he. 'I do,' says I. 'Then I tell you, Mr. Madden,' says Paddy, 'that if that ould black bellows had a vote, and if that bellows gave that vote to e'er a Ballyvallin candidate,—the devil blow the blast that bellows ever should blow again for Paddy Casey.'—And with that he wheels round to his forge, and keeps working away at a pike-head, or something very like one, and wouldn't condescend to speak another word to me as long as I remained there. O! I'll be even with Mr. Paddy Casey yet, I promise him."

Lord Ballyvallin smiled at the magistrate's excessive zeal. "Get his vote by all means, if you can, Mr. Madden, but otherwise do not molest him, I entreat you."

Other guests successively arrived, including Colonel Fancourt, and the officers of an English regiment quartered in a neighboring garrison, who had received invitations "to meet Lord Ballyvallin." Miss Cecelia McSweeney, an emulous and indefatigable imitator of what she believed to be fashionable in dress and manner, shortly followed. All seemed in anxious expectation of dinner; conversation was faintly and more faintly supported; even Madden's political commentaries seemed at a discount, and many an expectant look was cast at the door.

"What do we wait for?" whispered Madden to his wife, who was seated in an arm-chair, in all the glory of a scarlet velvet gown, and a coiffure adorned with a monstrous bunch of artificial marigolds; "what do we wait for? why is not dinner coming up? I said six o'clock upon them cards, and it is now near seven."

"We must wait a little longer, my dear," returned his orange and scarlet lady; "they have not all come yet; there's Mulligan and Ronan to come, plague take their fashionable humors for keeping us waiting so late!"

As Mrs. Madden spoke, a tremendous double knock

was heard, immediately followed by loud and boisterous laughing and talking in the hall."

"They 're come! they 're come!" said Selina to her bosom friend Miss Ellis, in a tone indicative of the most unequivocal satisfaction. A tender pressure of the hand, intimated the sympathetic pleasure felt by the bosom friend at this auspicious arrival.

Mulligan—(Isabella's old stage-coach companion)—bolted into the room, bowing in all directions with an oily pliancy, that evinced the perfect conviction entertained by this accomplished gentleman, that his obsequious inclinations of person were in the highest degree elegant and graceful. Ronan was of a different order of genius. He was a medical student, walked the hospitals, and wore voluminous gilt chains, which seemed to encircle his person, to traverse his waistcoat, and after making the circuit of his neck, to lose themselves in mazy complexity. On his entrée, his right hand meandered among his multifarious chains, while his left was engaged in adjusting the sit of his neck-cloth. He moved forward with a sliding shuffle, and an air of scientific pretension, that evidently showed that he did not underrate himself.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Madden?" said Mr. Mulligan, "I vow you are looking remarkably well—I hope my friend Ronan and I ain't too late, and haven't kept your dinner waiting."

And then, without waiting for an answer, he took his seat upon the sofa, upon which the interesting medical student had already thrown himself. They laughed and whispered, and whispered and laughed, while Mrs. Madden, struck with admiration of their elegant and fashionable ease, desired her son John—her eldest hope,—in whispered accents, "to observe how those elegant young gentlemen behaved, and to imitate their manners if he could."

Dinner was announced, and Mulligan, bouncing forward, obsequiously offered his arm to conduct Mrs. Madden to the dining-room. Arrived at the foot of the table, Mr. Madden thus addressed his guests;

"Gentlemen and Ladies—Lords and Commoners—

Colonels, Captains, and Subalterns—you all of you know your rank, and take your places accordingly."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said Mr. Mulligan.

The dinner proceeded as dinners usually do, at which the uninitiated are oppressively civil, from a wish to display their superlative breeding. Mulligan, Ronan, and nearly a dozen such gentlemen, insisted on taking wine *seriatim* with Mrs. Mersey; and Mrs. Madden insisted on having Lord Ballyvallin and Baron Leschen helped successively to every hyperborean dish at table.

Among the guests there was a Mr. Green who wore a wig. This person's name afforded opportunities for innumerable witticisms of that slang description of which Mulligan and his medical friend were such able masters. Puns upon a name, almost always offensive to good breeding and good taste, were copiously discharged at Green while dinner lasted; and always with that air of inimitable self-satisfaction on the part of the wits, which seemed to challenge universal admiration and applause. Among the feathered shafts discharged by the accomplished Mr. Mulligan, were such brilliant hits as these; namely, that "*Green* was looking rather *blue*;" "that there recently must have been a skirmish somewhere, as there was a *wig* upon the *Green*;" "that he was not a gosling but a *Green* goose," &c., &c., &c., all which exquisite morceaux of gentlemanlike humor were followed by appealing glances for Mrs. Mersey's admiration. The widow smiled applause to encourage the absurdity of Mulligan; and that incomparable personage felt certain he had made a deep and highly favorable impression. "Exquisite man!" thought the widow, "he is Slang Incarnate! his eye, voice, face, manner, movements, are all and each of them slang, slang, slang! His very existence is slang. Well—I certainly relish absurdity at occasional intervals—and Mulligan doubtless is a prize in his way."

When the cloth was removed, Madden begged permission to propose a toast, which he said that he knew every *male and female* present would drink without skylights or heeltaps.

"Hear, hear, hear!" said Mr. Mulligan.

"The King!" said Mr. Madden, "with all the honors; I propose the health of His Most Royal Majesty, with nine times nine, and no mistake—hip! hip! hurrah!"

The toast was accordingly drunk.

"The King, ladies and gentlemen," continued Madden, "is my best friend; I make no exceptions. Loyalty, ladies and gentlemen, is my ruling principle, and I trust I shall abide by it as long as I live."

"Permit me, Mr. Madden," said Mulligan, with a bland and insinuating smile, "permit me for the honor of green Erin, the Emerald gem, the western paradise, and all that, to propose a toast, to which I will venture to promise you that all there is of Irishman within our bosoms, or of manhood in our nature, will respond with inexpressible delight."

"Certainly—of *coorse*," said Mr. Madden.

"Gentlemen, are your glasses all charged? They are!—then, gentlemen, I beg most submissively, enthusiastically, and with sentiments of the deepest admiration and all that, to propose the health of our hospitable hostess, Mrs. Madden, the accomplished Mrs. Mersey, and the other members of the peerless and bewildering sex, who have honored us on this festive occasion with their delightful and fascinating presence."

A shout of delight followed Mulligan's gallant proposal; and as soon as the noise had subsided, Madden took occasion to give utterance to his personal and separate approval:—

"You're a neat boy, Mulligan—you ought to be put in the almanack. But it's just what a man might expect from your character for gallantry; you're a deep one, 'pon my conscience; a devilish deep one."

Mulligan grinned, and looked as if he felt and knew that he was exceedingly deep indeed.

"So deep," said a brother wit, "that one never can get to the bottom of him."

"But," said the medical young gentleman, "some of the peerless sex, as my eloquent friend most appropriately calls the faymales, should return thanks for the toast to their health, and the boundless applause with which

we received it. It is customary upon all occasions to return thanks for such compliments, and I vote that we call upon somebody."

"Mrs. Madden ! Mrs. Madden !" shouted two or three voices.

"Let Lord Ballyvallon name," said another.

"I leave it to the ladies to select their representative," replied his lordship.

The young ladies tittered, simpered, did pretty, and shifted on their chairs. "They would not name anybody ! oh, not for worlds."

"Mrs. Madden ! Mrs. Madden !" cried Mulligan and Ronan.

"I declare I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Madden, "but if you want a speech, I haven't the gift of the gab, and Mrs. Mersey can talk like a play-book."

"Mrs. Mersey ! Mrs. Mersey !" shouted the admirer of feminine eloquence.

"It's right that the *widow* should speak," whispered Mulligan to the student, "for she's under such vast obligations to our sex, having earthed four husbands you know."

"Only three," replied Ronan.

"Well, well, it's all the same. Mrs. Mersey ! Mrs. Mersey ! Hear Mrs. Mersey ! hear ! hear ! hear !"

"She's knocked down for a speech, and no mistake," said the student, *sotto voce*,—"hear ! hear !"

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Mersey, rising with graceful self-possession, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I might naturally feel rather embarrassed in responding to the general call you have made, if it were not that the spirit of kindness you have so unequivocally manifested, gives me courage to thank you on the part of the ladies now present, for the very flattering manner in which our healths have been received ; and to assure you that, so far as I am personally concerned, I shall ever do all in my power to deserve the good opinion you have done me the honor to express. 'Deeds, and not words,' I have long since adopted as my motto ; and in the spirit of this motto I have always acted.

Gentlemen, I beg once more to thank you in the warmest manner."

Loud, clamorous, and long continued applause followed the widow's very pithy and spirited address; and the ladies, soon after, retired. On their passage to the drawing-room they found the hall completely strewn with plates and dishes, so that it required some dexterous pilotage to navigate a passage through the sea of china.

When Miss Cecilia M'Sweeney reached the drawing room, she began to criticize the mirror in which Mrs. Mersey had been obliged, for want of a better, to arrange her tresses.

"What a frightful, vulgar old looking-glass that is! it looks as if it came out of Noah's ark. I wonder, Selina, that you, who have some notions of decency, did not get it taken down, before the English colonel and his officers saw it. I suppose it is an old family piece, and of course an invaluable treasure. So pray, coax some of the servants to break it by accident, and get rid of the odious thing, for the sight of it absolutely sickens one."

While Cecilia thus displayed her taste, the festive joys of the dining-room were suddenly disturbed by a loud contention in the hall. Angry voices mingled with the crash of plates and dishes, and the master of the feast was required to appear in his capacity of magistrate. Pompously rising from table, in the conscious pride of magisterial dignity, he proceeded to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

"I declare to you, my lord, and colonel, that it is an awful load to have the pace and quiet of the country on my shoulders, and wouldn't have ever undertaken the like, and indeed was most anxious to throw it up long ago, if it wasn't that my Lord High Chancellor and the Lord Lieutenant wouldn't be satisfied by no means without I continued to hould the commission."

So saying, Madden quitted the room.

Although he left the door ajar, his guests were unable to collect from what passed in the hall, the nature of the case that required his interference. Half a dozen voices

were raised together in attempted explanation of some assault, which the cook, who was exceedingly drunk, alleged to have been made upon her person ; and Madden applied in vain to the least intoxicated of the party to elucidate one of the various and conflicting statements.

"I had no call to her, at all at all, your honor."

"No call, you rascal; did not you see the scuffle in the kitchen?"

"I don't say but I might see it, your honor, but I hadn't any call to it."

"Oh, Sir," exclaimed a female voice, "don't mind one word my husband says! he's the wickedest man in the kingdom. Sure he pulled out his knife to cut off my head."

"Oh, Sir," bawled the husband, "don't mind one word my wife says—she's the wickedest woman in Ireland, and would swear away my life for three-halfpence—I only threatened quietly and civilly to cut off her ear."

"Oh, master, jewel! said the cook, who, unable to stand, was seated on a large tureen, "go and get your fine big pike that you've hid under ground since the year of the *hurry**, and lay about them all with it."

At this recommendation, Mr. Madden's English guests became rather uneasy, lest the evening should end in a general rebellion. Madden coughed loudly, declared he would hear no more complaints till morning, and ordered that the hall should be cleared. The cook, in the meantime, reeled into the dining-room unobserved, and taking her place behind a window curtain, awaited the moment of her master's return from the hall. Madden had scarcely reseated himself, when she broke from her concealment, exclaiming that the d—d English officer's servant who had given her the kiss, had run out of the house in dread of his life; and now," added she, "that them orange devils are all scampering away for fear of your long pikes, master dear, we may hope to have quiet and *pace* again for a while."

Madden authoritatively ordered his loquacious domes-

* The rebellion of 1798, familiarly called *the Hurry*.

tic to quit the apartment; and in order to clear up his loyalty, on which her drunken hints had thrown some shade, he begged to propose "the Duke of Wellington; and may his Tory principles for ever bear the bell over all the universe."

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried Mulligan. "The Tory Duke for ever! hip! hurrah!"

Mulligan and Ronan joined the ladies, as soon as they could; and the medical young gentleman bestowed his attentions on Selina with such manifest success, that Mrs. Madden observed, in a whisper to her friend Mrs. Ellis, that she did not like to see that red-skulled fellow making faces at her daughter. Indeed, the situation of the lovers afforded a scene for the pencil of Cruikshank. Miss Madden, seated on the corner of a sofa, seemed all hips, back, and *giraffe*, as her ponderous chevelure completely overshadowed her pretty little face, which was bent with anxious interest on the man of medicine, who poured his tender protestations from a low stool on which he had seated himself at her feet. Ronan's appearance, when under the influence of the rosy god, whose orgies he had so recently quitted, was equally interesting with that of his mistress. His whiskers and hair were sandy, and his face had acquired a dusky uniformity of hue from his frequent potations. From the peculiar elasticity of person displayed in the assenting bows that marked his manner, he had, among a certain set, acquired the soubriquet of "Indian rubber."

"Mulligan," said Ronan in a whisper, "coax a little music from me,—shily now,—a couple of tunes on the flute would finish the job with Selina."

"Well then, I'll ask you," said Mulligan.

"Begin with some one else," replied the student.

Accordingly, Mulligan applied to Selina to "favor him with a tune on the piano." Selina declined, and asked Cecilia.

"The harp is *my* instrument," replied Cecilia haughtily; "I consider the piano as quite low; it has got among milliners, and such people."

"For my part," said Mulligan, "I'm delightfully fond of music, but no performer myself. However—I *know who is*"—(winking at the medical student).

"I hope don't mean *me*," said Ronan.

"Yes, but I do, though," answered Mulligan.

"Oh, pray Mr. Ronan, feevor us," cried Selina.

"Oh, pray Mr. Mulligan, preveel on him!" added Miss Ellis.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Ronan, meek us happy by hearing you," said Selina, eagerly.

"I'll do any thing to make you happy, but upon my honor and conscience I'm asheemed," said the modest musician, turning his back on the ladies, and covering his face with his hands.

"Come, come, Ronan," said Mr. Mulligan, "don't let the peerless sex scare you—have courage to treat us to a tender note or two—here are Lord Ballyvallon and the Colonel dropping in from the dining-room, so have done with your wavers and give us some quavers."

"Do, pray, sing," said Lord Ballyvallon, advancing.

"Couldn't—'pon honor—couldn't, my Lord. Ask me again," he whispered to Mulligan.

"Oh, come now," said Mulligan, "the company will be so cruelly disappointed if you persist in refusing. If Miss Madden begins, you'll assuredly follow, at least?"

"Oh, assuredly," said the modest student, playing with his multitude of chains to relieve his embarrassment.

Accordingly Selina arose, and, blushing and tittering, moved over to the pianoforte, her arm locked in that of her bosom friend, Miss Ellis. She commenced her performance by thrumming some old waltzes and quadrilles, and when Mr. Ronan had succeeded in conquering his obstinate modesty, he consented to join her in some vocal duets.

"Oh, wherefore dost thou tarry, love?"—"Romanoff and Catharine."—"The moon is the planet of love"—"Oh, why hast thou taught me to love thee?"—were quickly disposed of; and Ronan, pleased with his successes, produced a book of miniature glees.

"Here is 'Glorious Apollo,'" said he; "a very handsome tune, and I wish I could get you to try it at first sight."

"Oh! shocking!" said Cecilia M'Sweeney. "I'll stop my ears till it comes to second sight. These glees

for men's voices are dreadful, screamed by leedies. Glorious Apollo, indeed ! in such hands he will be any thing but glorious."

Selina boldly adventured the difficult glee, which she played *con molto strepito*, pummelling the keys, and raising her voice, in proportion as she doubted her ability to accomplish it. When the glee was finished, and the last discordant, timeless chords were struck, Mrs. Madden walked over to Colonel Fancourt, in the expectation of hearing her Selina's praises.

"I fear Miss Madden may fatigue herself," he politely observed.

"Not at all, Sir ; she is used to it. She has a wonderful ear—picks up every tune she hears, and she has prodigious powerful wrists for music : it would not fatigue her to play for ten hours together."

"A great advantage, certainly," said the Colonel.

"Let us play it again," said Ronan to Selina ; "it's a sweet thing—you'll do it better this time."

Selina assented, and 'Glorious Apollo,' thus encored by the performers themselves, was accompanied throughout by the convulsive laugh of Miss Cecilia M'Sweeney, who asked Baron Leschen how he liked that Irish cry. Mrs. Madden and Mrs. Ellis nodded their heads out of time to the music. Poor Selina hardly struck one note right in every ten, but Ronan did his utmost to cover her deficiencies with the loudness of his strains. When she ended, "That's elegant," said the medical student.

"What a sweet voice Selina has," observed Mrs. Ellis, to the complacent mother of the songstress.

"Pretty well, Ma'am, no doubt ; but her master says it is too high."

"Too high !" said Baron Leschen ; "dat is an unusual fault."

Mrs. Mersey explained, that by the phrase, "too high," Mrs. Madden meant too loud.

When the praises of Miss Madden's friends had been expressed, Ronan, with a tender, pensive air, stared full in the young lady's face. "Do you know," asked he, "what I'm thinking of?"

"How could I?" faltered Selina.

"Well then," said the student, with a profound sigh, "I was thinking that if *I* was a leedy, and *you* were a man, I could not refuse you any thing you asked me."

As Selina's blushing face expressed a sympathetic feeling, Ronan was encouraged to proceed.

"I am going to get my picture drew."

Selina sighed.

"What would you think of the original?" said the impassioned lover.

Selina sighed still more deeply, and gazed with inexpressible interest on the keys of the pianoforte.

"Ho, ho!" whispered Mrs. Ellis to Selina's mamma, "it is time for *you* to look sharp."

Mrs. Madden bustled over to the lovers, and interrupted their interesting dialogue by desiring the young gentleman to select a partner if he chose to dance. "Come, Selina," said she, "let me see how you'll caper through the new quadrilles with Captain Mathews."

"I hope," whispered Miss Cecilia McSweeney, seizing Selina's arm as she passed, in order that her words might be perfectly heard, "I hope that your hair may grow dark; if I was you I'd go to town and get Bassegio to dye it, light colored hair looks so silly."—Ronan stood opposite Selina while Cecilia spoke, with his head reposing pensively upon his shoulder, and his eyes expanded in an amorous gaze at the fascinating object of his love.

Mrs. Madden's matronly person, broad, fat, and stiff, encased in the scarlet gown we have already described, occupied the foreground of the groupe. Mrs. Ellis's admiration was strongly excited by the monstrous bunch of marigolds that surmounted her hostess's head.

"Where do you get your artificials?" she enquired.

"Oh, Selina tosses them up for me in half an hour; you've no notion how handy she is."

Selina saw Ronan's amorous gaze; her heart beat short and thick—she wished to dance with him, but in vain; Captain Mathews approached, and with a supercilious look at Ronan, seized his prize; she accepted his arm with evident reluctance, and cast

'A longing, lingering look behind.'

At this moment, much confusion was caused by the

crash of cups and saucers at the door, against which a servant leaned a tray of tea and coffee while opening it. The tray of course fell in when it lost its support, and Miss M'Sweeney, as well as Mrs. Mersey, kindly sympathized in Mrs. Madden's pathetic lamentations for the loss of her broken *chainy*.

Cecilia declared she would not dance, and seated herself to examine a box of French toys which often accompanied her to evening parties, where the display of the pretty, gaudy baubles, usually attracted the men to the side of their fair owner. She was soon joined by Ensign Belson, and Mulligan, who tossed her toys about with his usual case.

"Positively, Ma'am," said Mulligan, "when I saw you pulling out your box of tricks, I thought you were going to impose your workbox upon us. Now, I abominate a woman's working, and housekeeping, and all that sort of thing, and I am resolved my wife shall never set a stitch, nor put her foot inside the kitchen."

While Cecilia displayed her attractive toys, and explained their use to Ensign Belson, Ronan occupied himself in examining the music-books that lay on the piano-forte. Miss Anne Madden complimented him on the musical talent he had displayed in the course of the evening, and said she was sure that Sarah would be much improved by their occasional duets. He modestly disclaimed all musical merit, and professed himself an humble amateur.

"What style of singing are you greatest in?" asked Anne.

"Why, as to that—'pon honor I don't precisely know. Some of my friends hold one opinion, some another. Mulligan thinks I sing bravuras, 'The Wolf';—'The Soldier tired,' and such things, in Braham's style; but I think myself I am decidedly greatest, in pensive, tindhier, songs of sentiment and sinsibility. I *feel* them, Miss Anne—that's the secret."

When the dancers paused, Mr. Ronan accompanied his voice in 'Cherry ripe,' with occasional chords on the piano-forte.

"Vestris all over!" exclaimed Mulligan.

Miss Madden, who had disengaged herself from Captain Mathews at the end of the set, was now seated on a

sofa with her bosom friend "*Kate Ellis*." As they chatted to each other, a sudden burst of laughter, occasionally acquiring strength from an ineffectual effort to suppress it, would succeed a long and confidential whisper.

"What frisk there 's between the two missies," observed Mrs. Ellis to Mrs. Madden.

"Ay, now or never, Ma'am. They're now at the age for fun, poor things, and are right to enjoy themselves. Such spirits are delightful to look at. It's all *nature*, sheer nature, Mrs. Ellis; and between you and I, that frolicsome way goes farther in bewitching the men than anything else. Look at Ronan, how he stares at Selina, till his eyes are as big as two saucers. His heart's not his own, poor man, to-night."

Meanwhile, Captain Mathews was paying Cecilia some compliment, which she seemed to expect, upon her beauty.

"Oh, Sir," said she, "I beg and entreat you may not judge of my beauty from seeing me this evening. I am quite a fright, from all the fatigue I have lately undergone in traveling—it will take me a month to recover my looks."

"Colonel O'Neale has said ——" interrupted Mrs. Mersey.

"Oh, tell me," exclaimed Cecilia, "what he thinks of my style of beauty? I hear he likes a Cleopatra head."

"Of course, he admires you much," said Mrs. Mersey.

"He said Miss Harriet Belson was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen."

"She has beautiful feet," said Colonel Fancourt.

"Oh, Colonel," exclaimed Cecilia, "don't look at my feet, I implore you," and she tucked them back under her chair—"they will appear to such sad disadvantage after Miss Harriet Belson's."

Cecilia thus accomplished her object of attracting attention to her feet, which were unquestionably beautiful.

Miss Madden asked her friend *Kate Ellis*, with whom she still continued on the sofa, if she intended going to Forrest's party.

"I cannot say," answered Kate, "I fear Mamma won't go."

"She *must* go ! Ronan and Mulligan are to be there."

"Indeed *that* may, perhaps, make her bring me, for they are such very nice, gentlemanly men—it is not every day one meets such. Don't you think them vastly improved since they went to France?"

"Surely ; their manners seem quite French, *now*."

"Which of the two is the handsomest, do you think?"

"Indeed," said Selina, "that's a knotty question—I think—let me see—I think that Ronan's figure, and Mulligan's face—though now that Ronan turns round, his smile is so sweet between his two whiskers——"

"But the whiskers are red," said Kate Ellis.

"What matter for that? red or any other color, where would you see such a fine thick manly bush? they're like a pair of good plump cauliflowers."

"It certainly depends upon taste," said Kate Ellis, with an air of perplexed indecision.

"Certainly," answered Selina ; "but for my part, on the whole, I must say I consider Mr. Ronan as the nicest of the two."

"I know you are talking about me," said the medical youth, in his most insinuating tones, as he approached the fair ones.

"Be quiet now, you conceited man, though I know you can't," was the gentle rebuke of Selina.

On the following day, Mr. Mulligan praised Mrs. Mersey to his medical friend.

"She is a chawming woman, Ronan, really—ain't she? 'Pon my soul I haven't been able to get her out of my head. So off-hand, and leedy-like, and all that."

"A chawming woman certainly," responded Mr. Ronan. "Do you know, Mulligan, I think you made a great impression there."

"Eh? an impression? 'Pon my soul I was thinking so myself. Faith she was tender, on two or three occasions; d——d tender, Ronan—eh? what think you?"

"Not a doubt in the world of it," said the student, "I advise you to follow it up."

"Yes," replied Mulligan, "d——d easy too, if one only could get asked to Knockanea. Oh, she's hit—smitten—I saw *that*."



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APR 30 1952



